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JO DAVIDSON'S BUST OF CHARLES W. ERVIN

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The Autobiography of
Charles W. Ervin

Edited by JEAN GOULD

DODD, MEAD & COMPANY

NEW YORK · 1954

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EDITOR'S NOTE

FOR over two years prior to Charles W. Ervin's death in February 1953, I was closely associated with him in endeavoring to complete this autobiography before his time ran out. He did not quite make it. After his death, a great many people felt that his story should be published; and since I was familiar with the material, the task of editing the manuscript, including the events and political activity which marked his closing years, was given to me. It was a privilege to work with Mr. Ervin, and I hope that as his editor, I have lived up to the precepts and the spirit of a great humanitarian newspaperman, who wrote in the best American tradition of freedom of the press.

J.G.

PROLOGUE

THIS book is not an autobiography, except as it tells how I happened to meet so many persons in the life of two generations.

The actors in the cast help to make clear some of the happenings of the last seventy years.

Luckily at eighty-six my memory is still keen. I suppose no one of the newer literay school will consider the book thoroughly up-to-date, as no character in the cast is psychoanalyzed by this Stagehand, who is reporting what he saw of the actors behind the footlights.

Politicians, plutocrats, labor leaders, statesmen, writers, cartoonists, clergymen and others make their entrances upon the stage from which many of them have made their exits.

Whether the long performance is a comedy or a tragedy will have to be decided by those interested in watching the play through the eyes of the author.

CHAPTER ONE

I WAS born a Republican just as the Civil War came to an end. My parents believed that the Almighty had created that party, with Abraham Lincoln as its leader, to fight the Civil War and to destroy the institution of black chattel slavery. My grandfather, a weaver, had come from Ireland in the early days of the nineteenth century. The textile industry in the United States was in its infancy, and after a few years he had been able to establish a small mill in the Richmond district of Philadelphia.

My father, born in this country in 1837, became—at the close of the Civil War—a cashier of a national bank. He later was a manufacturer of heavy machinery. Before the close of the panic which covered the period from 1872 to about 1878 he became a financial cropper through speculation in pig iron. I was still in grammar school.

My people, like most of the descendants of Irish protestants, sometimes called Scotch-Irish, were orthodox and pious. After the Civil War they believed that the Almighty had given us another gift by making the Republican party the custodian of the protective tariff.

I was about eight years old when I heard the expression “hard times.” The bank of Jay Cooke, the famous Civil War financier, had shut its doors, and my father, returning from the office, said to my mother, “I am afraid that we are in for hard times.” The expression puzzled me a lot. How time, which had something to do with the clock, could be hard, I couldn’t understand. This

happened a little over seven years after the end of the Civil War.

The depression became so great that there was a desperate strike of railway men in 1877. In some cases trains were left in the open country as the crews deserted them. Rioting took place in some localities, particularly in Pittsburgh where the treatment of the railway workers had been very harsh. The militia was ordered out. As usual the rank and file of this militia consisted in a large measure of young men who had not suffered in battle and therefore could be handled by their officers, who came mostly from the owning-employing group.

I have a vivid memory of the troops entraining in Philadelphia to go to the western end of the state. When we youngsters saw them get aboard, with flags flying and drums beating, we thought it a most glorious sight. A few days afterward some of these same troops got caught in the engine roundhouse in the big Pennsylvania railroad yards in Pittsburgh, where they were surrounded by an army of strikers. There were casualties on both sides.

We boys heard our elders discuss this battle of the roundhouse and heard them quote from the newspapers of that day. These newspapers were almost unanimously against the cause of the workers and were on the side of what they called "law and order." According to them the violence was caused by "mob rule." That the mob was in reality a portion of the people in misery never seemed to occur to either the owners of the railroads or to the writers on these newspapers. This attitude should be no surprise to this generation. A large part of the press today takes exactly the same position in any struggle that is going on between the workers and employers.

In 1876, right in the midst of the depression, the 100th anniversary of the Declaration of Independence was celebrated in Philadelphia by the Centennial Exposition. Each state had a day set apart for it on which a special celebration was held in the centennial grounds. I remember how on Pennsylvania Day the schools were marched out to the exposition. The pupils were given little American flags to carry.

When we got there we were compelled to listen to a lot of oratory. Maybe we weren't bored! When, after the stuffed shirts cut off the flood of words, we were released, most of the boys made for Machinery Hall. Like all kids we wanted to see the wheels go round. We saw what was claimed to be the biggest engine ever built—a Corliss engine. Today this would look like a primitive piece of machinery.

Then there was an exhibition of something called a "telephone." The company which owned the patents was selling stock for some small amount.

The real romance we got out of the exposition came from foreign exhibits, particularly that from Japan. The Flowery Kingdom had sent craftsmen to build a house and they had built it without the use of nails. Everything was fitted. And as most of us had building blocks with which we had done the same thing, we thought it was great to see grown men doing this.

As far as the Declaration of Independence was concerned, it had no charm for us at that time. We had been made to learn it by heart and got either a low or a high mark as we were successful in reciting it. This certainly did not teach us to love the document, just as we did not love the Constitution when later on we had to recite certain portions of this much longer document.

In my early school days many subjects were made obnoxious, particularly poetry which we had to parse. My fondness for Shakespeare's plays in later years was not due to my teachers. I remember how I used to hate Portia's "The quality of mercy is not strained." I sure had to strain it, picking it thoroughly apart, and for years afterward I never wanted to put it together again.

My love for books cannot be traced to my schooldays. Most of the history of which I became so fond came out of the public libraries in the shape of "historical" novels which never deserved the qualifying adjective. However, they gave me an appetite later to dig up the real thing in the history line. Even at that, they were just as true as most of the history books that I used in my school course. Those textbooks, in many cases, were about as much fic-

tion and without the charm of the historical novels of Miss Muhlbach which dealt with European history and the then famous book on Napoleon written by John S. C. Abbott which pictured a Napoleon who never existed but who became the hero of my boyhood. How we boys did yearn to be a Napoleon when we grew up!

The reliable parts of our history textbooks in school were the dates and the names of the presidents and the commanders of the army. Even when we got out of grammar school and were given such histories as Bancroft's to read, we found that in his pages for some reason the Almighty had always been on the side of the United States. Bancroft particularly seemed to have had a more intimate knowledge of the relations between the Almighty and the United States than any writer of his day.

As for Abbott, he also developed the same pious strain in dealing with Napoleon. We certainly never learned from his pages that Napoleon is reputed to have said that "God was on the side of the heaviest artillery." And as for the Empress Josephine—she was a fair lady sacrificed to the good of France. Napoleon wanted an heir, and Josephine couldn't give him one. So she had to be divorced and another lady taken up with who could give him one. *La Patrie* demanded the sacrifice. And so both noble Napoleon and Josephine rose to the occasion. If you don't believe it read Abbott's *Napoleon* and Miss Muhlbach's *Empress Josephine*.

How much one has to unlearn as one travels through the years! It wouldn't be so bad if most of us did unlearn. The curse on us, however, is that most of us continue to hug to our bosoms the misinformation accumulated on our journey.

I acquired a taste for reading after I finished the senior class in the grammar school through being reader to a blind Quaker. For two years I read the *Philadelphia Press* in the morning and books in the afternoon. These two years gave me an interest in current affairs and helped to create the desire for good reading which my school education had failed to do.

Well, the years rolled on and in the early eighties I rolled into business. I went to learn to be a "merchant prince" at \$8.33 a

month, while my parents paid the bills for my support. That was a great bunco game in my day. You were put in a wholesale business with the idea that you were, as the expression went, "going to learn the business." When you did that, great opportunities to gain wealth would be open to you. This enabled the large wholesale firms to get labor for almost nothing. We really were porters without a porter's wages.

If you weren't to become a merchant prince, because your parents couldn't afford the luxury, you clerked or were apprenticed to a trade. When you emerged from an apprenticeship you were supposed to get a skilled mechanic's wage which, to us nascent merchant princes receiving \$8.33 a month, seemed absolutely fabulous. To keep us on our jobs, however, it was explained to us that that was as much as a mechanic would get as long as he lived, while the opportunities open to us would result in an income that would make a mechanic's wage a mere pittance by comparison.

Because my father had dropped a very considerable amount of money in business transactions my family found it could not afford the luxury of my learning anything at \$8.33 a month. It was decided that I should become an honest to goodness clerk. Even though the salary was small it was at least four or five times as much as "learning the business" brought in. So this grandson of the weaver went to the mill through the office door—to act as timekeeper and bookkeeper. It was there, while putting the workers' weekly wages in pay envelopes, that I learned how really little they received.

I became politically conscious at a very early age. As I have said, every day for two years I read the *Philadelphia Press* from cover to cover. The *Press* had a stalwart Republican point of view. This point of view was given not only on its editorial page but colored the news as well.

The *Press* was for a high tariff. In fact no tariff was too high to get its editorial support. The "infant industries" of the country, particularly in Pennsylvania, must be "protected from European

'pauper labor,' " and the paper was very anxious to keep our industries in the infant class though many of them had graduated into the adult millionaire class.

The *Philadelphia Press* seriously considered itself as almost the High Priest of Protection. It seemed to think the protective tariff had been entrusted to its care, just as the high priest in biblical days believed that the Ark of the Covenant had been entrusted to his. Woe betide anyone who sought to do anything to the Protective Ark. Rarely did any Republican do anything which the *Press* thought was wrong. Just as rarely did the Democrats do anything which it thought was right.

It should be almost needless for me to state that by the time my employment as a reader came to an end, the Republican party, in my mind, was the seed bed of all the virtues, while on the Democratic field there were nothing but weeds.

With this daily feeding from the contents of a Republican newspaper for nearly two years it will be easy for my readers to understand why in 1884 I looked upon the election of Grover Cleveland, a Democrat, to the Presidency as a terrible calamity. Certainly all of my adult relatives joined in the fear of what was going to happen.

Most of the manufacturers and financiers in Philadelphia were terror-stricken that something might happen to the protective tariff. All the Repulicans believed that the Democratic party, as a whole, was for free trade. Of course there was no proof that this was true. The basis for it was that the Democrats had criticized the tariff rates as being too high. They took to the stump and told the people that prices were higher than they would have been if the rates were more moderate. It is history that nothing happened during the four years of the Cleveland administration to bring about any considerable difference in these rates.

However, the dread was always there. I remember that in 1884 I went with my father to get the election returns which were thrown on a screen by the Union League Club. This club had been born in Civil War time. Its membership was made up largely

of bankers and manufacturers, many of whom had sent substitutes to the battlefields of the Civil War when they themselves were drafted. They remained at home and made many millions out of the opportunities which always come to the moneyed class at such periods. They had even fitted out a regiment called the Grey Reserves, whose members fought, bled and in some cases died in place of members of the Union League.

The Union League members later had so little sense of humor as to put up outside of their clubhouse on South Broad Street—the principal street in the city—a heroic bronze statue in honor of this regiment which had done their fighting for them. It is still there. Later on, when an annex to the original clubhouse was built, they placed on the wall of the building an inscription in Latin, "Love of country leads." This inscription should really have been—"Love of country leads to profits."

This ancient, at 86, remembers that night in 1884 as one of the gloomiest scenes he ever witnessed. As the stereoptican, which was used in those days, threw the returns on the screen across the street you could have cut the gloom with a knife. The members had come there as they did in every national election, wearing glossy high silk hats and carrying canes, with a certainty that they were going to lead the victory parade, as they always did, up Broad and down Chestnut Streets, followed by thousands who did not belong to the high hat regiment but who carried oil torches which dripped on silver oilcloth capes.

The big boys looked upon themselves as the chief actors on the political scene and the thousands who followed them were the chorus. And this chorus sang the marching songs which had come from the days of the Civil War—"We'll Rally Round the Flag, Boys" and "Marching Through Georgia."

In the early morning hours of this November day, however, the lights on the Union League building went out and the ensuing darkness was in keeping with the gloominess that descended upon Philadelphia, one of the great Republican strongholds of the nation. What happened on election night four years later was in

sharp contrast to what had happened in 1884. In 1888 I cast my first vote in a national election to save the country. I didn't know for whom I was saving it. I found this out later. Quite a few years later. In 1888 I had again gone to the Union League, stationing myself at the bottom of the steps to watch the returns. Cleveland was running for a second term against Harrison. When a Republican victory in the electoral college was assured, the high-hatted Union League came to the street to head the victory procession. Followed by thousands of lesser citizens holding blocks of wood which they used as cymbals, they chanted in unison, "Go-go-go-free-trade." And this in spite of the fact that free trade had never come.

Incidentally, while Harrison came to the Presidency in 1888 through the electoral college system, Cleveland polled a larger popular vote than his Republican opponent.

I had cast my first vote in a municipal election the year before, in 1887, and in doing so fell from Republican grace in the eyes of many of my friends and relatives. I voted for a school director who was running on the Democratic ticket. It was not that I had become a Democrat. At that point in my life I would probably have said, "God forbid!" It happened that this candidate was a man of ability. His Republican opponent was an ignorant person, totally unfit to occupy any position that had to do with education. Those who criticized my voting for a Democrat could not deny that the candidate was eminently qualified for the job, but they pointed out that he was in bad company. One of my relatives actually refused to vouch for me when I cast my first vote. First voters then were compelled to have a voucher.

To get the real picture of political Philadelphia in those days one must remember that the Democrats were in a hopeless minority because of the Civil War and its aftermath. It is true that there were a few eminent citizens stemming from pre-Civil War days who were Democrats. But the greater number of voters who belonged to that party were a group whose aim was to trade politically with the dominant Republican party machine. In only a

few wards of the city could any Democrat be elected to public office. This Democratic trading group, known as the Donnelly-Ryan faction, got a few magisterial and minor offices in return for services rendered.

The only exception to this was when the Republican municipal corruption became so great that a group of leading citizens, known as the Committee of 100, published a glaring exposure of what was going on in the city administration and were able to elect a Democratic mayor.

Despite the fact that Mayor King, the Democrat, made a very good record he was succeeded by a Republican mayor who was even worse than King's predecessor. From that time until 1951, with the exception of four years, the Republicans have held on to the mayoralty. In 1911, however, the citizens did elect a real reformer, Rudolph Blankenburg, who was not only an able administrator, but a man of outstanding integrity. With the help of an excellent cabinet he wrote the only bright page in Philadelphia's municipal history in the sixty-five years that have elapsed since King left the mayoralty. In a key cabinet position—at the head of the Department of Public Works—was Morris Llewellyn Cooke, destined to become one of the leading management engineers of the country.

In Pennsylvania even the election of petty officials was fought on the issue of the protective tariff and the Civil War. Military titles played a big part in elections. Many candidates for governor had been generals and most of the lower offices demanded candidates who had been colonels, majors and captains. The Republican politicians cashed in on the Civil War to the limit, charging that the Democrats had been responsible for what was known as the "rebellion," the northern name for the Civil War.

Being so overwhelmingly in the majority, the dominant party municipally became exceedingly corrupt. Franchises for public services were extremely profitable. Street railway franchises became the sources of great wealth. At the same time the manufacturing of gas was good for millions of dollars of loot. Then came the

electric light franchises, and the replacing of cobblestones on the streets, first by Belgian blocks and then by asphalt—all sources of plunder. This story demands a chapter for itself. I saw the principal actors in the looting become millionaires.

The story of Tammany Hall, which was started as a respectable institution, may ooze with corruption but as the nineteenth century came to a close, the thieving was not quite as thorough as the looting of Philadelphia.

It is true that Lincoln Steffens, in an article in the early days of the twentieth century, pictured Philadelphia under the title "Philadelphia, Corrupt and Contented." I have always thought that while the first adjective was certainly true the second was only partly so. If Philadelphia had been thoroughly contented there would never have been the various reform movements, the first of which germinated in the period of which I am writing and put an honest man into the office of comptroller—Robert E. Pattison—where he was in a position to stop some of the looting. A few years later the Municipal League was formed. I was a young official in the organization and saw the whole political game between 1892 and 1904 at close range.

The first big looting of Philadelphia by those in control of municipal politics came from gas produced from coal. The process of making illuminating gas for lighting the streets and houses was developed in the first third of the nineteenth century, and in 1836 the Philadelphia Gas Works was completed. In 1841 this was taken over by the city. Managed by trustees appointed by city councils, it was a rare chance for the political gang to pile up the loot.

It was not until 1865, however, that the master looter, James McManes, came to the fore. He was elected as a gas trustee and showed how it was possible, through political pull, to pile up swag in the millions instead of just mere hundreds of thousands. Jim was something different in the line of political bosses. Like my grandfather, he was born in Ireland and was a weaver, who, when he first came to this country, had worked at his trade. He

soon found a better one—that of politics—and when he died in 1899 he left his heirs \$2,400,000 piled up mostly through kick-backs from municipal gas production and ownership of street railway stock. When he went into the political discard in 1887, through a new city charter which placed the gas works under the control of the mayor and the department of public works, a new gang came on the political scene. Before they ceased looting, through city railway franchises and city contracts, they made the few millions which Jim McManes had piled up look more or less like thirty cents.

Jim was a most remarkable looter. A pious Presbyterian, orthodox to his fingertips, he controlled the jobs of thousands of workers in the various public departments in addition to the gas works. He was the chief power in naming city officials. This, of course, made him also the chief controller of city jobs.

Jim was never truculent but ruled with a gloved hand from his gas trust office. He had no small vices. Outside of the loot which he piled up personal scandal never touched him.

So different was McManes from the ordinary politician that James Bryce in his classic *The American Commonwealth* has an extended study of him and his stealings. Said Bryce: "His origin was humble, his education scanty, but he atoned for these deficiencies by tact and knowledge of the world with a quietly decorous demeanor veiling an imperious will."

Bryce then dealt with the new Philadelphia city charter of 1887 as it affected McManes, saying in his inimitable and restrained style: "By bringing gas management under the control of the city executive it extinguished the separate gas trust and therewith quenched the light of Mr. McManes, who ceased to be formidable when his patronage departed, and thereafter became a 'back number,' free to devote his interests to theological questions, for he was a champion of orthodoxy in his church."

The political picture, which I have partly sketched from 1880 to 1890, changed a little as new actors came on the stage. Some of these characters became multimillionaires and started a wave

of political corruption in Philadelphia which probably reached its height in about 1910, just before Rudolph Blankenburg was elected mayor.

Street railway franchises continued to yield millions of dollars of loot, just as they had in the previous ten years. It is an ill-smelling story even though some of those who became multi-millionaires through corrupt politics did die in the odor of financial sanctity. One of them, P. A. B. Widener, bequeathed a vast art collection to the nation, now enshrined in the National Art Gallery in Washington. This gallery was built with money from the estate of another Pennsylvania multimillionaire—Andrew Mellon of Pittsburgh.

On my way home from school I used to go through the public market, and I remember stalls over which were signs—"George D. Widener and Sons, Lamb Butchers." One of the sons, known as Pete before he amassed wealth, became a politician. The political machine elected him to the council, the legislative body of the city. Later he became city treasurer, and gained a position from which he could manipulate funds under the law and gain power with the financial interests of the city. The street railways were a veritable gold mine. Perhaps more millions were mined from the streets of Philadelphia than ever came from the famed mines of Golconda.

A group of manipulators, cleverer than average politicians, decided to consolidate Philadelphia street railways which were operating under franchises. The first single franchise was granted in 1857, and between that date and the 1880's over a score of franchises had been granted. It does not require much imagination to envisage the enormous increase in revenue which came in twenty-five years from the great increase in population.

Pete Widener became Mr. P. A. B. Widener after amassing wealth by marrying politics to finance. He joined with W. L. Elkins ("Bill" in his less plutocratic days) to form the Philadelphia Traction Company, incorporated in 1883. A few years previously a corporation, known as the Union Passenger Railway

Company, had leased other street railway companies. By 1883 the Union Passenger Railway Company controlled seventy miles of the streets of the city and another corporation—The People's—controlled forty-four miles. This meant that out of the 110 million people carried by all passenger lines in the city these two companies were carrying over 42 million.

No enemies of monopoly, it is no wonder that the astute men who controlled these various street railways formed the Philadelphia Traction Company. This company was organized not to build new street railways but solely to gain control of the existing lines. Eventually all the street railways came under one corporation.

The combined activities of these money-grubbing men were carried on under the name of the Widener-Elkins Syndicate, which came to national fame when it reached out to control street railway systems in Chicago, New York, Pittsburgh and other large cities. Some years after they had consolidated their various monopolies, Johns Hopkins University had Dr. Speirs, professor of economics and history at Drexel Institute in Philadelphia, make a study of the development of the street railway monopoly in the city of brotherly love. He put it quite mildly when he wrote, "These gentlemen and their associates appreciated the enormous profits which street railway enterprise could be made to yield, and planned a consolidation by lease of the original companies." However, in trying to set this scene for my readers I draw largely on what I myself saw of this group of political and financial pirates in the heyday of their activity.

This activity stemmed originally from a rough and tumble person known as Bill Kemble, who headed the Union Passenger Railway Company. He had all the gruffness of a stable boss. He had become wealthy. He lived within a half block from us. He had a big brownstone house which looked like a palace. It was within two blocks of the Eastern Penitentiary, which we knew as Cherry Hill. And thereby hangs a tale.

Bill Kemble kept in touch with the politicians who controlled

the legislature in Harrisburg and he saw to it that he also knew the right people in the Select and Common Councils, which were the legislative bodies dealing with municipal affairs in Philadelphia.

I have mentioned the railway strike of 1877. The Pennsylvania Railroad officials claimed millions of damages from the State of Pennsylvania for the destruction of property in that strike. Bill Kemble was chosen to put through the legislature a bill appropriating the sum asked for by the railroad. Previously very successful, he became careless in his manipulations and was caught red-handed in his bribing activities.

His operations were so heedless that even those courts ordinarily easily handled by the Republican machine could not ignore his crime, and he was found guilty and sentenced to jail.

I remember the incident very clearly because it was the talk of the neighborhood that Bill Kemble was being sent to jail. Well, he went there but he never got into a cell. On the Pennsylvania Board of Pardons were members of the governor's cabinet, one of whom was the malodorous Matthew Stanley Quay, the Republican boss of the state. Kemble was driven in his own carriage to the entrance of the penitentiary, two blocks from his house, and admitted to the warden's office. He sat in a chair while the Board of Pardons met in Harrisburg, with Quay in control. In a few hours he was pardoned and returned to his brownstone palace at our corner.

Writing of Cherry Hill reminds me of something else that happened there. Around the year 1873, just after I entered grammar school, I heard my father tell my mother that City Treasurer Joe Marcer and Charlie Yerkes had been found guilty of misusing city funds and had been sentenced to Cherry Hill. This was the same Charlie Yerkes who, after he came out of jail, built the Chicago elevated railroad and then went to London and built the tube. Like Widener and Elkins he died a multimillionaire. His name is enshrined not in an art collection but in the great Yerkes Observatory at Chicago, for which he gave the funds.

The amassing of millions through the use of politicians to se-

cure franchises and contracts—municipal, state and national—has not stopped. But those who do the manipulating are much more careful than they used to be. If Joe Marcer and Charlie Yerkes had consulted astute lawyers before they lifted the loot they would not have gone to jail. Over in New York Bill Tweed of Tammany infamy also got caught through failure to consult legal talent. Fewer go to jail now because they appreciate the fact that if you get the advice of an able lawyer before you loot you won't even have to scoot.

To return to the 1880-1890 scene. None of the prominent actors was removed from the stage by the police. Where their more careless predecessors made hundreds of thousands of dollars through the use of political influence, the newer type amassed millions.

Widener and Elkins never neglected an opportunity to increase their bank accounts. To illustrate this, here is a play which I witnessed. The Widener-Elkins Syndicate determined to put the cable system into the Philadelphia railway system. It was to go into part of the old city, part of the northwest and part of the west city. To do this a construction company was formed in which they were the principal owners. I happened to be a clerk in the employ of the company which built the great engine which pulled the cables after they were installed. Eventually this cable system was abandoned, but not until after the Widener and Elkins crowd had increased their profits by millions.

Some of my readers may wonder how so many millions could be piled up by this small group. The answer is quite simple. Franchises for supplying service to the people are granted by legislatures, sometimes state and sometimes municipal. With each year the profits on supplying this service become greater—as the population buying the services increases, because there is a net gain on every single fare, and the legislature sells the franchise to a corporation for a relatively low price. Control of the legislators and administrators of the government gives you a play with loaded dice. You just can't lose.

Combinations are formed to control the various companies

holding franchises, welding them into one corporation, and millions of dollars in stock are issued with nothing back of it but a monopoly franchise. In time this becomes worth as much as if it actually represented real physical property.

This is just what happened in Philadelphia. Street railway franchises and the supplying of gas and electricity spawned a few multimillionaires, the foundation of whose wealth was political corruption. Without control of the legislative and administrative powers it would have been impossible to pile up such monumental loot.

Naturally I didn't understand it in my very early manhood but a little later I began to see dimly what was happening and in the last decade of the nineteenth century, while remaining a Republican nationally, I joined and became a minor official in the Municipal League movement. In other words I became a reformer.

CHAPTER TWO

I SAW the game of politics being played while I was a young unpaid secretary of the Municipal League in my ward. This organization was formed in 1892, when Philadelphia politics was literally exuding corruption. It is true that the league, whose proclaimed purpose was to purify city politics, did not succeed in bringing about a permanent change, in spite of helping the various independent political movements which fought the gang in municipal elections. It did, however, act as some brake on gang looting.

As usual in all reform movements there were those whose motives were unselfish and who put up a tireless fight, but there were also others who were in the movement for the sinister purpose of replacing the existing gang with a new group of looters.

During the existence of the league we did get more decent citizens in office and for a while unhorsed what was then known as the Hog Combine. This was a combination of gang leaders who had divided the city into looting districts. But their places were taken by the Quay, Penrose, Durham, Vare machine which later took in some of the old Hog Combine leaders, and the stealing that went on after the league ceased its activity in the early days of the twentieth century was greater even than it had been ten years before.

There was now more to steal. The streets of the city were to have asphalt pavements. It was possible to amass millions of profits from that item alone through graft manipulated by those

who received the contracts to build the pavements.

Then, as the last decade of the nineteenth century came to an end, there were the reservoirs which had been begun with the idea of installing a new process of filtration, in order to secure purer water. These had been practically abandoned during the life of the Municipal League because aroused public sentiment made it impossible for the political contractors to secure contracts which would yield them millions in loot. The reservoirs remained unfinished for years, until the gang succeeded in regaining full power. Meantime typhoid fever had swept the city and the medical experts put the blame largely on an impure water supply.

One of the gangsters named McNichol was a contractor for the largest reservoir at Torresdale. He was also one of the chief bosses of the Republican machine. He connived at the delay in finishing the job. Afterward, when the reform wave had spent its course, he completed the Torresdale Reservoir and through legal proceedings compelled the city to pay him a large profit.

The fatalities caused by the impure water supply were so great that the *North American*, a crusading daily newspaper, on its editorial page ran a poem on the Torresdale Reservoir, two lines of which were

Where McNichol got his millions
And the typhoid got its dead.

It was during the campaign to overthrow the Hog Combine that Boise Penrose emerged as the leader of a new gang of political looters. He convinced some leading citizens that he was sincere in helping to clean out the combine. He started a political insurgent movement. His lieutenants were one Iz Durham and the Vare brothers who had a throttle hold on the political situation in south Philadelphia.

There was an election for sheriff. The Hog Combine, which controlled the nominating committee of the Republican machine, selected a man named Ashbridge. He had been coroner for many years. Penrose led his followers into the convention in an attempt

to nominate another candidate for sheriff—Alexander Crow, Jr.—a manufacturer. To our shame, Penrose had fooled the active members of the Municipal League for a while. Some of us, including this writer, became delegates to the insurgent movement in the convention. I saw the emergence of Penrose under the guise of a reform leader.

The convention was thoroughly in control of the Hog Combine. I was put up to make a motion and was quickly steam rollered by the machine chairman. Penrose was on the platform, and stationed around the walls of the large hall were 285 policemen who were controlled by the existing political machine. The proceedings grew hotter and hotter as the chairman, in decision after decision, steam rollered the insurgent delegates. To this day I can see Penrose striding to the front of the platform. His bulky figure and his height were very impressive.

Flinging out his long arm, moving it in an arc, his fingers pointing around at the police contingent, he said, "Are we in America or are we in Russia?" (He referred to Russia under the czar.) There was an immediate uproar from the delegates, and at a sign from the platform all of the insurgents rose and marched out of the hall. The demonstration, of course, had been intended from the beginning and was led by Penrose followers—a few of us innocents from the northwestern part of the city who had come as delegates were fooled into believing that it was a real insurgent movement.

But we were not the only innocents. Our elders allowed themselves to be fooled by Penrose into backing a meeting in the Academy of Music to nominate Crow against the Hog Combine candidate. By this time I was becoming suspicious of Penrose and his group. As a young secretary I was on the platform in the academy. Glancing around I saw Iz Durham standing behind a piece of scenery looking up at the galleries. I soon found out why he was there. His candidate Crow was also behind the scenes.

The reform orators began to speak, and I believe every sentiment they expressed with regard to the issues was sincere. They

were merely deceived. They believed they had a real town meeting to address. But up there in the galleries were the followers of the Penrose-Durham-Vare machine and each one had a little flag which had not at first been visible. Suddenly I saw Iz Durham stretch an arm toward the galleries. Then Crow was pushed on to the stage and hell broke loose in the galleries. In the midst of this managed enthusiasm Crow was nominated for sheriff.

The next morning the newspapers carried the story and I remember one of the opening paragraphs read to the effect that, "An aroused citizenry of Philadelphia in town meeting assembled rose in their might and nominated Alexander Crow, Jr. for sheriff." Through a combination of the Penrose-Vare machine and the reformers Crow was elected.

Only a short time elapsed before the reformers saw how their cause had been sold down the river. With Penrose as their leader the new gang, which later took in some members of the old one, including McNichol who had the reservoir contract, piled up spoils, partly within the law and partly without it, to an extent greater than had been done in previous years.

From the late eighties gas again became a great source of loot. Widener, Elkins and Dolan, the triumvirate who had reorganized the street railways and put many millions in their own pockets, turned to getting more millions out of the sale of gas. McManes, the old head of the gas trust, had gone into retirement, and the way was clear for the trinity to show what could really be done within the law.

A promoter by the name of Gibbs had formed an organization known as the United Gas Improvement Company. His methods were so careless that he had quite a soiled financial reputation. Through more careful methods it seemed possible that many millions could be made through the corporation he had formed. So the trinity, in combination with other big financial interests, threw Gibbs out and succeeded, by means of crooked politics, in leasing the gas works.

A few men of probity exposed the sinister activities of these

looters within the law and tried to prevent the leasing of the gas works to the United Gas Improvement Company. Money talked, however, too loudly for the trinity to be defeated in their purpose. The council was a purchasable commodity and the lease to the U.G.I. was made.

No one has better described the corruption of the period which I am covering than Rudolph Blankenburg. Wrote Blankenburg in the *Arena* of March, 1905:

"The corrupt politician and crooked financier are of the same breed of the genus homo; sometimes the qualities of the two are combined in one person, a combination which is apt to make its possessor a leader and a star performer among his fellow crooks. The politician, who, by virtue of his profession may also be a law-maker, often has in his keeping the making and molding of our statutes and has them so framed that he and his pal, both at times within the shadow of the penitentiary, easily escape legal conviction though their moral guilt is an open book."

Later the U.G.I., not satisfied with the original lease of the gas works which was to expire in 1927, had the immense impudence to have introduced into the Councils of Philadelphia—pliant instruments of the political gang—an ordinance to prolong the lease until the year 1980. For making such a lease they were to pay over to the city the sum of 25 million dollars.

And what did such a contract mean? It meant, of course, that by paying 25 million dollars the U.G.I. would be released from the payment of nearly 48 million dollars in yearly installments by 1927. This also meant that the gas works would be the sole property of the U.G.I. for seventy-five years and they could exploit it during that long period and rob the citizens within the law through gas rates which they might impose for practically three generations.

Indignation at this proposed open raid almost caused an insurrection. The U.G.I. became scared and withdrew its proposition for the seventy-five-year lease. The mayor, Weaver, who had previously been rather a weakling when it came to fighting the

gang in control of city hall, demanded and secured the resignation of the members of his cabinet who had gone along with this attempt of the U.G.I. For a short time a modicum of decency reigned in the city administration. But the mayor who succeeded Weaver, John Reyburn, was a mere Penrose political tool.

One of the great political paradoxes of this period in Philadelphia from the early nineties to the beginning of the twentieth century was the part that Boise Penrose played in it. A scion of a very old Philadelphia family, a Harvard graduate and lawyer by profession, he began his political career as a reformer, being elected as a member of the Philadelphia Council from his own ward. Together with his law partner Allison he had written a book on the municipal development of Philadelphia in which was the following sentence: "Inefficiency, waste, badly paved and filthy streets, unwholesome and offensive water, and slovenly and costly management, had been the rule for years past throughout the city government."

Yet this same Penrose emerged ten years afterward as the master mind in one of the most crooked political machines that had ever been built in the United States. This machine overflowed from Philadelphia into the state of Pennsylvania and then on to the national field. Penrose, through the control of the Pennsylvania legislature, elected himself as U.S. senator, taking the place of Quay, his tutor in political corruption. Quay had escaped jail only through pleading the statute of limitations. He had used the cashier of a state bank in which the funds of the commonwealth were deposited to secure loans for speculative purposes. The bank had failed and Hopkins, the cashier, made his escape by committing suicide.

Penrose was not involved in this corrupt use of state funds, nor throughout his entire career could any charge be brought against him of personal financial crookedness. He allowed his followers to loot to the very limit but he, himself, was never charged with having touched any of the booty. It was power he was after. And he achieved it through his political machine. His last act, politi-

cally, from a sick bed, was to bring about the nomination of the unfortunate Warren Harding, who shortly followed Penrose to the grave before the crookedness of the Daugherty Ohio gang had been exposed.

I once asked Penrose, when he was a U.S. senator, a question regarding a \$25,000 check received from an oil official. He answered my question with contemptuous silence. The money undoubtedly had gone to the support of his political machine. Talking one day with an ex-state senator who had retired from the political field, I was told how in one campaign in the state, where there appeared some danger of losing a legislative district, that he went down to Penrose's office in Philadelphia accompanied by a local orator who could be bought to talk for any cause if he could get his price.

Penrose had a talk with the orator then pulled out a little tin box and peeled off several \$100 bills and gave them to the spellbinder, saying, "Now I want you to get out and get busy. Remember the important thing is to wave the flag, talk about patriotism and the Constitution and keep away from any specific issue. We'll take care of the issues after we win the election."

The state senator who was telling me the story said that he stayed in Penrose's office after the spellbinder left. Penrose instructed him to watch this man and if he did a good job to feed him a little more money which he, Penrose, would supply. Of course the state senator got his money too and from what I knew of his easy living at this time his reward from the Penrose machine for years of service must have been much more solid than just a few hundred dollars.

I have another personal memory regarding Penrose. In the latter days of the career of the Municipal League there was a very hot political campaign on. The league was attempting to put better men in office and the Penrose machine was fighting this most bitterly. I was sent to get the signatures of various eminent citizens protesting the actions of the corrupt political machine of which Penrose was the most influential leader.

I went to the chambers of Judge Penrose of the Orphans' Court. I read him the paper attacking his nephew's political machine and as he signed it he said to me, "The political ethics of my nephew are abominable."

The Penrose brothers were all extremely brilliant men. One was a doctor, another an engineer. Their wealth was said to be largely due to the mining engineer brother, Spencer, who in the west had developed some of the richest mines in the country.

Penrose was an extremely cynical person. Frank, even when sober, he was more than brutally frank when he was in his cups—which occurred at intervals. In 1914 he ran for senator, having as his competitors, if they could be called such, a Democrat, an independent in the person of Gifford Pinchot and myself, running on the Socialist ticket. Both the Democrat and I could go to bed early on election night assured of our defeat. But Gifford honestly thought he had a chance to be elected. He had been a big factor in putting Pennsylvania in the Progressive column in 1912 when Theodore Roosevelt ran for the Presidency on that ticket. On this victory for Roosevelt, Gifford Pinchot was undoubtedly justified in feeling that he could carry the state in a senatorial election.

On the contrary, Penrose was sure that his machine would be proof against even a man of the high character of Pinchot. In October Penrose appeared for a few days in Washington and went to his apartments in the New Willard Hotel. Newspapermen went to interview him and I had the story from one of these correspondents. Penrose was in one of his moods when he did not give a damn what he said. In a more or less kidding manner one of the newspapermen said to him, "Senator what do you think your prospects are for re-election?" There came from Penrose the sneering reply, "Young man, I am sure of being elected because it is reported in all the small towns of Pennsylvania that Gifford Pinchot is virtuous. And such a reputation as that will defeat any man in my state."

Another well-known Philadelphia figure who came into national prominence at this time was James M. Beck. Beck finally became

Solicitor General of the United States in the Harding administration. When the malodorous Daugherty was forced out of the cabinet he expected to be appointed in Daugherty's place. Bit-terly disappointed in failing to secure that office, he had himself elected to Congress by the Vare machine of Philadelphia from one of their rotten borough congressional districts. He ended his career rather ingloriously—being just an ordinary run-of-the-mine congressman.

I knew Jim Beck at very close hand. He lived in our block. He was a few years older than I and a companion of my brother. Both of them were amateur journalists and had installed in our house what was known as a model printing press, the ownership of which was highly prized by many kids.

In the second Cleveland administration, beginning in 1893, Jim had become U.S. attorney for the eastern district of Pennsylvania. In 1895 he became a candidate, backed by the Municipal League, for the office of district attorney of Philadelphia on the reform ticket. During the campaign he had very vigorously criti-cized the administration of George S. Graham, who had been district attorney for eighteen years. Graham was not running again for office but was supporting one Rothermel, running on the Republican ticket.

Graham was probably one of the greatest vote-getters in the history of Philadelphia. He was a gifted orator who, if it suited his purpose, could make black seem white. He knew Shakespeare from cover to cover. And so did Jim Beck.

Graham challenged Beck to a debate in the famed Academy of Music in Philadelphia. I knew both men and felt that Graham was sure to get the better of Beck because of his marvelous physical presence. He was also an abler speaker than Beck who was cer-tainly no slouch in the oratorical line. I went to Jim's office and tried to convince him, since he had a chance of being elected, that it was foolish to give Graham any chance to reduce the edge which Beck then seemed to have. But it was no use, Beck was deter-mined to go through with it, and this is what happened.

The academy was packed. I did not know that I was to witness in the nineteenth century a scene from Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar*, with Graham playing the Mark Anthony role. A little after 10 o'clock Graham rose to answer Beck's bitter indictment of his administration of the district attorney's office. He was hooted by a large part of the audience during the first part of his speech. Epithets were hurled at him from the floor and from the galleries. I was on the stage back of the contestants. When I saw what was going on I made up my mind to get out and join the audience and witness what I thought was going to be a real drama. And it certainly was.

Catcalls continued but began to die down. In about half an hour there was slight applause. In another quarter of an hour there was much more applause and by half past eleven, from all around me in the gallery to which I had climbed, came uproarious applause.

When the chairman announced from the platform that the management of the academy would put out the lights as the rental for the evening expired at midnight, the stage and the entrance to the stage from the side doors were mobbed. It was the same mob which had been hurling epithets at Graham that now tried to put him on their shoulders and carry him up Broad Street. It was truly another Mark Anthony orating over the body of Caesar, turning the mob's passion against Brutus—who in this case happened to be Beck. What I had warned him against had happened. He was defeated at the polls by the Republican candidate backed by Graham.

From 1897 until the reform movement succeeded in electing their own mayor in the person of Rudolph Blankenburg the municipal political pot was kept boiling by the crusading daily and Sunday newspaper, the *North American*. Ed Van Valkenberg, its editor, had been a state senator and managed the campaign for John Wanamaker in his attempt to be elected U.S. senator. After Wanamaker's defeat by Quay, Ed had talked this master merchant into buying the old *Philadelphia North American*.

This paper, established many years before, had been limping along for some time with hardly any circulation. Van Valkenberg made it a veritable gadfly, hated by every crooked politician in the town. It crusaded on many issues, constantly increasing circulation, and by 1912 had secured such a large number of readers in the state at large that it was a big factor in throwing the vote of Pennsylvania to Theodore Roosevelt, the Bull Moose candidate.

Van Valkenberg was a member of the Bull Moose national committee. For years the paper made money by getting large advertising from Wanamaker's department store, which in turn compelled the other department stores to buy a lot of space. By 1905 the *North American* had become so powerful that it was able to overthrow the whole Republican machine in control of city hall—known by a name given to it by a wag of the town as "The Robbers' Roost."

With the help of his legal adviser, Judge James J. Gordon, Van Valkenberg compelled Mayor Weaver to ask for the resignation of practically his whole cabinet. He helped the mayor to name their successors, leaving the mayor in possession of his office only so long as he behaved himself to the satisfaction of the *North American*.

This was an exhibition of the power of aroused public opinion for which the paper was primarily responsible such as I have never seen before or since. The gang was not able to crawl back for a few years. Eventually they did and another mayor by the name of John E. Reyburn was put into office by the crooked politicians.

However, the *North American* again swung into the battle and was largely responsible for the election of Rudolph Blankenburg, who was the most efficient and honest mayor that Philadelphia had had for a generation. It was rather sardonic that Blankenburg was a "foreigner" and had never been able to overcome his German accent. As a matter of record the biggest looters of Philadelphia were almost all "natives." Of course that doesn't mean anything except to show how absurd this whole "foreigner"

loss. In a very short time, however, it was Wanamaker who gave in and not Van.

Through most of Van's editorship he had James J. Gordon as his legal and political adviser. Gordon wielded a pen even more bitter than Van's and he was more implacable in his enmities. The *Philadelphia Ledger*, the leading paper of Philadelphia, had been bought by George Ochs, brother of the owner of the *New York Times*. Its policies had come under the bitter criticism of Gordon who, in a public speech, said that over the doors of the *Public Ledger* should be carved these words from the Bible: "The ox knoweth his master's crib."

Until the Ochs' interests sold the *Ledger* to Cy Curtis, Gordon's name was never allowed to appear in the paper, no matter what he did, where he went or where he spoke.

The end of Van's career always seemed to me to be tragic. His financial backing was withdrawn and then the *North American* was sold out under him to the Curtis interests. The only fighting paper in Philadelphia thus disappeared until J. David Stern took over the *Record* in 1928. The *Record*, however, never sounded the bitter personal note that was injected into the *North American*. It, too, has disappeared from the Philadelphia scene but for an entirely different reason. That is another story and will be told in another place.

who were primarily responsible for its continued existence.

The story of my life with *The Call*, just prior to and all through World War I and its aftermath, is a separate story for another chapter.

About the year 1921, after I learned that Russia was putting men and women in jail for exercising freedom of expression and not for any overt act against the Soviets, I denounced such violation of freedom, and also the doctrine of the ends justifying the means. I also denounced the establishment of a dictatorship by those who, many of us believed in the early days of the Russian revolution, were going to establish a social democracy to take the place of the government of the iniquitous czardom. Though *The Call* had done everything possible to create public sentiment for the Russian people, we felt compelled to denounce this betrayal of freedom, and I was told a few months afterward that I had been reported by the Russian secret agents here to be a "Jeffersonian socialist and a fanatic on free press and free speech." Of course I don't know what a Jeffersonian socialist is, but the second charge unquestionably was correct if it means that I subscribe to the doctrine that "whatever can't be discussed ought to crack."

been permanently solved even now; and in the early days of the Morrow ambassadorship, the truce between the two, although hailed as a victory for American diplomacy, marked by national celebrations in Mexico, was not a lasting solution to the problem.

eight votes in the electoral college for Landon.

Ten days before the 1940 election, I filed a guess with a friend of mine as to the number of votes for Roosevelt which would be won in the electoral college. I put it at a minimum of 400, but stated my belief that it would run over this minimum. And so it did. Roosevelt received 449 electoral votes.

The event in Pearl Harbor which put us into the war also ended the career of *The American Guardian*. Oscar Ameringer, its editor and publisher, decided there was no place for it during a war epoch.



summers there, and shortly after the burning of Helicon Hall—Sinclair's social experiment in the early days of this century—Sinclair came to Arden on the invitation of the late Frank Stephens, the founder of this single tax colony. Sinclair was there with his first wife and young son David. During this time he was writing his book, *Love's Pilgrimage*, as well as magazine articles.

Slight of build, with an air which was almost ascetic, he was destined, through a domestic entanglement, to bring publicity to Arden which was not relished by the quiet dwellers of that little community.

A poet by the name of Harry Kemp, the author of *Tramping on Life*, was a guest at the Sinclair house. In a short time Mrs. Sinclair and Harry disappeared together, and as Sinclair had achieved national prominence as the author of *The Jungle*, the disappearance became a front page story. Sinclair, who was nothing if not original, wrote the story of his domestic upset and sent it to the newspapers. He told me he did it because they might as well have the correct story.

While he was in Arden he made all sorts of experiments in the use of various diets, and in the use of no food at all. At one time he did without food for four days; he kept dictating during that time, checking up each day to find out whether his mind was more keen as his stomach became emptier. He had a theory that one could write better with little or no food in process of digestion. He kept a careful record of the effects which he believed these dietary experiments had upon him, and wrote various stories for the physical culture magazines based on this material.

I recollect a rather amusing happening as a result of some of these articles. He had sold a story dealing with one diet to a physical culture magazine, and a few months afterward sold a story dealing with an entirely different diet to another magazine. Each diet, as he wrote the respective stories, was a successful diet, even though they were almost diametrically opposed. Both articles came out in contemporary issues of the respective magazines.

One day he was giving me a lot of his wisdom on diet, and I

became rather bored, saying, "Well, I haven't got much time to think about my stomach; I am too busy on my job." He answered sarcastically, "A good engineer looks after his engine." And I replied, "Good God, he has to run it also!" And that was the beginning and the end of any dietary talk I ever had with Upton.

Sinclair turned everything into copy. I think he would have turned the funeral of his dearest friend into "good copy." He was just made that way.

During his stay in Arden there was a big internal row. The founder of Arden was an advocate of absolute freedom of speech. This principle had, however, come a cropper because a shoemaker anarchist by the name of Brown insisted upon saying things in town meetings that Frank Stephens didn't like. And the rest of us didn't like them either. Brown did his talking on communal property—the open-air theater. Stephens, the head trustee, finally decided to have him arrested. Along with others, I protested against this because I wanted free speech continued even if I was entirely out of sympathy with Brown's ideas.

I knew Brown, who had a very active mind, would strike back in some unexpected way. And he did. Brown had been fined and released and said nothing; but he did a lot. Delaware still had its old blue laws. One of these laws forbids any worldly amusements on the seventh day of the week "commonly called Sunday." Of course the laws had not been enforced for years, but they were still on the statute books. Arden was in the habit of having Sunday baseball games between Arden and neighboring villages, and also Sunday tennis tournaments.

Brown went to Wilmington, near by, and swore out warrants for all the "John Does" playing baseball and tennis. As the constable got \$2 for each warrant served, he didn't care if he swore out warrants for the whole colony. On Sunday morning, when Upton Sinclair was wielding his racquet on the tennis court, and while a baseball game was going on on the green, the constable and assistant appeared and arrested some twenty-five people engaged in "worldly amusements." They were taken to Wilmington,

six miles away.

When the hearing came off, they were, of course, all fined, there being no disposition on the part of the justice to send them to jail. But a principle was involved, and the entire crowd, indignant that they were being fined for amusing themselves on Sunday while only a mile away, on the golf links, the DuPonts and a United States judge were playing golf, elected to go to the workhouse rather than pay the fine. Well, they went, and I think they were kept there twenty-four hours and then shooed out.

But Uppy was having the time of his life. He wrote a poem while there—I think it was about bedbugs in the workhouse. A few months afterward he had himself nominated for governor of Delaware on the Socialist ticket, which gave him a chance to say something more about Delaware on the stump. The incident was closed by the Ardenites informing the authorities at Wilmington that if there was any more interference with “worldly amusement” at Arden they would swear warrants in Wilmington for the DuPonts, Judge Grey and other residents for playing golf.

Shortly afterward Uppy moved to California and gave color to the life of the Los Angeles-Pasadena district, even before it became the headquarters of the cinema industry.

Upton Sinclair is an odd mixture. He has been a most useful citizen. His two books, *Goosestep* and *Brass Check*, showed up the newspapers and our educational system at the very time they needed most to be shown up. Both of these booklets are at least 80 per cent true indictments. But the trouble with Upton is that he has always been careless about checking up his data, with the result that spokesmen for the institutions which he has attacked descend upon the vulnerable 20 per cent of Upton’s statements, and thus throw doubt upon the 80 per cent, which is absolutely true.

As an illustration, let us take Columbia University. I knew the person from whom he got much of his information regarding Columbia, and it was all true. And yet, Sinclair put in other material which had not been checked, with the result that the

spokesmen for Columbia attacked that portion of Sinclair's story which did not hold water entirely and destroyed in a great measure the usefulness of his exposure of certain practices radically wrong with this institution of learning.

The book that made Sinclair famous was *The Jungle*. He had written it with the idea of calling attention to the injustices being done the workers in the packing industry. In my judgment it has never been equaled by any of his later works. But it had an entirely unexpected, entirely different result from that which he had anticipated. As he put it to us, "I struck at the American people's heart, but I found I had hit their stomach." He literally did turn the stomachs of the American people, many of whom were afraid to eat meat after his description of what happened in the packing houses.

Under pressure from President Theodore Roosevelt, the federal government took the matter up, and meat inspection was put into practice in the great stockyards. Sinclair only succeeded in having the government supervise the conditions under which fresh meats could be marketed and canned. The workers were entirely lost in the shuffle, and it was not until 1939 that a real organizing campaign under the C.I.O. rallied the workers into an effective organization to better their conditions and wages.

Between 1906 and 1912, however, most of my time, outside of my own business—the handling of coffees—was spent in fights for free speech and in helping various groups of workers to organize in the industrial field. I was particularly active in helping in the struggles of the needle trades. Up until 1914, it was the International Ladies' Garment Workers Union who were constantly engaged in establishing their organization in the Philadelphia market. In 1914 the newly born Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, operating in the men's clothing industry, began their long struggle to organize the Philadelphia market.

Outside of the building trades, Philadelphia at that period was called the graveyard of unionism. There was certainly good

reason for this and it dated back from the time in 1805 when the shoemakers in Philadelphia had been found guilty by a jury of combining to raise their wages through a union. The City of Brotherly Love, so-called, in those days was the City of Union Hate, as far as allowing the workers to organize was concerned. Judges and the police throughout the nineteenth and the early part of the twentieth centuries were constantly on the backs of the workers in almost every attempt the latter made to better their conditions and wages.

Eugene Victor Debs came into the Philadelphia picture on the labor field in the bitterly fought street railway strike of 1909. Every authority in the town was against the strikers who were struggling to get the enormous hourly wage of 25 cents. They had been working for 21 cents an hour. The mayor of the city was John E. Reyburn, who had succeeded Weaver, and the political gang which had been ousted for a little time in 1905 was again in full control. The Department of Public Safety, so-called, let loose the police against the strikers in every part of the city, and the mounted police were extremely vicious. They served notice on all hall proprietors that if they hired their halls for meetings of the strikers they would lose their licenses. This forced the strikers back on two labor halls in the city and even these halls were filled with plain-clothes men and uniformed police. It was difficult to get anyone to address the strikers.

It happened that Debs was in Baltimore on a lecture trip for a national Socialist paper, the *Appeal to Reason*. We managed to communicate with him there and he agreed to come into Philadelphia on his way to Pittsburgh and talk to the strikers at the labor lyceum hall. As his picture was very well known to the authorities we got him into town through the suburbs and took a room in another name at a third class hotel where the police would not be likely to look for him. We of course did not advertise that he was to speak. I stayed with him all day alone—an experience I shall never forget.

Debs was an extremely modest person. He never indulged in

heroics and had all the true humility of a great soul. He was that rather than a great intellect. He talked a lot that day about Victor Hugo and particularly about *Les Misérables*. Highly emotional, he was naturally attracted by one as emotional as Hugo. Much of the day was spent in talking about books. I was particularly interested in what he had to say about his own experience when he was sent to jail for disobeying an injunction. The jail was at Woodstock, Illinois. He told me of his reception in his home town, Terre Haute, on his return from the six months he spent in jail; how the people had received him at the railroad station, put him on a truck, fastened ropes to it and drawn him to his house six blocks away. As he told the story he showed so much emotion and gratitude that one felt it had just happened the day before.

The echo to this story particularly interests me, as a little over a quarter of a century afterward, with other newspapermen, I went to Terre Haute to report his reception there when he came from the Atlanta penitentiary. Remembering his story of being drawn to his house on an open truck, I asked Dr. Madge Stephens, one of the members of the Socialist party in Terre Haute, if she remembered the incident and if there was any way of finding out if the truck still existed. She got busy and found that the truck had been in use all these years and was then stored in the yard of a livery stable. The committee succeeded in borrowing it, took it to the station with horses, then unhitching the horses attached ropes —just as they had been attached in 1895. When the train came in with Gene the station was surrounded by some 25,000 people, most of whom were not Socialists. He was escorted to the truck, the ropes were manned and he was drawn to his house, just as he had been when arriving from the Woodstock jail.

In connection with this story of Debs's arrival from Atlanta: I had gone to Terre Haute believing that he was to get there on Monday. But he came from Atlanta via Washington and did not arrive in his home town until Wednesday. On Sunday I went to Gene's house and was greeted by a little man who had been sitting

on the back porch. "When's he coming? When's he coming?" said he. I explained about his not coming until Wednesday. The little man, a stonemason, was bitterly disappointed. He said he came from Dayton, Ohio, and had read in the paper that Debs had left for home. I told the little man to go home and I would let him know in time to come back to greet Debs. But he said, "No, I'm taking no chances. I want to see him as soon as he gets here. I've enough money to stay in the rooming house around the corner." So he stayed in Terre Haute. And he was the first man to be greeted by Debs. I had told the story to Gene and as he stepped up on the porch of his house he threw his arms around the little man, who was as proud as though he had been named to the highest office in the land.

It was once said of Debs that he went through the country on a railroad of love. The owners of newspapers might have hated him—in many cases they did—but not the reporters.

To return to Debs and the street railway strike. We got him out of the hotel with his baggage without the police knowing he was there and walked through some of the side streets to 6th and Brown where the labor lyceum was located. We came in the back way, through the basement, and then up on the stage. The building was surrounded by police and they were peppered all through the audience. When his tall form stalked to the front of the platform pandemonium broke loose. Men were sitting on the floor of the stage, and the only space left was enough for Debs to speak from. Well, he pulled no punches. As he was speaking in a hall owned by workers and not run for profit there was nobody whom the police could terrorize.

While he was speaking one of our group went to a livery stable to get a carriage to take him to the Broad Street station of the Pennsylvania Railroad. He was to speak in Pittsburgh the next night and we had agreed to produce him there without fail. The carriage came to the back entrance. It was a funeral carriage with an old Irishman on the box. One of the two horses was white and looked as old as the driver. We started to the station. When we got

out Debs's tall form actually towered over the box on which the old Irish driver was sitting. Debs took out a bill and pressed it into the old man's hand and thanked him in the gracious manner we knew so well. A surprised jehu looked his astonishment.

A few months afterward, when the strike was over, Debs returned to Philadelphia, which was on his regular lecture route for that season. We couldn't get a hall large enough to hold the size audience he always drew, so we had taken three halls—one in the northeast district, one in the central and one in the southern. We had an automobile meet him at the railroad station and take him to the first hall in the northeast. As we swung into Broad Street he looked at the temporary seats on both sides that had been erected for Founders' Week. He turned to me and asked "What's all this for?" I explained to him. With a slight laugh he said to me, "Well I suppose the celebration was in charge of those who foundered the city." And it was. For the political gang was again in control of the robber's roost known as city hall and had doubtless made a nice piece of change out of the money spent during the celebration.

We had four newspapermen with us in the machine and one of them was from the *Philadelphia Ledger* which had been particularly vicious in its editorial treatment of Debs. The machine was crowded and I said to the *Ledger* boy: "You don't want to go along with us. Not that we don't want you but your paper isn't going to give Debs any sort of show in reporting these meetings!" The boy argued with me and I let him come. And thereby hangs a tale.

I have told how Debs was loved and respected by the reporters in the various cities. Talking to this boy, before we got to the first hall, I was sure that he expected to see a dangerous anarchist with a bomb in one hand and a torch in the other. So I watched to see the effect on him of what Debs had to say. By the time the third hall was reached (and Debs made the same speech in all the halls) the *Ledger* boy was looking at a different Debs. The hall was so crowded that the listeners had usurped the press

table and reporters were compelled to stand on the platform. In the middle of Debs's speech, when a gale of applause swept through the audience, I saw this young reporter, forgetting entirely that he was a member of the press, leading the cheering from the stage. I was not surprised.

I had stood alongside Debs when a cartoonist of one of the daily papers, all quivering with excitement, came up and stretched out his hand, grabbed Debs and said, "I made a rotten cartoon of you for my boss and I now know it was a damn lie. All I can do is to express my sorrow that I fell into such a trap because my boss didn't like your attacks on the exploiters of the workers."

At the same meeting I ran into a writer working for a thoroughly orthodox magazine and I laughingly said, "Why are you here anyhow in this sort of an audience?" He said, "I've heard him before, I knew what he was going to say. If you want to know the truth I came up here to have the cockles of my heart warmed again."

It is very easy to explain why Debs had this effect on newspapermen who were so used to reporting stuffed shirts. As I write this my mind goes forward again to 1918. Debs was being tried in Cleveland under the infamous Espionage Act with the words "tending to" in it. This allowed the authorities to decide what words or act tended to interfere "with the conduct of the war." By placing these words in the act anybody could be arrested whom the authorities saw fit to prosecute. The words had a historic background. They were part of the old English law which enabled the infamous Judge Jeffreys to send men to death after Charles II came to power following the Cromwellian period in English history.

When Debs was tried in Cleveland he forbade his attorney to try to excuse what he had said. The government was railroading him to jail, not for any real interference with the war, of course, but for his social ideas. They called as a witness a reporter from a Cleveland newspaper who had heard his speech in Canton. This reporter was cross-questioned. He told the truth as to what Debs

had said. He knew that what he had said on the stand was going to help the government railroad Debs to jail. When he came out at the noon recess he was surrounded by newspapermen in the corridor. Debs also came out and the reporter rushed up to him and said, between tears, "You know, Mr. Debs, I couldn't help telling the truth." Debs put his long arms across the young man's shoulders and said, "Boy, everything you said on that stand was the truth. I'm going on there this afternoon and I will be questioned and I'm going to say that what you said about that speech was absolutely true and I'm going to add something to it that you may have forgotten."

Debs went to jail on the basis of having said in his own trial that what the government charged him with saying at Canton was absolutely correct and he stood for his right to say it.

I had another little adventure with Debs in New York in the Brevoort Hotel. It was about the year 1910. Debs was speaking in a large hall in Harlem, also on the east side in a theater. After the address I went with the city editor of the *New York Call* to the Brevoort, where I registered in my name for one of their large old-fashioned bedrooms. I was to spend the night with Debs, leaving for Philadelphia with him in the morning. Due to the fact that he had been speaking in Massachusetts the night before and had run into some old railroad friends of his from his former organization he had had nothing to eat during the day. We ordered a meal for him, which was set up under an old-fashioned gas chandelier, then fitted out with incandescent lights.

When the waiter brought the food he brought up some White Rock water. Debs sat down to dinner and poured out a glass of it. Holding the sparkling water against the light, he said, "You know, Charles, that reminds me of Bob Ingersoll." I said "How?" He said, "One day going across Indiana on a beautiful winter day Bob and I were in the smoking compartment of a parlor car and Bob wanted some White Rock. Pouring it out and holding it up against the blue sky outside he said, 'Gene, look at that. Water! Water's a true wife to a man and whisky's a harlot.' " And then

Gene brought his hand up to his lips and said, "You know words just blossomed from Bob's lips."

In the early part of 1917 Debs came to New York to speak and I met him at the Herald Square Hotel. In the evening we went to the hall in Cooper Union. This hall holds about 1,300 people and it was packed. Many people were turned away. The chairman of the meeting in order to avoid having people stand in the aisles had them come up and stand on the platform, not leaving much space for the speaker.

Debs began to talk and in looking around I noticed one man on one side of the platform standing with folded arms except when he unfolded them to applaud. He had coal black hair streaked with a little gray and was a noticeable figure. Nobody seemed to know who he was until I came upon a reporter for a Jewish paper. He told me the man's name was Trotsky and he was the editor of a Russian paper on the east side called *Novy Mir*; that he was a Russian revolutionist refugee and had come to this country via Spain and Cuba. The reporter told me that Trotsky had the reputation of being one of the most brilliant scholars among the anticzarist group.

After the first Russian revolution, in the spring of 1917, headed by Krensky, Trotsky returned to Russia and with Lenin led the second revolution in the fall of 1917, and together they established the Soviet Union.

The attitude of the followers of the dictatorship of Russia in this country toward Debs was a paradox. Debs, who was a social democrat, believed that the co-operative commonwealth could be ushered in only by the democratic process, and did not back the tactics of the dictatorship. However, he was in thorough sympathy with every effort made to better the conditions of the Russian people. In 1920, when Debs was nominated on the Socialist ticket for president, while still in the Atlanta penitentiary, the so-called communist group in this country failed to support him. More than this, they refused to take part in the campaign seeking to release Debs from jail. When I asked a member of their committee why

they had not included Debs's name in the list of political prisoners they were agitating to have freed, I was coldly told, "We are interested only in those over whom we have control." We all knew that no one had control over Debs.

Up until the time Debs died in 1926 the followers in the United States of the dictatorship of Russia, who had christened themselves Communists, had no time whatever for the man who for over a generation poured out his energy in battling for the common good.

I have written these memories of Debs because of the fact that much of what has been written about him makes him a manikin instead of a man. His life embodied the weaknesses and strength of our common humanity. Never posing, never indulging in heroics, he served the cause of the ordinary man and woman more tirelessly and more fearlessly than most of his generation. Lincoln and Debs were of the same breed.

Just before the 1912 political campaign Gilson Gardner came to me in the Washington office of the Newspaper Enterprise Association and said that Marlin Pew had succeeded in getting the "boss," meaning Scripps of the Scripps-McRae papers, to let him experiment in publishing a paper without ads. Its name was to be the *News Post* to be published in Philadelphia. Gilson suggested that I write editorials for it, because of my knowledge of the Philadelphia situation.

I told him that of course I would be glad to do so but I had no confidence that the paper would go over. Gilson said that Marlin, who was a very close friend of his, was very enthusiastic about it and that Boss Scripps was going to put up considerable money to see what could be done along the lines that Pew had mapped out.

Some of my readers will doubtless ask—and who was Gilson Gardner? He was a true liberal, a single taxer and possessed of a social conscience which I have rarely seen equaled among those in the newspaper profession during two generations. Gardner operated as a correspondent for the Newspaper Enterprise Association, a subsidiary of the Scripps organization, and his copy went out of

Washington absolutely uncensored by the chief headquarters of the N.E.A.

Some of those who knew the Scripps organization intimately called Gardner "the old man's conscience," meaning of course E. W. Scripps. The "old man" evidently recognized that Gardner had carried out the Scripps policies in his work without any idea of growing rich, for when Scripps's will was probated it was found that Gardner was one of the few in his organization to whom he had left an annuity which also covered Gardner's wife.

Gardner leaned over backward in the manner in which he handled Washington news. He played no favorites and made it an absolute rule never to hold intimate social relations with those in social positions.

Gardner was trusted implicitly by Theodore Roosevelt. In fact the first intimation I had that Roosevelt was going to run in 1912, when everyone was merely guessing about it, came from Gardner. He also was a friend of Brandeis. This friendship was the result of the major role Gardner had played in the exposures of the graft that had been going on in the Interior Department in the Taft administration, where a group of multimillionaires were after more loot from the natural resources of Alaska. These exposures resulted in the famous Ballinger case, when Ballinger was compelled to resign as Secretary of the Interior. Both Taft and Wickersham, then the attorney general, were involved in the exposures which eventually cost Taft the Presidency in 1912. Brandeis was the attorney in this famous exposure.

Elihu Root, then sitting in the Senate, was brought into the picture in committee hearings and Brandeis, as the people's advocate, defeated every move Root made to protect the Taft administration.

The only time I talked to Brandeis was in Gardner's office. If one had prophesied that he would end his career on the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States he would have been called a little daft. He had, at that time, just the kind of mind that was not generally looked for in making a Supreme Court

appointment. I have always been glad that I talked to him before he became an oracle. He talked to me about matters in which he was interested as an advocate.

It was on this very day that I met Brandeis that I talked with Fred Kirby, who was the chief witness in the Ballinger case and whose testimony caused Ballinger's resignation. It was the magnificent cross-examination of Kirby by Brandeis which brought out the fact regarding the Guggenheim domination of the Department of the Interior, and created a nation-wide scandal which resulted in the insurgent Republican movement led by Theodore Roosevelt with the consequent election of Woodrow Wilson as President.

Brandeis had a particular respect for Kirby because while Kirby had held the key to the whole Ballinger case, having been private secretary to Ballinger, he refused to take any reward for his testimony. Certain letters had passed between the Guggenheim interests and Ballinger which showed the manner in which they were using the secretary to secure mineral rights in Alaska at the expense of the people. Kirby's was not a personal appointment; he secured his position through civil service. He therefore had no personal relations with his superior.

When the storm against Ballinger's actions first broke through articles in *Collier's*, Kirby felt he must do something in regard to the matter. He offered to give the Newspaper Enterprise Association information, but specified that it must be under certain considerations. First, there must be no question of money. However, since he was a civil service employee he felt sure that if he told the true story he would be blacklisted by government officials. As he had a wife, child and mother dependent upon his earnings he therefore simply wanted to be assured of a job at his current salary—no more and no less. He felt that this was due to those dependent upon his labors. This the N.E.A. agreed to. He was made secretary to Gardner after the case had been disposed of.

I was particularly interested in meeting young Kirby and the then fifty-six-year-old, iron-gray haired People's Counsel together.

For the younger man had brought about, during his cross-examination, a dramatic situation which even the astute Brandeis did not foresee. Brandeis, a great lawyer, had carefully gathered all the data against Ballinger in such a way that testimony of the various witnesses would be cumulative. He left nothing to chance. He even suggested to the various witnesses against Ballinger the questions which might be asked them in cross-examination.

Root, as a member of the senatorial committee investigating Ballinger, practically acted as attorney for the Taft administration. It was impossible to attack Kirby's frank testimony—given only as a man of such integrity could give it. When Kirby testified as to the contents of the letters written by Ballinger, Root, knowing that he could not successfully throw suspicion on the correctness of Kirby's story, asked in icy sarcastic tones, "So this is what you call loyalty to employers, to divulge the contents of confidential correspondence?" Kirby turned a pair of candid eyes to the New York senator, whom almost everyone was afraid to cross and who had been attorney for some of the greatest financial wizards of the United States, as well as of the notorious Tweed of Tammany, and said, "Senator Root, I was in the same position that a private in the army would be when he discovered that his commanding officer was betraying his country. My loyalty was due to my country and not to Mr. Ballinger."

I was in Baltimore in 1912 at the Democratic national convention which nominated Woodrow Wilson. It was held in the great armory building of that city where the acoustic properties were so wretched that it was hard to hear anyone much beyond the platform. Even Senator Ollie James, a huge man well over six feet tall, who presided and who had a voice almost equal to the snorting of a bull, had a hard time making himself heard.

The convention was still under the two-thirds rule for a successful nomination and while Champ Clark secured a majority of the votes in the very early balloting he could not be put over successfully.

The representatives of Tammany Hall, while willing to vote

for Clark, would have none of Wilson, and it looked like a stalemate for some time. Then William Jennings Bryan, who was a matchless orator, threw his influence behind Wilson. Tammany grew glummer and glummer as the final vote nominated Wilson. They made no pretense of what they were going to do to him in the election and as New York was a pivotal state the Democratic national machinery in the early days of the campaign did everything possible to placate Tammany.

Wilson, however, refused to do anything along this line. He denounced corrupt politicians before he was nominated and he went the limit in denouncing them after he went on the ticket. What is more, he did the same thing with the Chicago Democratic machine which was under Roger Sullivan.

In all probability had there been only two tickets in the field Wilson would have lost as a result of his insistence that he could make no entangling alliances with corrupt politicians.

However, Theodore Roosevelt, running on the Bull Moose ticket—a Republican insurgent movement—received nearly a million more votes than the regular Republican candidate, William Howard Taft. While Wilson got 435 electoral votes he did not get a majority of the votes cast. It was a three-cornered fight that put him over. The Tammany vote, as far as Wilson was concerned, certainly did nothing to help elect him and neither did the Roger Sullivan Tammany machine in Chicago.

During the campaign I was writing editorials for the *News Post* in Philadelphia. This infant paper of the Scripps-MacRae chain took no definite sides in the campaign, though the chain, as a whole, was opposed to the Taft candidacy. Our editorials had to do with the local situation, as did also most of the news articles, and under Marlin Pew the paper certainly went the limit in exposing corruption in what was left of the Republican municipal machine.

It happened that an honest mayor, Blankenburg, was in city hall but there were departments in the city government in which the old machine still functioned. Marlin trained his guns on the

city magistrates, who were notoriously corrupt, and while everything that he said about them was true, he inadvertently played into the hands of one of the worst of them by calling him a "lecherous product of the gutter." It was this that cost Pew his editorship, as the magistrate quickly issued a warrant for his arrest for criminal libel and before the legal matter was settled it cost some thousands of dollars. Marlin resigned, a new editor took his place and shortly afterward Boss Scripps decided to fold up the experiment.

But a very good time was had by all while it lasted. There were no sacred cows either in finance, industry or politics. The paper played no favorites in exposing them all.

The political reporter was one Charlie Sweeney, an incorruptible youngster who knew the political game. Years afterward he became publicity man for the first president of the Irish Republic, Eamon de Valera.

The circulation of the *News Post* was never very large but it was read avidly by every Republican officeholder. They never knew where Sweeney was going to strike next.

The department store proprietors were not keen about the paper. They had found it possible, as a rule, to keep out of the papers anything which they did not want printed. If there was an accident in any store it was usually given the omission treatment. If this was not possible, one would find an accident reported something like this: "A store in the vicinity of 13th and Market [not mentioning its name] etc." The *News Post* on the contrary would mention the name of the store, put newsboys at its various entrances and call out the story. Looking back, it seems to me a rather childish waste of time, since the ulcers which attack the social body go far too deep to be cured in this manner.

I am writing this book in 1952 when two experiments in independent daily publications have recently come to an end. *PM*, with all the millions behind it of one of the richest men in America—Marshall Field—suspended publication and for a few months it was taken over by another group with some moneyed men back

of it. Its name was changed to the *Star*. In a very short time the second attempt at independent journalism came to an end.

PM for the longest period of its career did not attempt to sell advertising space and when it was born announced that it was not going to sell such space. When it attempted to do so, near the end of its career, it could not sell enough space to overcome its tremendous deficit. The *Star*, which sold space from the beginning, could not sell enough to cover its deficit. In the largest city of the New World two independent daily newspapers were buried because they could not become self-supporting, to say nothing of yielding a profit on the money invested in them.

The two leading liberal weeklies, the *Nation* and the *New Republic*, one of which—the *Nation*—has been published for eighty-four years since the end of the Civil War, in 1865—have continued to exist only because the deficit is paid by those who are not after profit but are interested in spreading their ideas and ideals. The *New Republic*, born thirty-five years ago, has had its deficit largely paid first by a Morgan partner, Willard Straight, and after he died by his widow, Dorothy Whitney Straight, an heiress both to Whitney and Standard Oil fortunes. Not long ago she created a foundation charged with paying this deficit, and the continued existence of the *New Republic* has been made possible only through this very unusual setup.

I was destined, only a few years after the *News Post* experiment was ended in Philadelphia, to become the editor of a New York daily and Sunday paper, *The New York Call*, which operated under a deficit which was paid principally by its readers and did not depend on large sums handed to it by multimillionaires. The single dollars of its readers kept the paper alive and efficiently flourishing for the nearly six years during which I was editor. Without them there would have been no *New York Call*. The deficit often ran to thousands of dollars in one week, and as the principal financial supporters of *The Call* came mainly from workers in the needle trades on the east side of New York—overwhelmingly Jewish at that time—it was the Jewish workers

who were primarily responsible for its continued existence.

The story of my life with *The Call*, just prior to and all through World War I and its aftermath, is a separate story for another chapter.

CHAPTER FOUR

THIS chapter has to do with my experiences in the struggle that has gone on since this government was founded to establish freedom of thought, freedom of speech and freedom of press. Like the tides, this struggle has been one of ebb and flow. In the Adams administration, in 1798, taking advantage of the war hysteria involving our relations with France, the iniquitous Alien and Sedition Law was passed, which denied everything contained in our Bill of Rights.

Inside of two years, however, these laws were made an issue in a political campaign and Jefferson was elected as a Republican, taking the office filled by Washington and John Adams, who were Federalists. Since 1800 every generation has witnessed the struggle to maintain the truths proclaimed in our Bill of Rights.

Sometimes a liberty-loving group won. Sometimes they lost. But the issue itself was always present.

The periods most dangerous to freedom of speech, press and thought were in the days of war hysteria—the threatened conflict with France in 1798, the war with England in 1812, the Civil War from 1861 to 1865, the Spanish War in 1898, World War I and World War II all recorded vicious attacks on these freedoms.

Many persons believe that present attacks on these freedoms are more vicious than those in the past. History shows this to be wrong. The attacks following World War II—bad as they are—are less flagrant when contrasted with those which occurred during World War I and the years immediately following. It is because

of the false impression that this generation has regarding this vital issue that I am devoting a chapter to free speech, free press and free thought. In the struggle for these freedoms I played a small part in two generations.

During the ten years preceding the 1912 national election I had been active several times in free speech fights. I had taken part not only in struggles involving principles in which I believed and wanted to bring before the public but I had also been active in fights for the rights of some groups in whose principles I did not believe. I remember very keenly a statement made to me by one of America's constant fighters for free speech for over a generation—Theodore Schroeder. "The only test that I recognize in sizing up the sincerity of anyone who says he believes in free speech is the willingness, if need be, to go to jail for the right of someone to express something in which you do not believe yourself. Of course everyone is in favor of free speech for himself or for his own ideas. However, this proves nothing."

Emma Goldman, the anarchist, came to Philadelphia in 1910 to speak. She was a follower of the Kropotkin school. That is, she was not an exponent of physical force but she certainly was an anarchist to her fingertips. Now it happens that I was and am very far away from believing in the anarchist philosophy. Rightly or wrongly I consider it absolutely futile. However, because we believed that Emma Goldman had the right to present her point of view, I and a few others who were not anarchists insisted on her right to be heard. We succeeded, with the policemen's clubs over our heads, in ensuring this right.

Only a few months before, I had had an experience in securing free speech for the group with which I was connected—the Socialist party of Philadelphia. We had been in the habit, for some years, of holding meetings in the plaza of the city hall where there could be no danger of interfering with traffic. Our speakers, including myself, had been none too nice in exposing the corruption of the political gang whose offices were in the city hall, which we had without any hesitation christened the Robbers' Roost.

This annoyed Mayor Reyburn, a pliant tool of the political gang, but above everyone else it annoyed the director of public safety, whose name was Henry Clay. The gang tried all methods possible to stop our meetings but didn't succeed until they exhumed an old blue law, which had gone into the discard generations before. It forbade any worldly activities on the seventh day of the week "commonly called Sunday." The committee of the Socialist party decided to make a test case. I was selected to make it.

One Sunday evening we took the stand over to the city hall plaza and placed it right under the window of the director of public safety and proceeded to hold our meeting.

As it turned out, I was in danger of having my platform rushed by the police force. Pointing up to the windows of the director of public safety, I opened by saying that perhaps there might be some justification in preventing our talking politics on Sunday; that the reason for it was that we had no right under the law to discuss politics on a Sunday night. "In view of the kind of politics from which we suffer in this city I feel that I must admit that perhaps such politics are not fit to discuss on Sunday or on any other night." Then, intaking my breath, I said, "Such touching piety! Cardinal Clay and Archbishop O'Leary." O'Leary was the assistant director and even worse than his boss.

There was a hurried caucus held by the police and plain-clothes men in charge; but in a few minutes they left the meeting and went into the hall and that was the last we saw of them.

The next day, accompanied by my attorney and members of the committee, I called upon Director Clay. My attorney was Roland S. Morris, a noted Democrat, afterward chairman of the Pennsylvania Democratic State Committee and Ambassador to Japan—a conservative, he was also a noted libertarian. He was not only a highly gifted speaker, but was steeped in the Jeffersonian philosophy of absolute freedom of speech and press.

Mentally, Director Clay was a mere child in his hands and all that he could say in reply to the presentation of our rights to speak on the plaza was, "Well, it's all right for you Americans to speak

there, but that don't apply to foreigners." At this I broke in with, "What was your mother, Director?" and he had to reply, as I knew he must, "Well, she came from the other side." To which I replied, "And my grandmother came from Ireland. We are pretty close to foreigners ourselves, aren't we?" And this was also the end of the discussion. From that time on to the breaking out of World War I there was little trouble on the city hall plaza.

Morris, the conservative Democratic lawyer, was again involved in a free speech struggle in which I was one of the participants in 1912, in the city of Allentown, Pennsylvania. It must have been a very embarrassing position for him but he came through magnificently and won our case. At the time of this incident Morris was chairman of the State Democratic Committee, and the judge in Allentown, before whom he appeared, was a Democrat, as was the mayor.

For years the Socialists and organized labor had been meeting in the public square in Allentown—a square set apart for generations for the use of the people by the man after whom Allentown was named.

The Socialist vote had grown in Allentown and the labor movement had shown some progress, so that the big financial interests there and the politicians had become worried for fear their management or mismanagement of the town would be overthrown. James H. Maurer, who had been for years president of the American Federation of Labor of Pennsylvania, and I, after a conference with the organized workers in Allentown, decided to make a test case.

We went there and from a platform in the city square began to speak. We were promptly pulled from the platform by the police, taken to city hall, tried by the mayor, who held us each in \$100 bail to appear the next morning. This we did after I had wired Roland Morris to come to Allentown.

Without going into a lot of detail, Morris appeared before the Democratic judge, made a magnificent address on freedom of speech, basing his case primarily on the philosophy laid down

by Lord Erskine in the famous trial of Thomas Paine. He summed up by telling the court, "There can be no question about the rights of these men under the Constitution to express their views, but it is not enough to have these Constitutional rights unless they are continually asserted by our citizens. That is, if these rights are to be as effective as those who fashioned them in our Bill of Rights intended them to be."

Just a year before the battle for free speech in Allentown, I tumbled into another struggle much more intense and more far-reaching in its results—in New Castle, Pennsylvania. Here was one of the large plants of the tin mills of a section of U.S. Steel. It was about thirty miles from Pittsburgh and some twelve miles from the Ohio border. A very vicious strike took place, caused by the terrible conditions and the low wages paid to semi-skilled and unskilled workers in the steel corporation's plants.

The viciousness was caused primarily by the manner in which the hired plain-clothes thugs of the corporation and the Pennsylvania state police, then known as the Black Cossacks, treated the workers on strike. These uniformed thugs had ridden their horses up on the porches of the little sordid dwellings which the lower paid steel workers lived in. In some cases they clubbed the women right on the porches of their own houses.

Some of the workers, resenting this inhuman treatment, fought back, and a few of them were sent to jail. There was a labor weekly in New Castle called *The Free Press*. It took up the cause of the strikers and exposed the conditions in the tin mills. In telling the story the paper also exposed the manner in which the steel management was using the town and county authorities, including the sheriff. As the truth of the story could not be successfully denied, the political tools of the steel corporation determined to use the powers of the city and county governments to punish the editors of *The Free Press*.

There was no way to disprove the statements made in the paper, so they determined to use old English common law which runs in

all of the thirteen original states where statute laws do not intervene.

In Pennsylvania at that time there was no sedition law. That came afterward in 1917 as a result of World War I. They therefore used the English statute on sedition and accused the editors of the paper of being guilty of seditious libel. The old English common law defines sedition as "Arousing discontent or disaffection among subjects, though not necessarily arousing them to rebellion." Both the judge on the bench and the district attorney backed up the attempt to send the editors of *The Free Press* to jail under this charge.

The editors wrote me of their plight and asked me to come to New Castle to see what could be done. I advised an instant campaign of publicity, both in New Castle and in Lawrence County. To me the thing seemed so absurd in the twentieth century that I thought it would be possible to arouse so much indignation and perhaps laughter among the citizens that it might be impossible to secure a jury to convict these editors. I guessed right.

I went into every crossroads in the county and on the various street corners in the city ridiculing the charge and showing how, when the sedition statute was put on the books in England, there was also a statute dealing with witchcraft and other absurd laws. Then, during the week for which the trial was set, we wrote a broadside to be posted on trees throughout the county and on fences in the city which said in part that four of your fellow citizens are being tried for arousing "'discontent or disaffection among the subjects.' Who is the king and who are the subjects? In your case the king is the steel corporation and his subjects are the citizens of this county. Do you want some of your fellow citizens to go to jail on such an absurd charge in this the twentieth century?"

The result was that, under the skillful management of the case in court by the attorney—the late John Marron of Pittsburgh who was not only a most gifted lawyer but a thorough libertarian—it was impossible to get a verdict of guilty. And this, in spite of the

fact that the jury had been chosen by the jury commissioner system which enabled machine politicians to select the names put in the wheel. In those days I think there were three jury commissioners, two of the dominant party and one of the opposing party.

This trial had a very unexpected echo for the politicians. The city government of New Castle was dominated by the corrupt Republican machine under the state leadership of Boise Penrose. Of course it was the tool of the steel corporation, as were almost all the governments of all the cities in western Pennsylvania. An election was pending for mayor and councils. The Republicans put up a candidate. In addition there appeared in the campaign a new feature in Pennsylvania politics—one that has never been repeated up to now. During the strike in the steel mills the owning employing group had put up money and brought Billy Sunday to New Castle to start what was called a "revival," thus hoping to take the people's mind away from the strike. After the strike was defeated Billy Sunday went on his way of cashing in on "salvation" in other cities, leaving behind him what was known as a "personal workers" organization.

Its announced purpose was to keep the people that Billy had "saved" traveling along the way of righteousness. It happened that New Castle was a local option city and the Republican machine wanted to change this. So in the political campaign the "personal workers," thoroughly controlled by the steel corporation, decided to put up their own candidate.

For the first and last time there appeared on a political ticket the names of "personal workers'" candidates. We felt that their candidate could only be defeated by an industrial workers' candidate. So we had the Socialist party in New Castle nominate a brakesman in the B. & O. yards for mayor. We waged a vigorous campaign on the basis of the Bible, saying from every street corner and in various halls that we were "personal workers" speaking for the "sweet here and now in the place of only the sweet by-and-by."

It was a very bitter fight and the Billy Sundayites, the Sunday

before election, appointed a day of prayer for the success of the personal workers' ticket in all the churches of New Castle. Only two churches, one catholic and one protestant, refused to take part in this day of prayer.

We hired two of the big moving picture houses, preached sermons from texts in Micah and Haggai and from the Lord's Prayer—"Thy Kingdom come on earth as it is in Heaven," stressing again the slogans we had used during the campaign of the sweet here and now, as well as the sweet by-and-by.

Well, we won, and as we had figured it out, the personal workers' candidate came second and the Republican machine candidate came third. As the final returns came in, my last act before running to take the train to return to Philadelphia was to write an eight-column top line for *The Free Press* to appear the next day—"The scriptures saith the prayers of the righteous availeth much. What does the defeat of the personal workers' candidate therefore mean?"

I am glad to say that the mayor we elected, Walter V. Tyler, a direct descendant of ex-President Tyler, turned out to be the best mayor that New Castle has ever had. In fact so good was he that the iniquitous Penrose machine could capture New Castle only by using the Pennsylvania legislature to install a commission form of government there.

Around the year 1914 I witnessed another battle for free speech. I had met Scott Nearing, a summer neighbor of mine, when he was secretary of the Child Labor Committee of Pennsylvania in 1906. He later became an instructor of economics at the Wharton School in the University of Pennsylvania. He had aroused considerable antagonism among the university authorities by his plain speaking about the economic system of this country.

The Wharton School had been endowed by multimillionaire Joseph Wharton, sometimes called the Nickel King of Pennsylvania. In his letter endowing the school was a provision that it must teach the American plan—meaning the protective tariff. In his lectures to his classes Nearing refused to be bound by this pro-

vision and dealt with all sides of our economic structure and pointed out the bad features as well as the good.

This would not have been so much against him had he confined his statements merely to his classes. But he was very much sought after as a speaker in public forums in the state, and speaking in these forums he naturally got into the newspapers which were read by some of the trustees of the university. He was constantly criticized by them, and they tried to squeeze him out of the faculty by not increasing his salary when others received increases.

He talked the matter over with me in the summer of 1914 and I advised him to take all the speaking engagements he could secure for the coming season and particularly all Sunday engagements, as Sunday night was what was known in the newspaper business as "hell night" for news. He would be sure to get more publicity for his ideas on that night than on other nights. I knew from his great intellectual and spiritual integrity that he was not going to allow himself to be bullyragged—even by trustees of the university, some of whom were stuffed shirts with medieval ideas.

I said to Scott, "They are trying to let you out without creating an issue. Don't let them. Tell the truth as you have always done and they will probably fire you. If they do fire you such agitation for freedom of teaching will be created that you will be called to a broader field of usefulness." And it happened. He was fired from the University of Pennsylvania and later called to Toledo University (1915) where he became Professor of Social Science and Dean of the College of Arts and Sciences.

In World War I he opposed the war, left the University of Toledo, became chairman of the People's Council of America and ran on the Socialist ticket for Congress.

During the World War I period Nearing wrote a booklet titled *The Great Madness*. The Rand School of Social Science published it. Hysteria was running high against anyone who dared to give voice to pacifist principles. Nearing was arrested and indicted as the author of the book. The trial produced one of the most remarkable verdicts in legal history.

Nearing went on the stand and proceeded to defend his right to give voice to his principles in print and then, in what was a veritable classroom lecture to the jury and judge, he vindicated this right. By the time his statement was finished you could hardly see him for the stack of books covering the defense of freedom of press and speech from which he had quoted. The jury was charmed with his frankness and with his refusal to take advantage of any legal technicalities. They went out and brought in a verdict that Nearing, the author of the book, was not guilty but that the Rand School, which published it, should pay a fine of \$3,000.

While the jury was out I walked the corridor with the prosecuting attorney in the old post office building in New York. The attorney made no attempt to hide his admiration of Nearing's character, though in the trial he had been extremely bitter. He said, "You know, this man Nearing has made no attempt to engage in any legal quibbles like some other defendants whom I have been prosecuting during this period. He just told us he had written the book, that everything in it was true. He then paraded before us authority after authority backing up his rights to express his opinions."

For the last thirty years Nearing has continued his truth-telling career, commenting on current events both in print and by voice. The reactionaries in politics, in industry and in the church have done everything possible to prevent his being heard and too many times have been successful. He keeps his independence by operating a maple sugar farm in Vermont. Nearing comes of that American stock which could be neither bent nor broken, and went into the wilderness and conquered it.

Writing of Nearing reminds me of a debate he once had with Clarence Darrow.

Darrow, after all, was as temperamental as any artist is supposed to be. Injustice always aroused him to anger and often to action, but he certainly had no definite philosophy regarding life. That is, unless his constant talk about the futility of everything was a

philosophy. I remember spending an entire day with him in a smoking compartment on a train between New York and Chicago. He had been reading Housman, the British poet. Poetry that is poignant with pessimism. At various times during the day he poured out quotation after quotation from *The Shropshire Lad*, backed up by his own comments—futility everywhere.

A few years afterward he came to New York for this debate with Nearing on the question, "Is Life Worth the Living?", taking the side that it was not. I was editor of the *New York Call* at the time. By one of our reporters, I sent Darrow a note to the effect that if he won the debate by proving that life was not worth the living, for God's sake to be logical and commit suicide, giving me a good front-page story on which I could put a head, "Darrow, Noted Attorney, Proves Life Not Worth Living."

As a matter of fact, Darrow enjoyed pretending to be miserable. This does not mean that he was not sincere. It was just a peculiar twist in his mentality. Perhaps he resented much more than those of duller mentality the misery which exists in the world. When he wanted to, he could jar you loose from enjoyment better than any man I have known.

One night at a dinner celebrating the anniversary of an institution with which I was connected, and which Darrow had helped form in its early days, he proceeded to tell us that while the institution had been successful, and functioned along the lines for which it was founded, it had lost the early spirit of its members. And for fifteen minutes a bad time was had by all.

This peace-lover, this sincere denouncer of war, turned his back on all he had stood for when World War I came to this country in 1917. Though he had been the attorney in many a case involving a victim of the ruling class, he took no part in the legal defense of those who had the courage of their convictions and spoke out against the war from 1917 to 1919. Of course his reaction was just a part of the general hysteria, but one expected quite a different attitude on his part.

Almost everyone went crazy at that time. I remember one day

being in the United Press office in New York City when Roy Howard, head of that institution, came in. The *New York Call*, the paper I was editing, was a United Press client. I knew Howard very well. Lord Northcliffe was in this country doing propaganda work for the Allies, and Howard had just come from an interview with him.

Howard was all het up about the war. He told me very solemnly that the time had come when men like myself who couldn't yield to his opinions would have to go to jail for the safety of the country, and unless I changed my tactics as an editor, I would be one of those to go to jail.

He remarked quite kindly that he thought that would be the safest place for me. He said that he and all of my other friends would see that I was treated right and had plenty of books until the trouble was over. He was really quite serious about it, so serious in fact that I lay back in my chair and started laughing.

Howard was afterward taken into the Scripps-McRae chain of newspapers, now known as the Scripps-Howard chain. These papers, since a few years after the war, couldn't say things bitter enough regarding the terrible error that had been made in our getting mixed up in the European shambles. I have a nice assortment of editorials from their papers which make strange reading when contrasted with their war policies. During the war one of their chief editors told me proudly, "This is our war, and we are going to see it through to a finish."

A champion of free speech in his own way was Dudley Field Malone. I first came into contact with Malone in the women's suffrage campaign. At that time Malone was Collector of the Port of New York, and close to Woodrow Wilson. He had been very active in the Wilson campaign, as well as active in settling some private difficulties into which Wilson had fallen before his election to the Presidency.

Wilson, the liberal, to the astonishment of his fellow liberals, had refused to further the women's suffrage movement, with the

result that the suffragists picketed the White House and burned an address of Wilson's in Lafayette Park opposite the White House. The police were set upon them, and an unfriendly populace was allowed to abuse them without any effort on the part of the police to protect them.

Malone had become one of the champions of the women's suffrage movement in New York City. He came to Washington in an attempt to protect them after outrages had been perpetrated by the police and the broadcloth mob of Washington, right under the eyes of the President. Malone stalked into the White House, and after a stormy interview with the President, angrily resigned his job as Collector of the Port of New York.

Malone's headquarters in Washington were at the Shoreham Hotel during the struggle which had resulted in the arrest of some thirty women, most of whom happened to be of high social position, and who were sent to the workhouse at Occoquan because they refused to promise to desist in their activities.

One day he was approached by a member of the secret service who said, "Mr. Malone, don't you think it would be better if you would go back to New York and cease your activites in this case? We don't want to be nasty about it, but we have information which connects you with one of the ladies engaged in this agitation. If the story was made public, it wouldn't make very nice reading for yourself, your wife or your family."

Malone calmly looked the secret serviceman in the eye and said, "You go back to your employer, who happens to be Mr. McAdoo, the Secretary of the Treasury, and inform him that if one single word is printed, or one further innuendo made regarding myself or a lady, the son-in-law of Mr. Woodrow Wilson may be interested in knowing that Dudley Field Malone will have something to say which also may not make very nice reading for Mr. Wilson, his direct family, or his son-in-law, Mr. McAdoo. I assure you that if you are an efficient secret serviceman you had better take this matter at once to Mr. McAdoo before you take any further steps in this case. I also assure you that Mr. McAdoo will

thoroughly understand that this is not an empty threat. He will know exactly what I mean to say if any further attempt to blackmail me is made."

And that was the end of the attempt to blackmail Mr. Dudley Field Malone.

The longest free speech and free press struggle in which I was involved began in 1917, when I became editor of *The New York Daily Call*, and ended with a decision by the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia in 1921. Albert Sidney Burleson of Texas, the Postmaster General of the United States in the Wilson administration, had taken it upon himself at the outbreak of World War I to be the Thought Controller of the nation.

There were some newspapers in the United States which took Woodrow Wilson at his word in the campaign of 1916 when he opposed our entrance into the European war. The Democratic committee in this campaign had billboarded the country from coast to coast and from the north to the south with pictures of Wilson and the slogan "He kept us out of war" and "He protected me and mine." Then, without a plebiscite of the people, we were thrust into a war which millions of our people believed, rightfully or wrongfully, was a bankers' and industrialists' war. Hundreds of millions of profits had been piled up by these two groups in supplying equipment and stock to the European combatants.

Our entrance into the war was destined to pile up even greater profits for the plutocrats. The records show that over 2,000 new millionaires were created in America through the war. Burleson attempted, through control of mailing privileges, to dominate the contents of the newspapers—threatening and carrying out his threat to deprive all periodicals which did not support the war policies, of their second-class mailing privileges. This of course meant ruin to many of them.

The New York Call in its editorial policy was against the war, and it was one of the papers which Burleson, failing to control its contents, summoned to Washington to show cause why its mailing privileges should not be revoked. There were some seventy counts

in the indictment against the paper, some of them unbelievably absurd. One of them was a letter published in the paper's columns from a Christian pacifist.

This letter had also been published in some eight leading newspapers of the country. When the attorney for *The Call*, Morris Hillquit, said, "Is it possible that the post office is serious in objecting to this letter? They might just as well object if *The Call* printed the Sermon on the Mount," the reply from the Solicitor of the Post Office was, "Mr. Hillquit, the Sermon on the Mount might be a very dangerous document to be given broad currency in these days."

Well, as was to be expected, we were deprived of our second-class mailing privileges. This of course affected national distribution but not the sales in Greater New York. In fact the policy of the post office under the administration of Woodrow Wilson, author of *The New Freedom*, really helped the sale of *The Call* in Greater New York. Our national readers had to be supplied under a one-cent stamp; and the *New York World*—a supporter of the Wilson administration but also an exponent of a free press—said sarcastically, "It isn't treason to say things under a one-cent stamp that you are not allowed to say under a cheaper rate!"

However, the Thought Controller agents got busy even under the one-cent stamp, for they continually kept stopping *The Call* in the mail when they didn't like what the paper said. What's more, even after they released an issue they saw to it that sometimes specific issues were held up for six months before delivery.

The conduct of the Thought Controller was so obviously unjust that when we fought back by taking our case into court the very conservative *Baltimore Sun* and the Scripps-McRae chain both came forward with generous contributions to help pay the legal expenses incurred. But we did not receive help of any sort from the daily newspapers of New York with the exception of the sarcastic fling at Burleson which I have quoted from the *New York World*.

After we received a decision in our favor from the court we, as

a gesture, tied a suit for half a million dollars to Burleson just before he left Washington for his home in Texas. Of course we knew it was almost impossible to get any damages against a public official, no matter how much he had abused his authority.

The story of this battle for a free press which *The Call* fought went on for nearly five years. The war had been over for nearly three years when the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia gave its final verdict.

During the early part of this struggle for a free press Bordman Robinson, one of the great cartoonists of America as well as one of America's leading artists, was supplying *The Call* with cartoons which we were publishing on the front page. One of them which stands out particularly in my memory had three figures: a great lighthouse with "Freedom of the press" marked on the rays of the light, a huge military figure, as large as the lighthouse, holding up a little pygmy marked "Thought Controller." Albert Sidney Burleson's little cheeks were distended and he was blowing toward the light. Underneath was a caption: "He can't blow out the light." It proved to be prophetic.

One of the paradoxes of our history is that while some of our forefathers insisted that our first Congress pass the Bill of Rights as amendments to the new Constitution, they should, in the twentieth century, have witnessed the organizing of a group devoted to the sole purpose of defending freedom of press and speech and other civil rights as set forth in the first amendment. When this movement for the defense of civil liberties took place, those who organized the group said that the "defense of civil liberties was made imperative by the attacks on freedom of speech, press and assembly."

The group known as the Civil Liberties Bureau expanded in 1920 into what is now the American Civil Liberties Union. It defended, from the very beginning, the rights of our people as set forth in the Bill of Rights, irrespective of their political or religious beliefs. They took the position that they stood on the

principle that "democracy lives by the freedom of its citizens to speak, publish, worship and assemble; that all issues should be debated freely; that restraints on mere expression not associated with overt acts undermined political democracy." This union has made a magnificent record for itself and is known by many freedom-loving citizens of our country as the "Watchdog of freedom."

Not only has the Civil Liberties Union such a record, but one of its chief founders and for over thirty years its managing director, Roger Baldwin, has a personal record which parallels every move that the union has taken in its history of nearly a third of a century.

Every efficient institution must have a human sparkplug and Baldwin has certainly been this. He has taken up and tirelessly fought to a conclusion issue after issue in civil liberties involving persons and institutions with which he personally has had no sympathy. What is more, he has been abused viciously at times by some of the very groups whose civil rights he has protected.

I have a keen memory of his appearance on the platform in Town Hall in New York in 1922. The meeting had been called by a committee for the release of political prisoners throughout the world, including the United States. Baldwin, who had been very active in trying to release prisoners held in this country, including those who had been operating along what was known as the "Communist line" of Russia, was one of the speakers.

He had insisted that no country should be exempt from the activity of seeking the release of prisoners and had been influential in getting a list of those held in various countries, including totalitarian Soviet Russia. There had been a preliminary story in the press preparatory to this meeting. When Baldwin read off the list of prisoners, including those in Russia, the communists, who had come to the meeting with the intention of breaking it up if the Russian prisoners were included in the list, let loose and prevented the meeting from continuing, by constant catcalls and booing, hurling threats and abuse at Baldwin and those on the platform, including the late Norman Hapgood who was presiding.

Baldwin persisted in exercising his rights of speech but it was impossible to hear him over the noise made by the communists.

Another speaker was introduced, the late Charney Vladek, who had had a price on his head by the czarist government in the 1905 to 1906 revolution, and he received the same treatment as that accorded Baldwin.

One of the chief ringleaders in the communist group, rather strange to say, was Juliet Stewart Pointz, whose disappearance in 1937 has never been explained. It has been charged that she was disgusted with the communist tactics here and because there was fear that she was going to tell the story of the activities of that party she had been done away with. Proof of this charge, however, has never been presented.

The communists eventually had their way and the meeting had to adjourn. In the ensuing years, however, the fact that Baldwin had been denounced several times by those whose rights he had helped to protect never swerved him or the institution he directed from the mission of the protection of the civil rights of all.

There is one part of his history, very little known, in which I was slightly involved and it is a real index to Baldwin's character. In World War I Baldwin was a conscientious objector. Without attempting any subterfuge he registered for the draft but stated he would refuse to serve in any military capacity. Being a highly intelligent person he had no doubt as to what was going to happen to him. He knew that he was going to be arrested and sent to jail. However he had none of the martyr complex in his make-up, and did not indulge in heroics.

He was arrested. With a U.S. marshal he came to my office in *The Call* building and said, "I am going before Judge Mayer in the United States Court in the morning. I am going to plead guilty of refusing to serve. I am not going to fight the case in any way nor must any bail be sought for me. It is a matter of my conscience and not of legality. As you have been raising bail for people seeking to protect their civil rights I thought I should come

to tell you not to try to raise bail for me as I would not accept it. What Judge Mayer intends to do when I plead guilty I do not know. That will develop tomorrow."

What developed was one of the most remarkable incidents that ever happened in a United States court. The audience there listened "to a conflict of ideas above the plane of personal anger or bitterness" as someone expressed it who reported the proceedings.

Baldwin, without indulging in any heroics or bitterness or without seeking notoriety, presented with great frankness his ideas to Judge Mayer. The judge, defending his ideas as well as the law itself and commenting on Baldwin's presentation said: "It may often be that a man or woman has greater foresight than the masses of the people. And it may be that in the history of things, he who seems wrong today may be right tomorrow." He added, "but with these possible idealistic and academic speculations a court has nothing to do."

In presenting his point of view Baldwin said to the court, "I regard the principle of conscription of life as a flat contradiction of all our cherished ideals of individual freedom, democratic liberty and Christian teaching . . . My opposition is not only to direct military service but to any service whatever designed to help prosecute the war. I could accept no service whatever designed to help prosecute the war. I could accept no service, therefore, under the present Act, regardless of its character." Baldwin followed this up by saying that "I am not seeking to evade the draft; I scorn evasion, compromise and gambling with moral issues."

Baldwin then amplified his views and closed by saying, "I hope your honor will not think that I have taken this occasion to make a speech. I have read you what I have written in order that the future records for myself and for my friends may be perfectly clear." His final words were: "I know that my views are not the views at work in the world today. I fully realize that but I fully believe that they are the views that are going to guide us in the future. Having arrived at the state of mind in which these views

mean the dearest things in life to me, I cannot consistently, with self respect, do other than I have; namely, to deliberately violate an act which seems to me to be a denial of everything which ideally and in practice I hold sacred."

Judge Mayer, in imposing sentence, made a very inclusive and eloquent summing up of the ideas held by the court which were in opposition to those by Baldwin. He, however, congratulated Baldwin, "because you state to the court your position without quibble and you don't seek to avoid the consequences of that position, as some others, who have been much louder in word, have done, by taking the chance of a trial and the possibility of escaping through either some technicality of the law or through some inability of the jury to decide appropriately on the facts."

Judge Mayer then told Baldwin, in answer to Baldwin's statement that he had no wish to compromise, "You are entirely right. There can be no compromise. There can be neither compromise by you as the defendant, as you say, because you don't wish to compromise; nor can there be compromise by the court, which, for the moment, represents organized society as we understand it in this republic." The judge concluded by saying, "You asked for no compromise. You will get no compromise." He then sentenced Baldwin to the maximum penalty which the law provided for violation of the Selective Service Act—one year in the penitentiary.

Baldwin went to the penitentiary in Newark, New Jersey, and several of us spent the evening with him on his return. There wasn't the least evidence on his part that he considered he had suffered any martyrdom, and there has never been any evidence of this in the ensuing years. It seemed natural to him that he should not have denied his principles, even under duress. It just happened that that was part of having principles and holding to them.

I have known but few thoroughly consistent men in two generations. Baldwin is one of them. Hating war as he did, nevertheless, he was very much shaken when he was compelled to face the facts of the organized thuggery in Europe led by the malodorous

Hitler. War is a terrible thing. While Baldwin has never changed his mind regarding this, the organized reign of thugs over the world could be even worse than war, so Baldwin in World War II did not take the position he took in World War I. To me there seems nothing inconsistent in this. We faced an entirely different situation in 1939 than we did when World War I broke out in 1914, involving the United States in 1917.

If Baldwin had been of an age when he had to face the conscription law in World War II, his utterances during this period show that he would undoubtedly have accepted the alternative services which were available to conscientious objectors and which did not exist in World War I.

While the enemies of freedom of speech and press took advantage of the storm and stress in World War I, they did not stop their activities when that war came to an end. Under the guise of patriotism, men and women who did not happen to agree with the established order of that day were accused of being enemies of the country.

No better illustration of this could be found than the attempt on the part of the representatives of the New York State legislature to throw out duly elected representatives from that body. These were five members who had been elected on the Socialist ticket and whose only crime was that they belonged to that party. So outrageous was this action that one of the most conservative lawyers in the country, afterward Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, Charles Evans Hughes, offered his services to appear in Albany to try to prevent this outrage. I was in Albany with other newspapermen at the time Hughes, together with Joseph M. Proskauer and Louis Marshall, came there as a committee from the Bar Association.

While the war had been over for nearly two years, the combination of reactionary Republicans and Democrats unseated the Socialists on the basis that that party had opposed the war with Germany. In spite of the very eloquent pleas of the attorneys, all of whom were known as conservatives, the legislature threw the

Socialists out. Later on, under the law, a special election had to be held to elect their successors, and all of them were re-elected by their constituents. The legislature again unseated three of them, two they recognized as members of the legislature. These two declined to remain and joined their fellow Socialists in political exile.

The New York legislature in control of the reactionaries, however, was not content with violating the rights of the people to choose their own representatives but they formed a committee for the announced purpose, as they said, of investigating "seditious" activity. This was known as the Lusk committee, from the name of an upstate senator who was author of the bill. The committee appointed as its special counsel one Archibald E. Stevenson, who in reality became the entire committee. Our citizens witnessed a spectacle of war hysteria seldom, if ever, paralleled in the history of the United States. As blatant as was the Dies committee in after years in smearing the characters of liberals and radicals active in trying to promote the general welfare of the country, the actions of the Lusk committee made the Dies outfit look like exponents of our civil rights.

On June 21, 1919, seven months after the end of World War I, raids were conducted, protected by the state police, on the Rand School and the Socialist party in the People's House, safes were opened, searches were made in violation of that provision in the Constitution which says, "The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers, and effects, against unreasonable searches shall not be violated." Nothing was found to implicate anyone as having engaged in seditious activity.

The prelude to the outrage at the Rand School on June 21, 1919, was a luncheon given at the Murray Hill Hotel on June 3. This was attended by executives of newspapers as opposite as the *Tribune* and the *American*. It didn't matter that the *Tribune*, throughout most of the war, was attacking the Hearst papers for betrayal of the country in a series of articles entitled "Coiled in the Flag"—a snake being the symbol of the Hearst policies.

There were bigger fish than the Hearst papers to go after now. There was a chance, in the hysteria following the war, to smear various citizens who had been active in trying to bring about social betterment. The reactionaries hated this much more than they did the Kaiser and his cohorts, so the *Tribune* and the Hearst *American* joined hands with the Lusk committee and its ridiculous attorney, Archie Stevenson of the Union League, to violate every single standard of American freedom.

The witch-hunting crusade which was to be let loose to discover the facts that everybody of ordinary intelligence already knew, was discussed at the June 3 luncheon. The Lusk committee was dissatisfied with the manner in which the general press of New York had handled the preliminary stories which had come out of the committee through its attorney Stevenson. At this luncheon Lusk himself showed how disappointed he was at not getting more poison poured out to the public in the papers. In fact, Lusk was so peeved at the failure of some of the newspapermen to do what he called a "good job" that he is reported to have threatened that he would have to see the "owners again." He meant of course the publishers.

The hearings of the Lusk committee, however, with Stevenson in charge, remind me somewhat, as I read them over now, of the antics of the Un-American Activities Committee of Congress in recent years. There were attempts by innuendo to damage the character of men of high mental and spiritual stature, similar to those made by the current McCarthy committee.

After spending many thousands of dollars, the Lusk committee's investigation ended in the nothing they started out from, except that the committee was used to bolster the actions of the New York legislature in denying their seats in that house to five Socialist representatives.

All the events I have dealt with in this chapter on freedom of press, thought and speech, I was glad to be a part of. I believe that mental, spiritual and political freedom is the foundation of any progress made in any nation.

About the year 1921, after I learned that Russia was putting men and women in jail for exercising freedom of expression and not for any overt act against the Soviets, I denounced such violation of freedom, and also the doctrine of the ends justifying the means. I also denounced the establishment of a dictatorship by those who, many of us believed in the early days of the Russian revolution, were going to establish a social democracy to take the place of the government of the iniquitous czardom. Though *The Call* had done everything possible to create public sentiment for the Russian people, we felt compelled to denounce this betrayal of freedom, and I was told a few months afterward that I had been reported by the Russian secret agents here to be a "Jeffersonian socialist and a fanatic on free press and free speech." Of course I don't know what a Jeffersonian socialist is, but the second charge unquestionably was correct if it means that I subscribe to the doctrine that "whatever can't be discussed ought to crack."

CHAPTER FIVE

THE story of the *New York Daily and Sunday Call* is an adventure story—a great adventure. If financial prudence had been observed the paper would never have been started. The group who founded it, however, did not consist of prudent people. They had an idea to broadcast. What is more, they had faith—the faith of the early Christians before churchianity succeeded Christianity. They believed, and some generation in the future may agree with them, that they were proclaiming the ethics of Christianity as set forth in the Gospels.

To this group socialism, or more properly social democracy, was a gospel for living and not a gospel merely for dying. They wanted, and were willing to struggle for, the achievement of the sweet here and now.

At eighty-six years of age—which means a rather long experience in life—having run the gamut of political and social belief from republicanism to reformism to Socialism, I would like to put on record in these last days of my life that the greatest souls I have come in contact with on this long journey have been those who made up the Socialist group.

To me, their glory is that they were and still are hated by two groups of extremists. On the one hand they are hated by the tories, who are adamant in defending the privilege of the few and on the other hand by those who believe in a dictatorship as a means of creating what they claim will be a people's government. In other words, the physical force revolutionists who would create

chaos under the belief that out of it would come social order.

Well, *The Call* was a daily and Sunday paper, based on social democracy, and I had the privilege of editing it for five years. Spiritually these were the five most fruitful years of my life.

I was associated with a staff of men and women who really believed what they wrote. They were trying to reach as many of their fellows as they could with the Socialist gospel. There was no struggle for financial preferment in the staff. They had to eat and they had to have a place to sleep. And the money that they were getting in return for their labor was just about enough to cover this. At times demands from the family caused them to leave *The Call* and take positions on papers run for profit. But they never left *The Call* in spirit and some of the best work on the paper was done by men and women working on other papers for salaries and working on *The Call* for nothing.

I can't mention all of these people. At one time we had fifty-one on our news and editorial staff. As managing editor I never had to look for people to fill certain jobs. There were always more applicants than there were jobs to be filled. Out of the universities came graduates who knew *The Call* and looked upon it as an adventure. Out of the shops came self-educated men and women with social vision.

The college and the non-college groups worked in perfect harmony. Men and women wrote for the paper who were not attached to the staff. They had gained reputations in other fields. Cartoonists of national reputation gave their talents time and again to the paper. Among these were such great artists as Boardman Robinson, Art Young and Hendrik Van Loon, who both wrote and drew with that broad nibbed pen of his known to so many people who have read his *The Story of Mankind* and other books. These came and went and others took their places in giving us unpaid service.

Then there was Ryan Walker who was with *The Call* continuously during my editorship. This creator of the famous Henry Dubb cartoon was with *The Call* until the last days of the paper.

When he left and went to a profit-making paper he probably received four or five times as much as he ever received from us.

The columnist on the paper for several years was Louis Weitzenkorn who later went to *The World* as Sunday feature editor. He later became known throughout the country as a playwright, author of *Five Star Final*, which was eventually made into a movie.

Charlie Wood, one of the most brilliant feature writers on *The World*, used to run a feature for us, without pay, under the title *The Ass Opened Its Mouth and Spake*. On certain days he would take some particular assinity uttered by a stuffed shirt, political or social, and would he do a job on them! The back numbers of *The Call* show what a job it was.

David Karsner, who edited the *Sunday Call* magazine with hardly any budget at all, gathered around him a group of brilliant writers who really had something to say, but this was of such a character that generally they couldn't say it in the average newspaper run for profit. Many articles were written by Henry Chamberlin, then young in years but brilliant in intellect. He afterward went to Russia for the *Christian Science Monitor*, was there nearly a decade, learned the language and at the end of his term there wrote his famous book, *The Iron Age*, which brought down upon him the wrath not only of the rulers of Russia, which didn't matter very much, but an even more sizzling wrath from some liberals in the United States who had refused to criticize the dictatorship in Russia for violations of free speech, free press and free thought. Rather strange to say most of those who refused to condemn the Russian dictators condemned some of our own rulers who attempted to violate the same rights here.

Karsner, a few years after *The Call* went out, achieved the screen world with his story of ex-Senator Taber of Colorado. This was produced under the title *The Silver Dollar*. A most sensitive person, Karsner was the victim of a constant feeling of frustration and hated the daily grind of a newspaper office. I had known him from quite an early age, in fact from the time he was a cub reporter. The years he spent as editor of the *Sunday Call* magazine

were the only really happy days of his career.

Meeting him some years afterward, when he had been thrown back into the workings of a newspaper office, I felt that he was eating his heart out, and I was not surprised when he passed on in his middle years with his dearest literary ambitions unfulfilled. He had succeeded in writing two books which gave him a spiritual repay. They were biographies. One of Eugene Victor Debs, the other of Horace Traubel who was the spiritual successor of Walt Whitman and did for Whitman what Boswell did for Dr. Samuel Johnson.

I had known Traubel very well in Philadelphia. He was publishing his own magazine there, *The Conservator*. It was a monthly and was beautifully printed. But as Traubel himself set up all the type, the magazine was generally about six months behind time for each issue. A wealthy follower of Henry George, Joe Fels the single taxer, made it possible for Traubel to keep his much behind *Conservator* going.

Traubel worked as a bank clerk in an institution a block away from where I was employed. His real occupation was sitting at the feet of Walt Whitman over in Camden and absorbing everything that that old man had to say. I have a vivid memory myself of seeing Walt walk up Chestnut Street from the ferry landing. He would meet Traubel after the bank closed.

Years afterward, when Traubel was publishing his monthly, it happened that a friend of mine occupied offices in an old house which had been turned into office quarters, where Traubel worked in a loft, five stories up. The janitor of the house, a lovely old Englishman, had been a butler for the rich family who had formerly occupied the dwelling. He became a great admirer of Traubel and one day, when Traubel went up the stairs, someone asked the janitor who the long-haired man was. (Traubel's head of hair was almost identical to that of Mark Twain's.) The janitor took umbrage at this question and drawing himself up said very haughtily, "That, sir, is the editor of a very famous magazine, *The Constipator*." Horace loved to tell this story.

Then there was a little lady, Bella Cohen, who came on *The Call* after she was graduated from college. The only tiny thing about her was her body. Both her brain and her spirit were large. She wrote under the pen name of "Pippa." While she wrote about women's activities in general her big gift to us was the manner in which she handled the militant women's suffrage movement. She didn't leave *The Call* until after suffrage was won. Incidentally the *New York Times* gave us the discredit of having helped win the battle for women in the State of New York. I use the word "discredit" advisedly, as *The Times* did not look upon the victory of the women's suffrage movement with complacency.

Bella Cohen afterward went up on Broadway where she at first became a press agent. Later on the atmosphere got so in her blood that she became a playwright and with her husband, Sam Spewack, landed with a big hit, *Boy Meets Girl*, which had a long career on Broadway, went all over the country and finally made the movies. As I am writing this chapter she and Sam have two big hits on Broadway—*Kiss Me Kate* and *Two Blind Mice*.

When I saw the title *Boy Meets Girl* I had a good laugh to myself, before going to the theater to laugh at the play. I had remembered that coming downstairs one night from the editorial offices to the mechanical department I had seen Bella sitting on the lower step with Spewack. Sam was a reporter around the corner on the *New York World* and was evidently doing his courting between editions. So you see I really saw the first chapter of *Boy Meets Girl*.

Eddie Justus Meyers was a lovable, irresponsible lad at that time who wrote very brilliant stuff for Weizenkorn's column. He also made the bright lights with a play titled *The Firebrand* which was really the staging of some of the incidents in the life of Benvenuto Cellini. Not only was the play a great success but it gave the opportunity to the younger Schildkraut to achieve fame in the title role. Meyers afterward became prominent in the moving picture industry in Hollywood.

Perhaps the best beloved member on the staff of *The Call*—and

most of us would say the most brilliant intellectually—was Paul Wallace Hanna. He had been an editorial writer on the conservative *Philadelphia Evening Telegram* before he came to us. What he learned on a conservative publication caused him to turn away from the old and face the new.

During World War I *The Call* sent him to Washington as correspondent. His channels of information there were of such a character that our readers secured, in all their proper proportions, stories of what was going on from day to day in the nation's capital. He was a close friend of Bill Bullitt—this friendship dating from the period when Paul was writing editorials for the *Philadelphia Telegraph* and Bullitt was a star reporter on the old *Philadelphia Ledger*.

Bullitt, after the breaking out of World War I, had gone to the capital as manager of the *Ledger's* Washington office. He afterward went into the State Department on an assignment to keep President Wilson informed on all European happenings.

When the war ended and the President decided to go to Versailles, Bullitt accompanied him as one of his staff. The night before the newspaper contingent was to sail and join the President in Paris I received a message from Hanna which to my amazement read: "I have been notified that I can join a group sailing tomorrow for France. Can you finance it?" When I read the message I rather gasped as I was having a hard time that week raising the payroll for the staff. But I took a chance and wired back, "Come on, prepared to sail tomorrow." And then I got busy. I collected \$5 here and \$10 there and then smaller amounts until I had some \$400 in my hands before I left the office.

When Paul came into the office next morning I gave him the money and said, "Here's enough to get you to Paris and while you are sailing there I will go on collecting. You need not worry, we will get the coin to you." And we certainly did get from Hanna a magnificent service covering not only the story of the Versailles treaty but also the travels of President Wilson both to England

and to Italy.

His great contribution, however, not only to *The Call* but to American literature, was his story from Paris titled *The March of the Mutilated*. One could see through Hanna's eyes the victims of the battlefields—the blind, the halt and the maimed—as they marched down the Champs Elysées, hoping by their demonstration to cause the four men who were meeting at Versailles to fashion a peace that would forever make it impossible for the world to be again plunged into the terrible blood bath which began in 1914.

Hanna passed on in 1926, giving the best that was in him to his fellow men up to the very end. A few years ago I looked down at the boulder that had been rolled on his grave with a simple phrase cut into it—"Nothing that was human was alien to him." The story of his life was in those few words.

John Reed, a brilliant youngster from the west coast, had achieved at quite an early age a reputation for both newspaper and magazine work. I came in contact with him while he was attached to *The Mail and Express*. He has been called a romantic by many people. Maybe he was. But he was something much more than that. He had the guts to fight for what he believed in, whether it was popular or not with those to whom he sold his intellectual wares. So he was boycotted in some quarters.

I remember the second time I met Jack. It was late at night and we were just beginning to form up our paper for the press when a tall, youngish and very handsome man opened the door and came in. He looked like a roustabout on the dock and had a bright handkerchief tied around his neck, a soft hat pushed back on his head.

It was Jack Reed, whom I had met through Boardman Robinson. I looked at him in amazement and said, "For god's sake, what does this masquerade mean?" Jack laughed. "Going out for a special story along the docks." He was then writing feature stuff. He may have been a romantic, but his masquerade was practical for he could not have induced the men he was after to talk to him

had he appeared in the ordinary clothes of a clerk or a professional man.

Nevertheless, as he sat there chatting I saw he was enjoying the masquerade and my mind went back to the days when he operated on the Mexican border where he so much caught the admiration of Villa that the Mexican general was reputed to have fought a small battle one day outside of Jaurez in order to give Jack a story. I never asked whether this was true, but I do know that Jack got a nice extra check from his newspaper for his scoops along the border and I also know that most of these scoops were because of the relations he held with Villa.

A short time after Jack had come into the office in his roustabout costume, the paper for which he was writing folded and Jack received an assignment to go to Russia. He was in St. Petersburg when the second revolution occurred and from his experience at that time came his book, *Ten Days That Shook the World*.

Sometime afterward he came into our office in a costume quite different from that which he wore on the docks. He was groomed like a diplomat with a gardenia in his buttonhole. He announced to us that he had been appointed Consul General to represent Russia in this country. But the United States government would have none of him.

Somehow he got back to Russia again, and while he was absent from this country was indicted, along with Art Young, as one of the staff of *The Masses*. His enemies sneeringly said he would never dare come back to face the music. They didn't know their Jack, however. He came as soon as he could get here but too late for trial with his fellow culprits. With his attorney, Dudley Field Malone, he at once went before the court, and was held at \$2,000 bail. After the jury disagreed at the first trial of the group from *The Masses*, he joined them in the second trial, in which all of them were judged "not guilty." The government, having lost its case with the others, evidently didn't want to take the chance of trying Jack separately.

Jack had been paid a good price by some publishers previous

to his stand for Russia. Not even his activity in the famous Patterson silk strike in 1913 had hurt his market much. But Russia was an entirely different matter. All of the time-serving editors of magazines and newspapers were afraid to get into trouble with their publishers by taking anything that Jack wrote. And financially he fell on very evil days. But he never yielded for one minute.

I remember on one occasion, when I had stopped in to see Jack and his wife, Louise Bryant, I became suspicious that they had hardly anything. In fact I began to believe there was some scarcity in the food line. I remember taking them out to dinner to a place in the Village famous for its beefsteaks and if ever I saw a hungry man eat it was Jack that night.

Then in 1918 came Jack's trip through the country and his arrest in Philadelphia because he had dared give voice in a speech to the same sentiments that Abraham Lincoln gave voice to in his first inaugural address, namely, the theory that "this country, with its institutions, belongs to the people who inhabit it." The tories in Pennsylvania had forced through the legislature an infamous sedition act based on the old English laws of the Middle Ages, which gave power to judges and district attorneys to decide what constituted subversive utterances.

Evidence showed that what Jack had said was in keeping with all American traditions. That made no difference. He was in the hands of his enemies and it looked like a sure ten years for him in a Pennsylvania penitentiary.

Knowing that I came from Philadelphia and was acquainted with a lot of people there he telephoned me about a lawyer. I knew that to get him a radical lawyer would make his imprisonment sure. I therefore called up David Wallerstein who was steeped in American traditions of free press and free speech, and could be described as a conservative liberal. Although being far from sympathetic with all Jack's points of view, he could go before a jury and plead for Jack's right to say what he had said, based on the principles set down in our own Bill of Rights.

The scene in the courtroom was remarkable. The judge was prejudiced, the jury was prejudiced and the district attorney was determined to make an "example" of Jack. The whole scene was practically a reincarnation of Lord Erskine's defense of Thomas Paine for giving utterance to sentiments which Lord Erskine opposed but which he, Erskine, believed the principle of absolute freedom of speech gave Paine the right to express.

Against the greatest of odds Wallerstein in this Philadelphia courtroom fought his battle not only for Reed's freedom but for the carrying out of the Bill of Rights in the city and state in which it was adopted. Wallerstein won the jury over. It was a great victory for Jack but financially a costly victory for Wallerstein, for in after years it lost him many a client.

Reed returned to Russia and became active under Lenin in the administration of affairs. An iron ring had been drawn around Russia while she was actually gasping for breath, surrounded by all the reactionaries of the world. Jack was stricken by a dreadful fever, doubtless contracted because his physical condition was weakened by his tireless activity. In view of what was happening in Russia I believe it was a fortunate end. It is my firm conviction that if Jack had continued to serve Russia a few more years he would have fallen a victim to the infamous Stalin purges. I had had too many intimate talks with Jack to have any doubts but that this would have been his fate.

I came into contact with Hendrik Van Loon in the latter period of World War I. I was in my closet office in the *New York Call* one night when the door opened to admit a man who was almost bigger than the entrance. I asked him to sit down. He looked at me and then pulled a writing pad toward him, taking out a rather large-nibbed pen. He drawled, "How would you like a little feature drawn to illustrate something I might write and sign myself as The Dreamer?" "Well," I said, "of course I'd like it but we haven't any money to pay for it." He replied, "I don't want any money, I just want to do it and I want to do it when I feel I have something I want to say." Then he started to tell me something

about himself.

A Hollander by birth and a university man he had served in various parts of the world as a correspondent—one time with the Associated Press in Belgium at the outbreak of the war and later at Moscow, St. Petersburg and Warsaw, during the Russian revolution. “Just at present,” he said, “I’m teaching history at a private school up on the west side where the boys are mostly sons of pluto-crats. The only satisfaction I can get out of that job is telling the little devils the real truth about history. But I feel frustrated.” And he started to draw on the pad and said, “I want to do this for my own relief.”

I succeeded in getting a special fund for a few months to pay for the drawings which accompanied his writing. He knew that he could go the limit with us and he certainly did.

His irony was a constant joy. It was directed for some months at the antics of the smear artists of this country. The same sort of tactics being displayed today were displayed then. I have a memory at the time of the Lusk-Stevenson raids and the ridiculous charges growing out of them that he wrote, putting the words in the mouth of a public prosecutor: “I have here a most interesting document; it is the bill of fare of the Hotel Brevoort. We had it examined microscopically. It plainly shows the imprint of the thumb of a most ferocious animal, called Art Young. This man Young, apparently, had to sneak into a respectable hotel for food. There are (I have counted them) 97 different articles of food on this menu. There are 317 articles of liquorous nature on the back of the menu. This man Young had a choice of 414 dishes and drinks. What did he do? His thumb unmistakably shows that he ordered potage Saint Germain. Gentlemen of the committee, do you get this fact? Potage Saint Germain. Plain pea soup, such as any 100 per cent American might order is not good enough for this devilish conspirator. He must order Saint Germain, the Hun—the unspeakable Hun—elevated to the rank of a saint, to keep the body and soul of this miscreant together.”

I lost touch with Van Loon for a while after he had finished

writing for *The Call*. One morning I saw an advertisement of his *Story of Mankind*. This was in 1921. The book made him famous and also gave him an income which enabled him to do what he wanted to do from that time on. Later on I had further contacts with him.

No one can say that his arriving at fame changed his views or made him less a liberal. His liberalism was never caused by being deprived of comforts and even some of the luxuries of life. His family in Holland was well-to-do and perhaps, based on the standards of that country, they might be said to have been wealthy. That was before the war. After that what happened to the family in Holland I do not know. Van Loon's most bitter hate was toward smugness and this I believe was largely responsible for his contempt for the privileged.

Art Young, who gave *The Call* cartoons every once in a while and always allowed us to reprint those he had made for magazines, was to me one of the most consistent defenders of the underprivileged in this country. In spite of continual offers of large money rewards he was determined to draw what he wanted to, even though he knew these pictures might bring down upon him the wrath of those who were willing to pay him large sums if he would prostitute his talents.

A brilliant storyteller, he was at home with all sorts of people. Brisbane was very fond of him, in spite of the fact that Art could make him most uncomfortable in a discussion. Hearsts's highest priced servant dangled before Art's eyes, time and again, rich rewards, all of which Art, without striking any heroic attitudes, declined to accept.

Art was truly the man who fights with a smile, which made him just that much more dangerous. His cartoons bit into our economic system. One has only to remember his cartoons during World War I, for which he was arrested. The fact that he was found not guilty by a jury was no evidence that he didn't strike home.

I shall never forget a day in the courtroom in the old post office building in New York when Art, with some of the other members

on the staff of *The Masses*, was being tried under the legislation which sought to control both the printed and the spoken word. Art refused to make any defense of his cartoons; refused to admit that they were not true or that he had not the right to make them. He became bored with the proceedings and the constant wordy battle going on between the U.S. district attorney and the attorney for the defendants. Sitting at the table with his co-defendants Art proceeded to sketch all the characters involved in what he considered a legal farce and then for good measure he sketched the jury. By this time the attorneys on both sides were summing up and Art went fast asleep. He didn't wake up until the proceedings were almost over and then he sketched himself sleeping.

Only a few months before, when the war broke out, right across the street from the post office, both cartoonists and writers had gathered to discuss freedom of the press in the coming struggle. I think Art was there, as well as Heywood Broun, whom I met then for the first time. Dr. Frank Crane, one of the first widely read columnists and who was known to us as a "word embroiderer," read us a lecture on our duty—said duty being, of course, to write nothing that might interfere with those who sat in the seats of the mighty during this war period. There were a few writers at the meeting who were quite frank in saying that now was the time, above all times, to be allowed to tell the truth. A few of them may have gone to jail afterward for trying to tell the truth. Art, among others, came close to jail. However, the majority yielded to the war hysteria. I talked to several of them after the war and never have I heard more bitter words denouncing World War I than I heard from some of them who previously had been all for the war. I remember saying rather bitterly to one of them, "Now it can be told—safely."

After the war a group of us joined with Art in an attempt to establish a magazine in which Art could draw and say what he pleased. Like most truth-telling publications, however, *Good Morning*, the magazine, soon said good night.

Art, however, buried *Good Morning* with a laugh and went on living the same consistent life he lived before. His later cartoons were even better than those of his prime. His eyes may have dimmed a little but not his mentality or his passion for social justice. He was one of America's great men.

A few years before Art died Brisbane passed on. Brisbane was buried from St. George's, and a strange thing happened. Art was asked to be one of the pallbearers, the others being men who had supported the *status quo* which Art had fought against all his life and which he believed was built on barbarous concepts. Whether or not the dead Brisbane had in his closing hours mentioned this man whom he'd never been able to buy but whom he must have respected highly, no one has ever known.

Having been successful in helping to make several Socialist weeklies self-supporting I came over from Philadelphia in 1916 to see what could be done about increasing the advertising revenue of *The New York Call*. A few years before I and Franklin Wentworth of Boston had become associate editors for that paper without salary; merely writing for it at intervals.

The Call had been founded in 1908 and took the place of the then weekly New York Socialist paper. As far as finances were concerned *The Call* had a lurid history. Money would be forthcoming and then it would not be. But the group that had founded it couldn't be licked. With the sheriff at times only a few feet behind them an issue came out every day, and with the newsprint concern threatening day by day to withdraw their credit, the management of the paper still secured enough paper to print.

Circulation was small, some 9,000 when I first came into the picture, and the debts were many. The staff, even with the small wages they were paid, often missed a pay day.

I succeeded in increasing the advertising revenue of the paper considerably through methods we adopted, which only a paper dedicated to some special belief could carry out. We conducted two campaigns. One in the paper and one by calling meetings in

those neighborhoods where *The Call* had the largest circulation—if the word “large” could ever be rightfully used in describing these circulation figures.

On every page of the paper I ran a notice that *Call* readers should “Give Preference to *Call* Advertisers. Do not pay one cent more for either goods or services. But give preference. Part of the money received for the sale of advertising space will help support your paper.”

Then we started to call meetings. I bought a suit of clothes from a *Call* advertiser. I bought a hat from a hatter and had my teeth fixed by a dentist who advertised in *The Call*. Then I would go on the platform and say, “I bought this suit from a *Call* advertiser. I didn’t pay any more money for it than if I had bought it from some merchant who doesn’t advertise in *The Call*. I bought this hat at Callahan’s (a hatter on the Bowery). I didn’t pay any more than if I’d bought it on 34th or 42nd Streets, but *The Call* got some money from the sale of advertising space.” Then I would end up by saying, “You have to be skinned by somebody. You pay for all advertising, no matter in what paper it is. So why not be skinned by a *Call* advertiser and let your paper get some of the money to help pay the printing bills?” This method won out on a small scale. The advertising revenue of *The Call* in two years went from around \$26,000 a year to something near \$52,000 in 1918.

Circulation also went up as a result of the wonderful job done by our readers, who were tireless boosters—never letting down from year to year. These boosters also raised the money to pay the deficits—\$1 and \$5 bills did the job for *The Call*. Once in a while a financial angel would appear in some great crisis and give a considerable amount.

The late Elisabeth Gilman, daughter of Daniel Coit Gilman, the first president of John Hopkins University, gave *The Call* \$5,000 during one crisis. Miss Gilman was one of the most remarkable women I ever knew. I have never met anyone who was as constantly alive in as many spheres of influence as this little woman who lived in an old-fashioned house on the fringe of the

business section of Baltimore.

At over three score and ten she conducted one of the most successful public forums south of New York. Speakers were brought to Baltimore not only from various points in this country, but from abroad as well. National and international issues were presented from both sides, and the forum may be said to have become a Baltimore institution.

It was the war of 1917 that opened Elisabeth Gilman's eyes to the tremendous social evils for which our present economic system is responsible. She went with Y.M.C.A. war organizations to France, where she saw mankind in travail and misery. Shortly after her return, a strike broke out in the coal mines of West Virginia. She went there to see at firsthand just what was happening. She found the miners' wives and children near the starvation point and saw that the owners of the mines were using the misery of their families to drive the miners back to the mines and break the strike.

She left Virginia, went to New York and rallied around her a group of liberals, collecting thousands of dollars with which she purchased food and clothing. She shipped them by carload to the striking miners. It was at this point that I first came into contact with her work. I was editor of *The Call* and she came there to ask publicity in its columns for the miners' cause. Seeing that *The Call* was devoting all its energies to further the cause of the workers, she gave it constant financial help in its struggles to keep functioning in the task for which it had been founded.

In the early 1920's Miss Gilman joined the Socialist party, and in order to carry the Socialist message she was a candidate on its ticket in Maryland for governor, senator and other offices. What is more, notwithstanding the fact that her election was always impossible in conservative Maryland, she was ever a sharp intellectual thorn in the side of every politician in that state—both Republican and Democratic.

Highly cultured in the real sense of the word, her great weapon was her intellectual and spiritual integrity. She was too much for

the political crows. As for the newspapers of Baltimore, even the *Baltimore Evening Sun*, the editorial page of which thrives on sarcastic flings at public characters, could do nothing to pierce the armor of this militant little lady whom one of the *Evening Sun's* editors always referred to as "Miss Lizzie."

When Tory influences pressed into Johns Hopkins University, Miss Elisabeth's voice was heard in no uncertain terms regarding the vital importance of keeping pure the liberal stream for which her father had so carefully prepared the channel. Daniel Gilman wanted large endowments in addition to those given by Johns Hopkins in his will, but he wanted these endowments to bring to the university teaching staff leading scholars from all over the world. His daughter carried on this principle, and saw to it that the trustees did the same. She also made her father's home a gathering place for students attending the university, a place where they could find comfort and an understanding of what they were seeking. Someone once said the Gilman house on Park Avenue in Baltimore should be called the Gilman dormitory.

A native Baltimorean once said to me, and it happened that he was not in accord with all of Miss Gilman's belief, "Miss Gilman can be truthfully said to be Baltimore's most useful citizen."

At another time in this history of *The Call's* financial crises, Constance Todd helped us with a gift also of \$5,000, as Miss Gilman had done. But these were extraordinary amounts. The two women were of liberal means, and tireless workers for the social good.

Helen Keller was a Socialist from quite early days, and a consistent supporter of *The Call* from the time of its foundation. Not only was she a spiritual believer in socialism, but as she gained more liberal financial means, she was financially a supporter of all the educational organs of the Socialist party. She was particularly interested in *The Call*. When this paper had installed its new plant on 4th Avenue, she wanted to come down and listen to the new press running. And she did, and told the Socialist world what a thrill the running of this four-deck press gave her.

In the main, the paper was kept alive by the army of wage and salary workers who pinched out small amounts to keep it alive. Contributions from them were primarily responsible for the buying of *The Call* building in which its own plant was installed.

It was the persecution of *The Call* by Thought Controller Burleson that seven-folded its circulation. We had a real issue of free press to fight for, and while groups throughout the country supported it, it was the east side New Yorkers who really kept *The Call* alive. It was the voters on this east side, supporters of *The Call* and the *Jewish Daily Forward*, who sent to the New York State legislature in 1917 ten members; who piled up a support for the Socialist candidate for mayor, Morris Hillquit, which scared even Brisbane, as the following experience of mine will show.

During the campaign in 1917 there were four candidates for mayor in the field. There was John Purroy Mitchell, then mayor who was running for re-election; Hylan, the Tammany candidate supported by Hearst; Bennett, an independent Republican and Morris Hillquit, the Socialist candidate.

Late at night in my den in *The Call* office the door opened and a youngster of about eighteen years of age dropped on my desk some tissue paper folded into a ball. I smoothed it out and found it was a copy of a telegram signed by Brisbane sent to Hearst on the Pacific Coast. It said, "In a four cornered fight Hillquit has a chance to win. Julius Rosenwald to whom I introduced Hillquit says he is one of the ablest and one of the most honest men of his race in this country. If elected the corporations will be heavily mulcted in taxation. I could write editorial praising Hillquit in such a way that it will draw support from Mitchell and give it to Hylan. Think this very important. Answer."

The devilish ingenuity of this was a sad commentary on Brisbane's ethics; he would praise a man as being so honest that he might be a menace to corporate wealth and thus scare this wealth into supporting Hylan who could be trusted, according to the inference in Brisbane's wire, to do things for the corporations

which Hillquit would not do.

The youngster who brought me the wire said, "I put this through the rollers only a few hours ago and I must get it back into the files tomorrow morning early. You can have it copied and give it back to me." I did this.

The next morning around 11 o'clock a young man came to the office who proved to be a telegraph operator. He was the operator who sent the telegram to Hearst over the wires. He of course knew nothing about the youngster having given me a copy. The operator had also made a carbon copy, which he gave to me. It was identical to the tissue paper copy I had received the night before. The operator said to me, "I'll do all I can to see if an answer comes back. I may be able to get it."

I then called up Morris Hillquit and said to him, "Did you ever meet Julius Rosenwald?" And he replied, "Yes, once." "Do you remember how it occurred?" I asked. He said, "Yes. Arthur Brisbane asked me to lunch with him and had Rosenwald also as a guest." Then I told Hillquit the story of the telegram and asked him what I should do about it. Said Hillquit, "There's one thing you can't do about it and that is publish either the copy you have now or any answer you may be able to see from Hearst. Both the youngster and the operator could be haled into court for giving you what is a guarded communication."

The finale of this incident is that in a few hours the operator brought me Hearst's answer. And it was not addressed to Brisbane but to Carvalho, who was then the head of all the Hearst operations. It read, "Have wire from Brisbane asking for permission to write editorial praising Hillquit. Brisbane says Hillquit has a chance to win. He will not win but will get a large vote owing to the policies of the government. Brisbane must not be allowed to do this as it will be misunderstood and interfere very much with our plans."

Hearst showed much more brains than Brisbane. An editorial praising Hillquit might scare the corporate interests into supporting Hylan but it might, on the contrary, make votes for Hillquit.

As far as interference with "our plans" is concerned Hearst undoubtedly meant that they had plans to try to nominate and elect him for senator from New York in 1918.

We were always having a battle to secure newsstand distribution of *The Call* in New York. Our circulation manager, Billy Gilfoyle, was an Irishman and an official in the organization known as the "Hickey Carriers." He was a captain in a Tammany precinct and probably never read a line in *The Call*. His business was to circulate printed sheets of paper and he had forced his way up, sometimes with his fists, in doing this job.

While, as I have said, he didn't know what *The Call* was all about, he was loyal to its management, and besides being circulation manager gave him prestige with his union. One day we nearly came a cropper in getting the paper out, having been notified by our newsprint supplier that they must have a check that day for some of the money we owed them or they would give us no more paper. The situation was quite desperate. Our business manager first went to the man who bought our waste-paper to try to borrow some money from him, but he couldn't get enough.

He then approached Billy and asked for a loan. Billy said he didn't have the coin but he was playing a horse that day, a long shot, on which he had a sure tip and had put up \$50 and if he won he would lend us his winnings. Well, the horse won and so for one day *The Call* was saved by a horse race. That's the only occasion, however, when the staff had any reason to be interested in racing sheets.

Bill always called me "governor" after 1918 because I ran for governor of New York in that year. He took great pride in the fact that he was working for a man who was running for governor, though I had as much chance of winning that office as Elbert Hubbard once said a celluloid dog would have chasing an asbestos cat through hell. Bill came into my office one morning and said, "Governor, I was talking to a friend of mine who heard you speak last night and he said to me, 'That boss of yours must be a chump

to be editing a little paper like *The Call* while he's got a good enough gift of gab to make a lot of money.'

"You know what I said to him, Governor? I said, 'What are you talking about? My boss's got a real graft. Don't you know he makes \$35,000 a year?'" As I was at that time making \$65 a week, when I got it, I lay back in my chair and laughed. I said, "My god, Bill, why did you tell him that?" He replied very airily, "You think I'm a damned enough fool to let him think you're getting as little money as you get?"

Well, Bill has gone to a land where he won't put bundles of *Calls* on wagons belonging to other newspaper publishers to get them delivered free.

I had come over from the advertising side of *The Call* to the editorship in March, 1917, when the editor, Chester Wright, disagreed with the management and left the paper. The business manager, Raymond Wilcox, an able young man, continued in charge of that department until about 1919 when I took over both departments.

Right after I assumed the editorship I took a train to St. Louis to a convention destined to make history in the Socialist party. At that convention the famous Section 6 of the Socialist party constitution was adopted. It had to do with the attitude of the Socialist party toward World War I. On this section was based the policy of *The Call* during and after the war. It said in 1917 what Woodrow Wilson said in 1919, after the war was over, and said it in the same town. It was safe to say it in 1919 but very unsafe to say it in 1917. This is the section:

"Our entrance into the European War was instigated by the predatory capitalists of the United States, who boast of enormous profits of seven billion dollars from the manufacture and sale of munitions and war supplies and from the exportation of American foodstuff and other necessities. We brand the declaration of war by our government as a crime against the people of the United States and against the nations of the world."

It was standing by this section that cost *The Call* its second-class

mailing privileges, subjected it to being stopped time and again in the first-class mails and was also responsible for the personal persecution of many of the officials of the party. Everything that was set down in this section was afterward proved to be true by the course of events.

What saved *The Call* however from being absolutely crushed was the fact that it had been anti-Kaiser from its very birth, while other papers in New York had been praising him up until the outbreak of World War I—and doing so fulsomely.

In June, 1913, when the silver anniversary of his reign was celebrated not only in Germany but throughout the world, all the daily newspapers in New York had joined in his praise. *The New York Times*, on the day of the silver anniversary, had printed a large spread: *100 Leading Americans Pay Honor to the Kaiser*.

The president of Columbia University, an ex-candidate for vice-president on the Republican ticket in 1912, Nicholas Murray Butler, together with ex-President Theodore Roosevelt, lead the procession of praise. Butler said, "If the Kaiser had not been born Emperor of Germany and his lot had been placed with a free people he would have been elected their ruler by almost a unanimous vote." Theodore Roosevelt praised him unstintingly.

When the wrath of the newspapers in New York had turned against *The Call* for what it had had to say about World War I we took everything off our back page and put an eight-column streamer over it—"We submit these facts to a candid world." The subhead said, "The Kaiser is what he was and was what he is."

We then quoted from the articles published on his twenty-fifth anniversary day from every paper in New York and quoted what *The Call* had to say about the Kaiser on the same anniversary. The only paper in New York that paralleled what *The Call* had to say was a paper printed in German—a Socialist paper called the *Volkzeitung*, which had been publishing for many years and whose three editors during its existence had been imprisoned in Germany either by the grandfather, father or the Kaiser him-

self for exercising the right of free press.

This spread on *The Call's* back page became a document which could have been produced in any court if there had been any attempt to suspend its publication and undoubtedly was the biggest factor in keeping the paper alive during the hysteria of World War I. However, from the day of the adoption of Section 6 there began a period of storm and stress which was to continue for *The Call* until it ceased publication in 1923.

The four years of *The Call* were years of service to the workers which can never be forgotten by those on *The Call* or by those who took part in them. From 1921 to 1923, however, the battle between those who stood for the social democratic principles and those who stood for the dictatorship in Russia under the mis-named dictatorship of the proletariat raged fiercely and finally resulted in doing what all the forces of reaction in the United States could not do—put an end to *The Call* and the magnificent fight for human rights it had waged for over fifteen years.

December 18, 1922

My dear Charley Ervin:

You can hardly know with what a shock your letter announcing your severance with *The Call* came to me and with what deep regret, to put it mildly, I have contemplated the circumstances which led to your resignation. I had long since cherished the conviction that your comrades of *The Call* staff were one in spirit, in your mutual personal loyalty and appreciation and in working together to save *The Call* and to make it the great light and power it should be in our movement. I had been brought to this conviction partly by the desperate fight you were compelled to make for self-preservation and the trial and grief you were sharing, and partly by my faith in and respect for each member of the staff, persuaded in my own mind that whatever else might tear apart in the ugly and bitter factional strife that was raging, here at least were a little group of comrades who would stick and fight as an example to others and whom hell itself could not tear apart. But your letter shattered my delusion and I feel a keen sense of disappointment though of course I do not allow myself to grow despondent or discouraged over it for whatever else may happen that is a thing

I am steeled against if I have to stand alone and face a hostile world.

I note carefully all you say and you will know without any word from me that I approve your past policy in all things, that I think you did the work for The Call in a way no other comrade in the party could have done, that you have been a tower of strength and inspiration to the whole American movement, that you utterly effaced yourself in the service of The Call, responding gladly by day and by night to every call from every source for help and support, and that you left nothing that was humanly possible undone to discharge your duties and fulfill the trust committed to your hands, and that you did all this at the cost and sacrifice of your personal interests and the comfort of your family, and how it is possible for any of your associates or any one else to find fault with you or your work is simply beyond my comprehension.

I can understand perfectly how comrades may differ with each other in good faith about matters of policy but I cannot understand why in your case such differences could possibly be regarded as serious enough to force you in self-respect to tender your resignation.

As between your policy and that of the Forward in regard to the communists I am with you and believe your policy to have been the right one and to have led ultimately to far better results. I believe your policy in other matters referred to was also sound and especially your refusal to descend to the methods of those who assailed you and belittled themselves in attempting to belittle you. There is more I should like to say but I am too busy and I could not do myself justice in this matter if I were to cover a dozen pages. Your letter from Washington and enclosures are with me.

I shall plunge full length into the fight for the political prisoners as soon as I can possibly get in shape for the platform. Suffice it in closing at this time to say we all love you here. You have proved in the white heat of the fiercest fire to be a whole man and you have certainly been our friend as well as comrade. Mrs. Debs and Theodore and his wife and daughter all join in love to you and Mrs. Ervin and all of your precious household.

Yours always,

E. V. Debs.

CHAPTER SIX

AFTER resigning my editorship of *The New York Call* in December, 1922, I joined *The Nation* at the invitation of Oswald Villard, owner and editor of the magazine, for a short time to see what I could do to help increase circulation. The year before new subscriptions had only about balanced those which were lost. This oldest liberal magazine in the country had suffered extra losses during the hysteria of the war period. My arrangement with Villard was that I could sever my connections on any Friday. I was anxious to do all that I could to help increase the circulation, thereby decreasing the loss under which it operated.

The present editor of *The Nation*, Freda Kirchwey, was then a young editor who had already shown great aptitude in helping to conduct the paper. Lewis Gannett, now of the *New York Herald Tribune*, was not only an editor but had come over also into the business department. Both of these youngsters were putting new life into *The Nation*, in spite of the setbacks from which it had been suffering by a declining circulation—which at its best had never been too large.

Associated with Marian Tyler, now Mrs. Stuart Chase, in promotion, I concentrated on the job for a number of months, and the year 1923 showed a decided climb in circulation while at the same time the paper showed a smaller amount of loss under the management of Gannett. I was with it most of that year, leaving for a little while to go to Mexico with Eugene Reefer who

had been of financial help both to *The Nation* and *The New York Call*.

In Mexico we joined Ernest Gruening, who had been managing editor of *The Nation* just previously and who was then collecting material for perhaps the most inclusive and best book which has been written on our sister republic, *Mexico and Its Heritage*.

Gruening is now in his third term as Governor of Alaska. His career as a journalist is a most inspiring, if disquieting, chapter in the newspaper history of this century. After having graduated from Harvard with honors, both in the scholastic and medical schools, he determined to adopt journalism as his profession. His talents as a linguist and a scholar served him well in his work as a journalist.

He had become a member of the staff of the *Boston Herald* where he went through the steps of reporting, rewriting, copy-editing. He served as its city editor and assistant editorial writer. The afternoon edition of the *Herald*, the *Boston Traveler*, was losing circulation and Gruening was made its managing editor. His talents notwithstanding, Gruening was handicapped by an independent mind. This independence affected his subsequent career in the newspaper world.

Under his editorial direction the circulation of the *Traveler* soared, and the paper for the first time became highly profitable. When he assumed the managing editorship, Gruening was twenty-seven years old. For two years he was able to keep the advertisers from controlling the news and editorial columns—as had been and still is customary in Boston. He emerged victorious in his frequent skirmishes with the business office because both circulation and revenues were booming.

But one day he came a cropper. He printed a story about the then mayor of Boston, James Michael Curley, which seemed destined to put an early end to the political career of that well-known character. But the mayor's influence reached into the stock-holding control of the *Herald-Traveler*, where the balance of financial power was held by no less a figure than Senator Winthrop

Murray Crane, multimillionaire paper manufacturer and chairman of the Republican National Committee.

Although the accuracy of the story was not questioned, a retraction was demanded and agreed to by Gruening's boss, the editor of the morning *Herald*. Gruening declined to renege, and announced that his resignation would follow the printing of any retraction. He was asked to discuss the matter with the attorney for Senator Crane, one William Morgan Butler, likewise a powerful industrialist and later briefly an appointive senator from Massachusetts.

From this hard-bitten reactionary Gruening got the truth about the newspaper business. Butler curtly waved aside any question of public obligation on the part of a newspaper. Fixing the youthful editor with his fishy eyes, he said icily, "Young man, an uncontrolled newspaper is a Utopian myth; and this is a practical world."

The day that the retraction was scheduled, Gruening took his name off the masthead of the *Boston Traveler* and walked out. This was in 1916. In 1951, thirty-five years later, another editor of the *Boston Herald*, John H. Crider, took his leave under somewhat similar circumstances.

I have always wished that liberals who are continually talking and writing about freedom of the press would take the above statement of Butler to heart, and stop championing something that can never exist under the present system of profit through advertising, which enables big business to control the press in spite of the fact that we have political freedom or freedom from government control.

After editing magazines, and doing special literary work, such as the book on Mexico, Gruening went back to the newspaper field, in Maine, in 1927, as editor of the *Portland Evening News*. Samuel Insull, the public utilities magnate, had moved into Maine two years earlier. He had secured control of most of the power companies, some of the banks, and through them, the department stores. His object was to force repeal of a long-established law

designed to prevent the export of hydro-electric power from the state. After one governor had vetoed a bill to that effect passed by a well-disciplined legislature, a succeeding and more amenable governor approved the measure.

Maine, however, had the initiative and referendum. It was invoked under the leadership of the *Portland Evening News*, and the question at issue was put on the ballot at the next election. A bitter campaign followed. Vast sums were spent. The press lined up almost solidly with the Insull interests. The *Portland Evening News* carried on the battle alone. But when the ballots were counted, the people of Maine had decided to overrule their legislature and executive. This was Insull's first defeat. The collapse of his empire came not long after.

Gruening stayed on for three more years and then went to New York, where he again became one of the editors of *The Nation*, and of the *Evening Post*. His editorial campaign for getting our marines out of Nicaragua, Haiti and the Dominican Republic, his book on Mexico and his writings in favor of a new policy toward Latin America, attracted the attention of President Roosevelt. Gruening was appointed adviser to the United States delegation to the Seventh Pan-American Conference in Montevideo in 1933. It was there that the historic "Good Neighbor Policy" was put into effect, and a New Deal likewise extended to our hemispheric relations.

Not long afterward the President asked Gruening to head the newly created Division of Territories and Island Possessions with jurisdiction over Alaska, Hawaii, Puerto Rico, the South Sea and Equatorial Islands.

He held this job from 1934 to 1939 when he became Governor of Alaska, a position he still holds. He is now waging a fight for statehood for Alaska.

But to return to the year after I left the staff of *The Nation*, in the early part of 1924 I was invited to join the staff of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America as Public Relations Adviser. This organization was headed by Sidney Hillman, the most

remarkable person with whom I have come into contact in the labor and social movements in the twentieth century.

Never neglecting the immediate improvement in both wages and conditions Hillman reached out in many directions to find new paths of progress for his own members and for all workers. In his own seasonal industry in which there were long lay-offs he pioneered in unemployment insurance, and ten years after his early effort he saw the national government adopt a method of unemployment insurance based largely upon the experience of the Amalgamated.

I was with Hillman for nearly a quarter of a century—up until his death—and was very close to him in all the projects which he undertook. I shall show him in action in future chapters of this book.

At the moment I want to tell you something of the campaign of Robert M. La Follette, Sr. for the Presidency in 1924, with which Hillman was connected and to which he rallied not only the support of the entire membership of the Amalgamated but of organized workers generally.

Following the Progressive convention in Cleveland in 1924 which nominated La Follette for the Presidency, Hillman asked me to go to Washington and help from that point in the campaign. He took a vote from his general executive board, who passed a resolution giving \$5,000 as an opening contribution to the campaign fund.

I took the money to the La Follette eastern headquarters in Washington and found the committee there almost devoid of funds. This \$5,000 was used to help float a \$1 campaign. Before the election took place we had raised out of Washington approximately \$154,000 of which about 92 per cent had come in single dollar contributions.

La Follette, who perhaps suffered more bitter abuse from the reactionaries than any other Progressive of his generation, had none of the arts of the demagogue. He would never play to prejudices, and on the stump he told the truth as he saw it—even

when some of his advisers wanted him to keep quiet on certain issues.

This was shown in his treatment of the Supreme Court. He was advised most strongly not to bring this matter up in his campaign—as well as his criticism of the Constitution. Many of his political followers believe that his insistence on telling the truth—as he saw it—on these two issues cost him millions of votes.

Here is an example to show that La Follette was no demagogue. In October, 1924, Ernest Gruening, who was public relations manager for the campaign, said that advices from the field made it necessary for La Follette to make some statement regarding the race question. This was to assure the colored people that his was not like the two old parties, which always gave the colored voters lip service at election time, only to betray them later. I said, "Let's go up to the Capitol and see him."

La Follette had hidden himself in a committee room in the Senate wing of the Capitol. When we went in, he was smoking his old corncob pipe and was buried in a big chair with a book in his lap. I stated the case to him, and he became quite wroth, saying, "You know, Charles, that I have no right to make pledges to the colored man which I know if I am elected I would not be allowed by Congress to carry out. I must assume when I make a pledge that I expect to be elected."

Going over to the bookcase, he pulled out a bound volume of the *Progressive* magazine for 1917. He turned to a speech he had made on the floor of the Senate over the appointment of a colored man, named Small, to the Collectorship of the Port of Charleston.

"Here," he said, "are my sentiments concerning the race question. This was made when I had no idea of running for President. If you want to publicize it as evidence of where I stand on the race question, then do so. Just as I stood then, I do now. But I will make no new statement on this issue just to get votes." This made me respect La Follette even more, if possible, than I had.

In economic matters we were not in accord, as La Follette believed that the people of the country were not ready for Socialism.

Once he was reported to have said that he believed that the future belonged to Socialism, but not in his day and generation.

There is an incident which took place in 1917 which illustrates how loyal were the few friends that La Follette, Sr. had in wartime, and how bitter were his enemies. Senator Harry Lane who, before going to the Senate, had been a noted brain specialist was a devoted friend of La Follette's. Lane was of Indian blood, and was intense in his friendships and in his enmities.

While serving in the Senate, Lane became ill. Being a surgeon, he knew how his illness was progressing and he knew about how long he would live. He came into La Follette's office one day and said, "Bob, I'm going home to die." All broken up with this statement, Bob remonstrated.

Lane said, "Bob, you know I'm a doctor, and besides, we're both old enough to know we have to face the inevitable. I want to die where my people came from. And I want to leave you just a little remembrance." And he dropped on La Follette's desk a tiny, rat-tail file, such as surgeons use in delicate operations. It was sharp as a razor, and could be palmed in the hand.

La Follette looked up and said, "Why what do you mean, Harry? Why do you leave this with me?" Lane replied, "Bob, you remember the day you made your speech against the war? Well, I was in the cloakroom and I heard that big bully Ollie James (James was about six feet six and had an immense frame) then half-drunk, threaten that if you made the speech he would kill you right on the floor of the Senate. I went on to the floor and in a little while after you arose in your place, Ollie James came down the aisle to within a few feet of where you were speaking. Out of a little case which I carry in my vest pocket I took this small file and palmed it. I then went down very close to Ollie. I had made up my mind that if he made a move toward you, I would raise my hand with the file in it, and as I could just reach his jugular vein, if he had started to carry out his threat, that would have been the last of Ollie James." This story was told me by Lane's secretary, the late Isaac McBride, who was also his son-in-law.

It reminds me of an experience I once had with the obese Senator James. I was going to New York on a train known as The Congressional Limited, which in those days, 1913, was a crack train and they charged you an extra fare to ride on it. I had written a series of articles in 1909 on "The United States, a Republic of, by and for the Few," using as the basis of my articles utterances of the various delegates to the Constitutional Convention in the summer of 1787.

A few years afterward, Dr. Charles A. Beard, spending many months with the original records, had written a most illuminating volume, *The Economic Interpretation of the Constitution of the United States*. There was included in the book an account of the career of every delegate to the Constitutional Convention and a careful analysis of every activity, political and financial, that each had engaged in. The book created a stir among all students in the advance grades of history.

I was rereading the book, and seated in the club car next to me was Ollie James, who had deposited his six feet six and his enormous bulk in a club car chair. He was an exceedingly cheap politician who had a voice like the proverbial Bull of Bashan. Just a few months before I had been at the Democratic convention in Baltimore, which, in the 5th Regiment Armory there, nominated Wilson. This was before the days of the microphone, and the acoustic properties of the armory were perhaps the worst in the world. It required Ollie James's bull-like voice to keep the delegates on the floor acquainted with what was happening on the platform.

After a minute's chat with my senatorial neighbor in the club car, I handed him the copy of Beard's book and said, "Senator, here is perhaps the most illuminating story of the fashioning of our Constitution which has been written. Have you seen it?" Receiving a reply in the negative, I passed it to him and went on reading another book. He started to read the preface surreptitiously, and I watched him to see if there was any facial evidence that he was at all interested. Suddenly I heard a snore, the Beard

book slid down his capacious stomach to the floor, and the senator went on sleeping.

I could tell a good many stories to illustrate what some senators don't know about the real history of the United States, economic or otherwise.

One day while I was eating breakfast opposite Senator Peter Norbeck of South Dakota, the conversation drifted toward the early days in our history and the various economic forces which had struggled for control. I made several remarks about one group and another and quoted several statements, one from Calhoun, one from Madison, a couple from Jefferson, not thinking that I was in any way giving the senator any light on our history.

Suddenly he turned to me and said, "Where do you get all these things?" This rather startled me, and I replied, "Why, Senator, from the same place you could get them. Just walk across from your office to the Congressional Library. You will find them all on record there. There is certainly no attempt on the part of the government to keep these books under their own supervision. Anybody can read them. And a senator, particularly, can have quick access to them."

But the senator did not rush from the breakfast table to follow my suggestion, any more than Ollie James kept from falling asleep over Beard's "Economic History."

To get back to the 1924 La Follette campaign for the Presidency, Bob, Jr., who was not yet thirty years old, was political manager in the fight, and showed himself to be most astute in the job. I remember how, in the last week of the campaign, when everyone expected Bob, Sr. to carry several states, and enthusiasm was running very high, Bob, Jr., being alone with me, said very quietly, "Father will carry just one state—Wisconsin."

And his prediction proved to be correct. In the electoral college count, La Follette, Sr. received the vote of Wisconsin, and no other state.

This second essay in 1924 of a liberal political party which called itself Progressive more than equalled the popular vote that had

been cast by the liberal party which ran Theodore Roosevelt as its candidate in 1912, though Roosevelt had more electoral votes. The Progressive party of 1924, however, was made up of more definite groups than in 1912. La Follette was endorsed by the A.F. of L., the railroad unions and the Socialists. Its vote was spread throughout the union and was not heavy enough in any one state to secure the electoral vote, except in the state of Wisconsin.

What would have happened in a third party movement, such as the Progressive, after the Hoover defeat in 1932, is a matter of mere speculation. Franklin Delano Roosevelt, coming into office in the midst of a depression, handled himself in such a manner as to bring to him the support of almost all the independent groups in the country. In reality these groups supported him not as a Democrat but as one who had shown his independence of any particular affiliation. The Democratic party would unquestionably have liked to deny him the candidacy in 1940 and in 1944 but they did not dare to do this because of Roosevelt's known pull with the voters of independent political views. Roosevelt knew where his influence was strongest, even if Jim Farley and other machine Democratic politicians did not.

It was not until Wallace ran for office on the Third Party ticket that another test of any third political movement was made. Wallace received only 1,157,172 votes.

The political experience through the years shows how difficult it is to start a third party movement that has any chance of success. Only an overwhelming demand for such a movement would give it a chance to succeed. In addition to this, the election laws in many of the states handicap such a movement in the organizational stage. It would be much easier to go into one of the two major parties and capture its machinery than it would be to start a new party that would have any chance of winning.

CHAPTER SEVEN

AT the same time that I was looking after the public relations of the Amalgamated I was extremely busy with Mexican affairs—looking after that country's relations with the people of the United States. The controversy between the Mexican government and the American oil men was very intense, owing to the insistence of President Calles of Mexico that the provision in the Mexican Constitution of 1917, giving to Mexico the right to all mineral deposits under her soil, should be observed.

Then came the attempt to vilify the Mexican government through a series of forged letters published in the Hearst newspapers. This period deserves a chapter in itself and will be taken up in the following pages.

My interest in Mexican affairs began in the period of 1909 to 1911, when the revolt staged by Francisco Madero, the revolutionist who was able to rally the people, resulted in his becoming president of Mexico in 1913. During the Taft administration there was much agitation in certain circles in this country regarding what was happening in Mexico. In spite of a heavy press censorship in both countries concerning the devilment that had been going on for years under the regime of Porfirio Diaz, some of the truth had seeped out about this man's murderous dictatorship.

Diaz had held Mexico in his iron grasp for nearly thirty-five years, and most of those who opposed him in any way, if they failed to flee the country, were either murdered or imprisoned. If

they were to be murdered, Diaz's special police, the infamous Rurales, did the job.

If they were to be imprisoned, it meant a fate, in many cases, worse than death. They were taken to a fortress in the harbor of Vera Cruz—San Juan de Ulua. If they attempted to escape, the sharks would get them before they swam many feet. The cells in which they were imprisoned, shut out from all sunlight entirely, were living tombs. I was in this fortress after the exile of Diaz, and no victim of Hitler could have suffered a worse fate than those who encountered the rage and vengeance of Porfirio Diaz.

Yet strange to say, in spite of the fact that Diaz was murdering his opponents in various portions of the Mexican state, he was praised by those in control of our government and of our financial institutions because he was paying the interest on the public debt.

While our officials were lauding Diaz, in some of the factories, mines and plantations of Mexico, what amounted to actual slavery existed. When in sheer desperation the workers rose up and tried to organize to better their conditions, the Rurales, the army and the judiciary saw to it that those they called "malcontents" gave no more trouble. Strikers were slaughtered by the score, and in one case by the hundreds. Battles were fought at Cañanea and Rio Blanco. Terrible conditions existed in the henequen plantations of Yucatan, and worst of all hells in Mexico was the hell located in the Valle Nacional on the tobacco plantations, where the enslaved workers were beaten to a bloody pulp if they exhibited any spirit or tried to put an end to the tyranny of the plantation owners.

In spite of these conditions, William H. Taft, who had been elected President, went to the border between the two countries and grasped the bloody hand of dictator Diaz.

On the record, Diaz made Mexico a colony of foreign capitalism, most of which came from the United States.

My first personal contact with Mexican affairs came in the early days of the Taft administration, around 1910. A little group of

newspapermen in Washington, known as the H.R.s, which was short for "Hell Raisers," became interested in the case of a young Mexican, Gutierrez de Lara. De Lara had actually declared a one-man revolution against Diaz. The young man had been a clerk in the foreign office. He was the son of an aristocratic family in northern Mexico. Shocked at what he knew was going on about him, he decided it was his duty to revolt against the terrible tyranny of the Diaz regime.

He was told that revolt was useless, escaped over the border and before the authorities could do anything to stop his flight, was in Los Angeles.

Diaz had secret police on both sides of the border. Being in absolute control of the Mexican treasury, he was a bountiful paymaster, and it was charged that some of his agents held offices in our government. With the help of those in his pay in the United States, Diaz evolved a scheme to charge de Lara with stealing woods from public lands in Sonora, and under this fake charge, apply for his extradition. The application went to one of the legal departments in the U.S. government where there was an under-official whom I always suspected as having been in the pay of Diaz. The Department of Commerce and Labor, whose secretary was then Charles Nagel, became involved in the case, and on Nagel's decision rested the success or failure of the plan to get de Lara back in the hands of the Diaz thugs.

At this point, the "Hell Raisers" became interested. This name was pinned on the group because they were continually taking up unpopular causes. There were only about eight of us, and some of the older ones have passed on. Strange to say, our meetings, which were always held after eight o'clock at the end of the day's work, frequently took place in the office of the Brahmim *Boston Transcript*, one of our younger members being assistant to the chief of the *Transcript's* Washington bureau.

We began to pour publicity into the de Lara case. Nagel grew very angry at our exposures, but he also grew very worried because he could not afford to involve the administration in the

charge of being a tool of Diaz. He was unable to arouse prejudice against our efforts, and finally refused to be a party to the extradition of de Lara, who was freed from temporary custody and came to Washington.

We interviewed the young revolutionary and poured more publicity into his case. We received so much support from the public that Nagel thought it was safer to drop the matter, and de Lara was permitted to stay in this country. Moreover, after our campaign he was left alone by the secret police of Diaz operating in the United States; but later, after Madero was murdered, he felt it his duty to take his part in the revolution which drove from power Vistoriano Huerta, one of the murderers of Madero, and placed Venustiano Carranza in the presidential chair. We were told that de Lara was killed in battle in northern Mexico before the Carranzistas had taken Mexico City.

It was during the de Lara incident in Washington that I first came into close contact with the famous "Mother Jones," whom the Hell Raisers called upon at that time to influence President Taft.

This generation perhaps has forgotten a most colorful figure who, in the late days of the nineteenth and the early part of the twentieth century, played a very large part in the struggle to better the conditions of the workers, and of the miners in particular. Vigorous, lusty, imaginative, Mother Jones became a legend in her own lifetime because of her activities and escapades in the labor field or any other endeavor toward which she turned her boundless energies.

No one knew her past history for certain, but from all we could find out, Mother Jones was originally a schoolteacher in an Illinois mining town who had married a man of Welsh extraction in some way connected with the mines. He died, leaving her little money with which to work, but she immediately set about taking up the cause of the miners. She traveled all through the coal regions of the country trying to help the mine workers ameliorate the life of misery they were forced to lead. While she had a keen sense of

humor, she was so bitter in her hatred against the rulers in industry who had consigned their workers to a low standard of living that her bitterness often overshadowed every other outlook. As an agitator, her tactics could be summed up in an expression by a radical preacher of her day, "no one loves the people with a perfect love unless they hate the oppressors of the people with a perfect hate."

All during the first twenty years of this century, I saw a lot of Mother Jones in the coal regions of Pennsylvania. Well do I remember the day when, just at sunrise, over the hills came some five hundred women and children, led by Mother Jones—a strange feminine battalion of the people—in a surprise attack surrounding the militia who had been sent to the scene of the strike. The only weapons the marchers carried were broomsticks and tin pans, which they beat upon like fury, making one hell of a noise. The barrage beat against the startled ears of the militia before the young soldiers quite knew what was happening, and the din was followed by the choicest stream of abusive words it was ever my lot to listen to—an avalanche of sound and fury that completely confounded the unprepared militia.

What was the reason for this raid? Very simple. The plan (hatched by Mother Jones's fertile imagination, no doubt) was to pull the scabs out of one of the mines while the soldiers were not about; and Mother's job was to keep the soldiers employed while the husbands and sons did the job on the scabs. The female contingent certainly performed its full duty! Only after the scabs were all out did Mother lead her calico regiment back over the hilltops, leaving the bewildered state troops still smarting from the fierce lashes of her tongue.

Frequent stories of Mother Jones will be found throughout this book, because she was always popping up to agitate for one worthy cause or another.

It happened that the Hell Raisers knew that for some reason Mother Jones was quite popular with President Taft. One of the younger members of the H.R.'s who was at the White House quite

a lot, arranged for a small committee to see Taft, announcing that Mother Jones was to head it. When the committee went in, Mother Jones, at the President's invitation, took a seat in front of his desk. She was very neat and wore a little lace fichu which gave her considerable dignity. The President was wearing a black patch over his eye, he had been struck a few days before by a golf ball. At that time he was engaged in trying to reduce his enormous girth by playing golf.

He listened to Mother's story of the de Lara case and then said, with a twinkle in his well eye, "Mother, I'm afraid if you had your way, there wouldn't be anybody in jail."

Placing her two arms on the desk in front of her and lapsing into a slight brogue, she came back as quick as a flash, "I'm not so shure of that, Mister President. A lot of those who are in would be out if I had my way, but a lot of those who are out would shurely be in."

Taft gurgled with glee like a big, fat boy at her reply, and then Mother, pointing her finger at his injured eye, said warningly, "You'd better get that eye well as quick as you can. You'll need both eyes before you get out of this administration!"

A few days after this talk, the famous Ballinger scandal broke in the Taft cabinet, and Mother proved to be a prophet.

It was at this time that some of the big oil and copper interests were busy trying to embroil us with our sister republic of Mexico. The Madero revolution had just taken place, and he and his forces were scurrying toward the capital to take possession of the government, which they did shortly after. The big financial interests backing the oil and smelting barons wanted to get the Army into Mexico to protect their interests. They would undoubtedly have done so had it not been for a lucky stroke with which I am entirely familiar. It happened that a very close friend of mine was working on a newspaper in Philadelphia. Shortly before midnight, when his chief had gone for lunch, the long distance phone rang, with a message from Washington. He took the message.

It came from their correspondent there, who said he had just

learned there was a very definite move afoot to go over the border to Mexico to protect American interests. Their Washington correspondent suggested that they get some representatives into Havana as soon as possible from where they would be in a position to reach Vera Cruz, where they could cover the story of the landing of U.S. troops. The story was very definite, and was, in the opinion of my friend, a sure sound-off of the coming invasion under the excuse of pacifying the conditions then existing in Mexico with Madero's army, mostly consisting of civilians sweeping from the border into Mexico City.

This of course meant war, and my friend thought he should do what he could to stop the event by exposing it before it took place. He knew it was useless to try to get it into any of the orthodox daily newspapers, most of whom were unfriendly to Mexico because of anti-Mexican propaganda. So he decided to take the 1:00 A. M. train to New York.

He went up to the home of the editor of the *New York Call*, got him out of bed and told him the story. The editor in turn called up three of his men and asked them to join him at the office to prepare a special edition of *The Call*. The edition was on the streets early in the day, was largely circulated, and the press bureaus were compelled to carry the story which had appeared in *The Call*.

There was a strong antiwar party in the United States at that time, and another party was distinctly friendly to the revolution against Diaz which Madero was leading. Public opinion was undoubtedly against any attempt to interfere in Mexican affairs. And the story printed by *The Call* to my mind prevented the scheme of using the United States Army and Navy to "pacify" Mexico, which came to naught. The whole edition was snapped up in a few hours, and the news created such a furor that the instigators of the move against Mexico were forced to retrench.

My next contact with Mexican affairs came when Felipe Carrillo Puerto fled to this country from Yucatan during the reaction which came in the latter days of the Carranza administration.

Carranza, who at first had followed a liberal course, adopted a reactionary attitude toward labor and the agricultural peons. Carrillo, who during the liberal period of the Carranza regime had founded a really great co-operative movement in Yucatan, was compelled to flee the country, and came to New York. I met this man, whom I consider the greatest of all Mexicans of his generation, through a member of the business staff of *The Call*.

Then came the election to the Presidency of Mexico of Alvaro Obregon, with a great widening out of the labor movement and of a campaign to bring to Mexico a public school system, using largely the funds of the federal government. It was during Obregon's administration that the largest appropriation ever made for education was placed in the national budget. I was editor of *The New York Call* by then, and we told the story of Mexico's struggle to better the conditions of her people more extensively than any other periodical in America.

The general press was more interested in news of threatened revolutions in Mexico than in any other items coming out of there. They were also interested in publishing sympathetic articles regarding our financial interests, many millions of dollars of which had been invested in Mexico for the principal purpose of gutting its natural resources for their own immediate profit.

Our State Department under the Republicans from 1921 on could truthfully have been said to smell of oil to high heaven. The oil interests never had freer access to the government than they had during the administrations of Harding and Coolidge. "Nervous Nelly" Kellogg, the Secretary of State, thought the oil men could do no wrong, and sent perhaps the most insulting message our country has ever sent to any Latin American nation. This was his famous "Mexico is now on trial before the world" message, which brought in reply a stinging rejoinder from the then President, Plutarco Elias Calles.

The oil issue all revolved around the famous provision in the new Mexican Constitution, fashioned at Querétaro in 1917. This provision (Article 27) protected the natural resources of Mexico

by a sub-soil proviso, which the oil men detested because it interfered with their looting of the oil resources of our sister republic.

In 1923 I went to Mexico determined to see what was happening there. I was particularly interested in observing the campaign to achieve literacy for all the Mexican people. I spent very little time on the ruins of the old civilization of the Aztecs; I wanted to see what was being done for its new civilization. Thousands of one-teacher schools supported by federal money had been established in the various states, as well as normal schools to train these teachers. I went to some of these schools, sat among the pupils and watched the methods of the teachers.

On this trip I left Mexico City and traveled down into the boot of Mexico, the peninsula of Yucatan, the great body of whose population are Maya Indians—over 300,000 of them. Here Felipe Carrillo Puerto, to whom I have already referred, was the governor. He had gone back into Mexico after Carranza had fallen, and in the early days of the Obregon regime had been elected governor.

I visited him at Merida, the capital of the state, which is also perhaps the cleanest city in the world, inhabited by the cleanest people among whom I have ever lived. And this in spite of the fact that there isn't a river, creek or pond on the surface of Yucatan. They are all underground and are crystal clear as they crisscross the peninsula. The water is pumped largely by windmills, and in the city of Merida there must be at least two thousand such windmills.

In this year, 1923, Yucatan was rapidly, under the leadership of Carrillo, becoming a new kind of state. For the first time, the people were fast becoming the masters of themselves and were enjoying what to them was prosperity compared with the conditions they had suffered under during the rule of the cruel *haciendados*, the lords of the huge henequen plantations.

In my opinion Felipe Carrillo of Yucatan was the greatest of Mexicans since Juarez, who was sometimes called the Abraham Lincoln of Mexico. Carrillo loomed as big spiritually, contrasted with most of his contemporaries, as he did physically. His physical

appearance was in sharp contrast to that of the Maya Indians, who were mostly small in stature.

My visit to him came at his invitation after he had been elected governor, because I had helped to entertain him while he was in the United States. I was interested in going over the body of laws which he had had the legislature pass. Among others, I found that there were laws providing for the yearly cost of a license for following a trade, profession or business. I noticed that a priest was charged more than a peddler. I asked Felipe, "Why this difference?"

"That is perfectly understandable," he answered. "In order to earn a living a peddler has to take some risk. The merchandise he buys may go down after he buys it. He may not make prompt collections from the people he sells to. The priest, on the contrary, takes no risks whatever to earn his living. So why shouldn't he pay more?"

Speaking to him about priests I said, "I notice that you allow only sixteen priests in the state. Where do you get this number?" He replied, "That again ought to be easily understandable: there are sixteen members of the legislature, and it oughtn't to take any more to take care of the hereafter than it does to take care of the here."

Ernest Gruening, who was with me on this visit to Don Felipe, had that day been sitting with a judge hearing a divorce case. He told me that the judge granted the divorce without asking any questions except whether there were any children involved. He granted the divorce on the request of one of the couple. I asked Felipe to explain the reason for the decision. He said, "Outside of the responsibility for children as a result of marriage, the state should have nothing to do with marriage. It should be a private matter and the judge has no business to meddle in it." Turning to Dr. Gruening, he asked, "Were there any children involved in the hearing at which you were present?"

"No," Gruening said.

"Well," Felipe concluded, "the judge obeyed the law. As to

only one of the couple asking for a divorce . . . no self-respecting person wants to live with another in the married state if one should want to be relieved of the marriage condition."

One of the first things Felipe did after taking office as governor was to start building roads. There was a village about seven miles outside of Merida where crops were grown to help feed the people in the capital. The villagers had been in the habit of carrying the crops in sacks on their backs the whole seven miles to the markets of the city. The first road Felipe built was the seven-mile hard-shell road from this village to Merida. Then he bought some Ford automobiles, which we knew in the states at that time as "tin lizzies." He had the tops removed and small bus bodies placed on the chassis, and the Indians stopped trudging their weary way to and from Merida.

Felipe took us over this road and was he proud!

I made several trips with Felipe when he divided up some of the huge landholdings of the *haciendados* among the Indians who had previously slaved on these plantations. The Indians always made a "fiesta" on these occasions with daylight fireworks. I can see Felipe now, walking down the little village street surrounded by about two hundred Indians—men and women, the women with their babies swung over their shoulders. No soldiers, no guards of any kind were present. Felipe was safe in the arms of his own people; it was the people outside who finally killed him.

Felipe was a believer in birth control. He knew there was only so much land for the people to work on. He knew that unless there was a reduction in the number of births, the result would be a continuous decrease in the standard of living to which he thought the people were entitled. So he preached birth control to them continuously, using for an example the papaya tree. He said, "Isn't it better to have six good fruit than twenty rotten ones?" He never talked at them. He talked with them. It was a joy to watch him among his own people.

At that time every year there was a bullfight given in Merida for charity—that is, for the community fund, as we call it in this

country. I sat in the box with the governor until I found myself disgusted with the sport and inwardly rooting for the bull—actually at one time hoping the bull would get the man instead of the man getting the bull. When we got into the automobile I said to Felipe, "I don't know how you, a civilized man, can stand for this."

He looked at me rather wearily. "These bullfights have been going on for centuries," he said. "Do you expect me to be able to put an end to them in the few years I have been trying to do something for my people? . . . Well, I am trying to put an end to them, but it will take some time, and I am beginning with the new generation—the youth. I have used some of the state's money to fit out baseball nines in all of the villages of this state. I have imported baseball equipment from the United States and distributed it among the boys of Yucatan. Tomorrow while you are here I will take you out to a baseball game between two villages. My theory is that the coming generation will engage in sports themselves instead of just looking at others. I know of no better way than along the baseball line."

The next day I went with Felipe, and there, sure enough, was everything the boys in the United States have on the diamond. The catcher had a stomacher and mask, the players had mitts. Nothing was missing.

When Felipe wanted to announce to the Yucatan agricultural workers that an end had come to their slavery, he called an immense mass meeting to inform them that the new administration was going to divide the land among them—land on which they had toiled so hard to produce wealth for the few *haciendados*. He was particularly caustic in his remarks. While basically a very religious man himself, he had a holy hatred for the manner in which the priests had become practically the agents of their exploiters in keeping the workers in subjection. It had been his dream for years to see the power of those he called the "black crows" broken. This explains his attitude in his speech to the workers.

Said Don Felipe: "In the name of God the Father, they sent

you to the fields at four o'clock in the morning. In the name of Christ the Carpenter, they treated you like beasts of burden; and in the name of the Holy Ghost, they ravished your wives and your daughters." Then, with an intake of his breath, raising his huge shoulders, he concluded: "And now, in the name of the Devil, I declare you free!"

At this, an Indian in the front ranks of the audience threw his sombrero into the air and called out, "*Viva el buen diablo!*"

To appreciate the incident in all its fullness, one must remember that the churches of these villages were largely in the confines of the haciendas, and that the bells were sounded to call the workers to their tasks. From that time on, Felipe was called "*el buen diablo.*"

In 1924 came the election of Plutarco Elias Calles to the Presidency of Mexico, in succession to Obregon. While I did not know Calles at that time, I had seen the result of his work as Secretary of Gobernacion, corresponding to our Secretary of the Interior. It is through that department of the Mexican government that the various states of the republic keep their contact with the central government.

Calles was undoubtedly at that time far in advance of the average Mexican politician in his social vision. He knew that the future of Mexico depended largely upon the development of its agriculture, and he used some millions of pesos of the national treasury in developing agricultural schools. Later on, in 1927, I was to visit these schools and see what they were aiming to accomplish by educating rank and file leaders to go back to their respective states to teach their fellow agriculturists how to improve production, both in quality and quantity.

All through his administration Calles was continually embroiled in difficulties by the representatives of the oil interests of this country, who also had large interests in Mexico. He was vilified continually by these interests, who sought to poison our State Department against him. By this time, Hughes, now Chief Justice of our Supreme Court, had retired from the office of Secretary of

State, to be succeeded by a corporation attorney from Minnesota referred to earlier—"Nervous Nellie" Kellogg, as he was known among newspapermen of the day.

A new ambassador to Mexico had been appointed, James Rockwell Sheffield, and the oil interests were quite happy in this choice of the Coolidge administration. Sheffield had had little experience as a man of affairs and his chief claim to fame was that he had been president of the Yale Club of New York City. He showed extreme stupidity in the handling of a very critical situation, and while he was unquestionably honest as far as his lights went, his lights were very dim.

He not only showed no sympathy for the struggle of Mexico to rehabilitate itself after its decade of civil war, but he was foolish enough to make private remarks among the American colony of Mexico City regarding the personnel of the Calles administration. One remark, which was repeated throughout Mexico City, referred to Calles as "the greaser president."

Whether Sheffield actually dropped the remark I do not know. I do know, however, that in my judgment at least, he was stupid enough to have done so. Anyhow, the President of Mexico believed that he did. This meant that all bets were off as to his sustaining friendly relations with Calles in order to bring the United States and Mexico in any way closer together.

Sheffield had as his first secretary Arthur Bliss Lane, who represented very much the attitude of liberal Americans toward the new regime in Mexico. It was reported that he used to sneer at all the liberal Americans who came to Mexico City as "uplifters," and "do-gooders" because they showed interest in the progress of the Mexican administrations.

The State Department, facing as they continually did constant misunderstandings with Mexico, finally decided to make a change; and Dwight Morrow, then a partner of J. P. Morgan and Company, was selected as the new ambassador.

In spite of the fact that Morrow had come out of the Morgan firm, then looked upon as the general headquarters of our plutoc-

racy, he succeeded in establishing human relations with the Mexican administration where Sheffield had disastrously failed; but when the State Department handed the Mexican ambassador, Manuel Tellez, the name of Morrow as the proposed appointment, the ambassador seemed quite perturbed.

"After all, Carlos," he said to me, "you know Mr. Morrow is a partner of J. P. Morgan and Company, and Mr. Lamont is the chairman of the International Committee of Bankers on Mexico, representing the bondholders of the Mexican debt both in the United States and in Europe. Do you think it is a good appointment in view of these facts?" I hesitated and replied that I was not ready at that time to give any judgment on it.

I had a very close friend in Washington who had come over on a steamer from England with Morrow not long before and had had several talks with him. After I left the embassy I went to his office and asked: "What slant did you get on Morrow's general social outlook from your talks with him?" He told me that he had secured more of a slant on Morrow's social attitudes from a book the Morgan partner had loaned him during the voyage, which dealt with the English liberal movement and some of its prominent figures. He said that Morrow had made marginal notes throughout the book, and he was rather amazed by the liberal slant these notes showed. It was this talk which caused me to tell Ambassador Tellez that I thought Mexico, with its liberal program, should accept Morrow as our ambassador.

It might have been a long shot, but it happened to be a straight one, for Morrow did a good job for both the United States and Mexico, and was followed by Reuben Clark, another really civilized person, when Morrow resigned to become senator from New Jersey. Clark handled matters in Mexico in the same enlightened manner as had Morrow.

Then came Josephus Daniels, who managed one of the most trying jobs in the United States diplomatic service with skill and a human sympathy which gained for the United States many friends among the Mexican people, where before many were

enemies. It should also be borne in mind that Daniels had in the Department of State, in the person of Cordell Hull, a chief whose policies made it possible for all representatives of the United States in Latin America to establish relations of a very different color than those possible under a Secretary of State such as the ex-corporation lawyer Frank Kellogg.

I am rather ashamed to say that I once indulged in rather contemptuous laughter at Daniels when he was Secretary of the Navy, because he forbade the carrying or drinking of liquors on naval vessels for any but medicinal purposes. Even before this, enlisted men were never allowed liquor, but the officers had it in their mess. I joined in the sarcastic flings at Josephus and enjoyed it very much when one of my fellow newspapermen dubbed him "Grapejuice Josephus."

I wouldn't repeat my flings today. Josephus may have been overzealous in the matter, but the reason for his overzealousness really lies at the feet of those who abused spirituous liquors. It is this abuse that causes men like Josephus to take such action. In other words, it is lack of temperance which is primarily responsible for the whole liquor problem.

As a matter of fact, I found out as a result of my experience with Daniels in Mexican affairs that he was really entitled to that much-abused phrase, "a great American." When I came into direct contact with Daniels, just before he went to Mexico, I found him a surprisingly practical man. He had asked Dr. Frank Tannenbaum and me to post him on internal conditions in the sister Republic to the south.

I was close to the Mexican situation of course, and Tannenbaum had been in every state in Mexico, making a far-reaching investigation of agricultural conditions, division of land, and the like. At this meeting with Daniels, we were questioned by him for hours. Tannenbaum had a further meeting with him separately, and so did I before he left for Mexico City.

Both of us told Daniels that he was going to face trouble the moment he landed in Mexico City because he had been Secretary

of the Navy when the American squadron captured Vera Cruz in 1914. At that time several Mexican naval cadets had been killed, and the bitterness against Daniels, who was held responsible together with Wilson, for sending the fleet to Vera Cruz, was intense. We told him that he might expect an unfriendly demonstration from the university boys particularly.

I suggested to Daniels that if he wanted to overcome the results of such a demonstration, he should take swift steps to bring about a settlement of the claims against Mexico by United States citizens as a result of internal revolution there, which had assumed ridiculous proportions. In fact, many of the claims were mere swindles. The sums for damages which had been filed with the Claims Commission amounted to the enormous aggregate of over \$500,000,000.

I told Daniels that in my judgment between 3 per cent and 4 per cent of the total claims filed would be a just settlement, and suggested that friction could be avoided if a lump sum was paid over by Mexico to be distributed under the supervision of the United States Court of Claims; that such a move on his part would overcome the naturally prejudiced attitude toward him in Mexico due to the unfortunate episode in 1914.

Daniels was quick to see the point.

The very day that Daniels arrived in Mexico City a demonstration against him took place as we predicted. Daniels had been warned, however, and was prepared to meet the issue, and in a very few months, by acting on the advice given, convinced the Mexicans that he wanted to see justice done on the claims and other matters where the relations of the two countries were involved.

The Mexicans found that he was well posted on both educational and agricultural problems. Not only had he talked to some of us who had been in constant contact with Mexican affairs, but he dug into the questions on his own hook and was prepared to talk intelligently on the internal problems of Mexico as had Dwight Morrow, who, in sharp contrast to past American ambassadors to Mexico, had achieved a knowledge of the Mexican scene

which to the Mexicans seemed almost monumental.

Knowing Mexico as well as I do, I have much admiration for the way this man stuck to his job. He was our ambassador to that country from 1933 to 1942, during which years the controversy over the oil issue was reborn. This required the diplomacy a man like Daniels could give it instead of a foolhardy ambassador such as Sheffield, who did not hesitate to show contempt for the Mexican government, even, as I have said, referring to Calles as "the greaser president."

To get back to that period, no sooner had Calles settled the oil issue for the time being than a storm broke on his head because of his attitude on the church hierarchy. Both the Mexican constitutions of 1857 and 1917 had provisions in them seeking to separate the church from some of the vast amount of property it had absorbed through the centuries.

Only for a few short years after the 1857 constitution had been adopted, when Maximilian, the usurping emperor, had been deposed, and Juarez had taken his place as the legally elected president of the Republic, had there been any real attempt made to carry out the provisions dealing with institutionalized religion in the Mexican constitution.

During the thirty-three years that Diaz held Mexico in his iron grasp, these provisions had been more honored in the breach than in the observance. While some of them had been abrogated, Diaz used them as a threat to hold over the heads of the hierarchy to make sure they would go along with his administration no matter how corrupt the administration was.

When the Madero revolution came to a head in 1911, and this honest mystic, at the head of his army of the dispossessed, entered Mexico City and assumed the reins of government, the church was not found on the side of the people. Compelled to keep it in the background or risk the rage of the rising revolution, the church bided its time, and immediately after the murder of Madero, backed the malodorous Victoriano Huerta, who had usurped the presidential office.

Huerta, it will be remembered, came afoul of Woodrow Wilson and was, in a very short time, forced out of office. Again the hierarchy went into retirement. Then came Carranza, known as the constitutional leader. While Carranza was not in any sense antireligious, he was, at that time, anticlerical.

When the new constitution was adopted at Querétaro in 1917, it restated the provisions of the constitution of 1857 dealing with the separation of church and state.

Then came the disappearance of Carranza from the scene through assassination, and not long after, the entrance into the Presidency of Obregon. While the hierarchy did everything they could during Obregon's administration to cripple the attempt to make education a national and not a religious matter, it was not until the second year of the Calles administration that the opposition of the church came into the open.

In 1923 I talked with Alvaro Obregon in Cuernavaca. It was a moonlit night, and he had just one friend with him. No military guard was in evidence. We stood up against an iron fence surrounding the statue of a Mexican hero of old. It was just outside of a building known as Cortez' palace, which was used as the state legislature administration at that time. Obregon had a very keen sense of humor, which of course in the last analysis means a sense of proportion, and we talked about many things. At this time, early 1923, his administration had not yet been recognized by the United States. The late Charles Evans Hughes was then Secretary of State.

"I think you ought to put a statue up in Mexico City to another eminent man," I suggested to *El Presidente*.

"Who would that be?" Obregon inquired.

"Charles Evans Hughes," I said.

He was rather aghast. "Why?"

I answered, "He has failed to recognize you for nearly three years, and during that time you have found out that Mexico can get along without recognition. To my mind this is a very important discovery."

El Presidente laughed and I turned to another subject then very much in the public mind—the right of women to vote. Only a few years before we had given this right to the women in the United States, and so I asked Obregon what his attitude would be toward giving the Mexican woman the vote. He replied quickly, "I would favor giving it to the woman in industry because she would find out that by her ballot she could help protect herself both in wages and conditions. But I wouldn't give it to the woman in the household."

"Why not?" I was puzzled.

"You probably don't know the influence that our priests here exercise in family affairs," he explained. "If women in the household had the vote it would, in most cases, be the local priest who would vote, and I oppose the clergy taking any part in politics. I want them to keep to their legitimate mission which should be to act solely as spiritual advisers to our people."

In 1926 Calles gave notice that the provisions dealing with the freedom of religion and the taking over of education by the state must be put into practice, and the provisions strictly observed. The central church hierarchy at once ordered the clergy of Mexico to leave the churches.

Calles countered by ordering all religious edifices into the charge of local committees who were to be held responsible for their care and continuous opening, so that the people of Mexico could enter freely into their churches and engage in their usual worship. The only exceptions to keeping the churches open were a few of the great cathedrals on which millions had been lavished in art treasures as well as architecture, and the President was anxious not to take the risk of any destruction to these buildings through riots.

For over two years the struggle between Calles and the hierarchy went on—a struggle which was waged largely in the United States. The clergy of Mexico sought, through propaganda, to arouse the people of this country to bring pressure on our government, and through it on the Mexican administration, on the basis that the

struggle was a battle for religious liberty. The premise was of course not only false, but might be called a gigantic joke in view of the fact that the Inquisition was not abolished in Mexico until some time after it had been put to an end on the continent of Europe. The iron rule of the church hierarchy had allowed no liberty, no freedom of worship whatever outside its tenets during all the centuries of its dominance. The cry of the church in 1857 against the new constitution, modeled on that of the U.S., which established religious liberty was, "The people do not want tolerance," but now it brayed religious liberty in loud tones because its power was being assailed.

Moreover, the hierarchy did not stop at this appeal for "religious liberty." Large meetings were held in this country, one of them in Madison Square Garden, New York, in which a judge actually demanded the lifting of the arms embargo as it concerned Mexico. In other words, Mexican politicians seeking to upset the Calles regime had pledged themselves to use arms, provided the church could use its influence to get the arms over the border or through the various ports into Mexico. Great sums of money were spent on this propaganda, all of which was collected in this country.

All of this was to prove of no avail. The Mexican government, never attacking the catholic church in the statements they made in this country, but telling the truth of the real issues involved—in the public prints and through printed pamphlets—defeated the hierarchy in all the attempts to poison the minds of the great majority of our citizens.

Shortly after the arrival of Morrow in Mexico the contending parties were brought together and the religious issue, for the time being, was settled; the clergy going back to their job which, as Calles expressed it, was to be solely the spiritual leaders of the people. It was agreed that the clergy was to keep out of politics.

At times in the years that have passed since the agreement was entered into, they have kept their promises, and at other times they have not. No one who understands the Mexican scene would write that the finish to the issue between church and state has

been permanently solved even now; and in the early days of the Morrow ambassadorship, the truce between the two, although hailed as a victory for American diplomacy, marked by national celebrations in Mexico, was not a lasting solution to the problem.

CHAPTER EIGHT

DURING this period of strife in the late twenties, Mexico was fair game for the plutocratic birds of prey. Taking advantage of the struggle over state and church, one of the most sinister figures in the newspaper world, William Randolph Hearst, began a campaign of slander against the Mexican government.

Hearst was an excellent example of the absentee landlord. He owned considerably over a million acres of land in Mexico. His Barbicoa Ranch was a typical Mexican hacienda of the colonial days, where the owner was the lord and master and the native Mexicans who worked the properties lived in a state of peonage. They were always in debt to the *hacendado*, William Randolph Hearst. Hearst was fearful that the provisions of the Mexican Constitution of 1917 would some day become active and a part of his mighty domain distributed among the peons for cultivation. In the latter part of November, 1927, he perpetrated what has been described as the great hoax in American journalism. His papers for a week or so carried banner headlines informing the public that on a certain given date in the latter part of November, 1927, they would "expose" a great plot against the United States government. Then one day came the news! Facsimile reproductions of documents purporting to be official correspondence of President Calles appeared in all his papers. The press stories went on to relate that President Calles had been engaged in bribing some of our men in high public office and some of our publicists to influence both legislative and executive action favorable to the

Mexican government and detrimental to the Hearst interests.

These documents, on their face, were forgeries of such a blatant kind that many believed Hearst knew it when he bought them. I was retained by the Mexican government to expose these forgeries, and it was not a very difficult job. I knew in a very short time that they were forgeries beyond any shadow of doubt, and I knew it by a most simple test. The real job, of course, was to get the exposure before several of the large publishers in order that they might be so thoroughly convinced of the character of the documents that they would not have to hesitate in denouncing Hearst for the outrage perpetrated upon the chief executive of a sister nation with whom we were then on fairly friendly terms.

One batch of the forgeries, published in the Hearst papers, purported to be letters coming out of the presidential office authorizing the payment of large sums of money to four U.S. senators and various persons in the newspaper and magazine world. The minute I scanned these documents I knew that Hearst had unwittingly supplied the material with which to expose him.

The tops of the letters were unquestionably similar to those coming out of President Calles' office; thousands came out of there and it would be easy to secure one and photograph it in making up the forgeries. The signature was undoubtedly a clever tracing of Calles' own handwriting, but the fatal slip came at the end of the letter. The forgers were not acquainted with office procedure, and at the bottom of the purported genuine letters were first the initials, "S.G.," the President's secretary, and then followed the initials, "P.E.C.," the initials of the President.

The next day's purported letters, published in the Hearst papers, contained again at the bottom the initials, "S.G.," followed by "P.E.C." Of course I knew, as everyone who has ever done office work also knows, that the universal custom is to put first the initials of the person who dictates a letter and then the initials of the one to whom it is dictated. I took these copies of the purported letters, had the clerks in the embassy at Washington and the clerks in the consul general's office, which was also the financial

office of the Calles' administration in this country, open the files and take out all letters received in either office from the office of the President of Mexico.

It is almost needless to state that we found in every case the initials of the President first, at the bottom of all the letters, followed by the initials of the secretary—just the opposite of the forged letters.

I visited several leading editorial writers and managing editors and presented the exhibit to them. This gave them confidence in commenting upon the documents as they appeared, and a fire of criticism was aimed at the Hearst papers. Even some of the most outspoken enemies of Mexico became afraid to speak even a mildly friendly word for this Hearst campaign of slander.

No one can deny that Hearst, in his heyday, had always shown great audacity. One might describe it as immense impudence. A way had to be found to offset the public disclosure of these documents as forgeries, and so he turned toward the senate, as that body knew that four of its members were named in these forged documents.

It was a very clever game on the surface. The idea was to prove that leading members of the Mexican administration had secured a large sum of money under the pretense of using it in this country to influence legislative and executive action. The resolution offered in the senate was drawn up in such a manner that an investigation would be made of those parts of the charges published in the documents involving U.S. senators. The rest of the forgeries were not to figure in the investigation. These tactics would give Mr. Hearst a chance to wriggle out of the position in which he had gotten himself.

Hearst had published the forgeries involving four senators—Norris, La Follette, Borah and Heflin—with their names deleted. This gave an excuse for the resolution just referred to. Hon. David Reed, U.S. senator from Pennsylvania, was selected to put in the resolution. He automatically became chairman of the investigating committee. Then entered the presiding officer of the senate,

who was willing to align himself with anything that would smear Mexico. He named the committee, including the chairman, and having the whole number of senators to select from, he chose a majority of the committee from towns where there were Hearst newspapers. In order to save his face, he was compelled to select as the fifth member of the committee, the then leader of the Democratic minority, Robinson of Arkansas, where there was no Hearst newspaper.

It was a most open and outrageous attempt to serve Hearst and damage as much as possible the government of Mexico. The plan was upset, however, by some of the most eminent journalists stationed in Washington, and before the committee was twenty-four hours old, the majority of its members knew it was going to have difficulties.

The committee, however, did its best to carry out the plan. Mr. Hearst was the first witness. He was treated most tenderly and allowed to escape without being asked the most simple questions that any cross-examiner would have asked him had he been in court. He gave the names of the four senators whose names had been deleted from the documents he published. He was then allowed to make a speech in which he gravely informed the senators on the committee that he, Hearst, of course had no suspicion that any of the four senators named had ever had any relations with the government of Mexico, nor taken a cent from that government for any services whatsoever; that wicked and designing men of Mexico had used this means of grafting a large amount of money, and that the money which the documents showed had been paid to senators of the United States had doubtless gone into the pockets of Mexican politicians.

In other words, that these designing politicians had actually written these letters. He thus tried to broadcast again that the letters were genuine, and not forgeries. He added to his first offense of grossly libeling the Mexican government and the officials composing it, the further one of insulting them outrageously before a senate investigating committee. He made his

bow and took the train for the west. The farther away he was from the committee the better could his plan be carried out.

That plan was to use the resolution passed by the senate to secure an adjournment of the committee, after they had found the four senators guiltless, thus ignoring the rest of the forged documents on the grounds that the senate was not interested in them other than as they affected the four senators.

A small group of Washington correspondents, however, before whom I had put my proofs in private, showing all the Hearst documents to be forgeries, spoiled Mr. Hearst's game in spite of the fact that the senate committee had been "loaded" in his interests. In fact, Hearst's senatorial assistants played right into the hands of those who were interested in exposing Hearst's sinister plot. When the consul general of Mexico was on the stand, his evidence was so overwhelmingly convincing as to the falsity of the statements contained in the documents published by Hearst, that the Hearst attorney forgot all caution and openly sent up questions to some of the members of the committee directed at Mr. Elias, the consul general, and other witnesses who followed him.

So blatant, so outrageous in every sense of decency were these actions of the Hearst attorney that after the committee adjourned, one of the most prominent correspondents in Washington, the late Paul V. Anderson, denounced in the hearing of those senators who composed the committee their obvious attempts to protect Mr. Hearst. Had Senator Johnson of California been a paid attorney of Hearst he could not have been more vicious in his cross-examination, particularly that of Mr. Elias. However, as the consul general had nothing to hide, neither Johnson nor the other senators were able to make the least dent in his testimony.

It happened that I had found out who was the principal forger of these documents. It was one Avila, who made a living in Mexico City by trafficking in forgeries, some of which had been offered to the various newspapermen stationed in that capital. One of these men, sent down by the *Chicago Tribune* to get a series of special

stories, was George Seldes. This was in 1927, when I happened to be spending part of the winter in Mexico City in connection with the exposé, and was living in a little apartment right in back of Seldes' hotel.

I covered most of the country that winter, traveling in the various states interviewing several of the governors, but I did not make use of a letter of introduction from President Calles (on which his initials appear first, I might add) anywhere I went. The governors had been apprised of my visit in advance, and in dealing with the people—hotel keepers, railway clerks, etc.—I was careful not to show letters because I wanted to see how tourists were treated. I can honestly say that in no country in which I traveled, including Europe, have the people treated me more courteously than in Mexico. Everywhere I went, the greatest consideration was shown to the traveler in securing hotel accommodations, railway tickets, restaurant service and all the other small courtesies which mean so much to the person traveling outside his native country.

At any rate, Seldes came to see me, told me of the document he had been offered by Avila for 700 pesos, and asked me what I thought about it. I laughed and told him a friend of mine, about a month before, had been offered the same document for 30 pesos. Needless to say, Seldes did not buy it.

As the investigation continued, I was able to produce before the committee the late Frank Y. McLaughlin, an independent oil operator who happened to be in New York, and who had certain data on Avila, the principal maker of the Hearst forgeries. The data connected Avila with the American embassy when it was presided over by Ambassador Sheffield. McLaughlin, who had read the forgeries in the Hearst papers, recognized at once the hand of Avila, and wrote his senator, La Follette of Wisconsin, regarding what he knew. La Follette requested that McLaughlin be examined when he came to Washington.

When the committee got wind of the fact that La Follette had a key witness like McLaughlin ready to testify, it immediately set

about trying to forestall any public statement of evidence he might give which would point to Hearst's guilt. The attempt to hush the latest witness was obvious in the extreme, and certainly gave the lie to all previous protest that Mr. Hearst was an innocent (not to say injured, from the way he had been treated) party to the forgeries.

Some of the members of the committee first talked to McLaughlin privately, and they were so scared by what he had to say that they called an executive session before he gave public testimony. The press, of course, was excluded from this session. With a group of correspondents, whom I had interested in exposing these forgeries, I asked McLaughlin to go before a qualified public stenographer and relate everything that he had told the committee. A copy of this testimony was placed in the hands of the group, who were to publish it only in the event of the committee refusing to hear McLaughlin in public when the sessions opened the following week.

There was no attempt to have any secrecy about our action. We knew the fact that this had been done would travel swiftly among the correspondents. It was not long before the members of the committee knew that the correspondents also knew what McLaughlin had told the committee in private. Had they any desire to prevent the examination of McLaughlin, which doubtless most of them had, they knew what a nation-wide scandal would result if the McLaughlin testimony was suppressed, and so they were compelled to hear him. The McLaughlin move was followed by the appearance in Washington of Robert Hammond Murray, for many years the correspondent of American newspapers in Mexico. Murray also offered to tell what he knew about Avila, the forger. A senator, not a member of the committee, requested that Murray be called as a witness.

In the same way that the members of the committee acted toward McLaughlin, they attempted to act toward Murray—to talk to him in private. Murray, however, like McLaughlin, insisted upon a public hearing. The results, of course, were that the

committee was compelled to continue the hearings on the basis of examining all the documents, hearing all of the testimony concerning the documents, and not only those forgeries which contained the names of the four senators.

Avila was hauled before the committee after the testimony regarding his career had been given, and he was perhaps the most stupid liar that had ever appeared before an investigating committee. It was really pitiable. The jig was up as far as the Hearst forgeries were concerned. The question now before the committee was how they could save Hearst's face.

Fortunately for Avila the hearings adjourned over the holidays to reconvene on January 4, 1928. Meanwhile from about December 20, when McLaughlin first appeared before the senate committee, he was followed and hounded by Hearst's detectives and others who were trying to make out a case for Hearst. They were trying to find something to pin on McLaughlin so as to discredit him. They were not successful. Avila's testimony prior to the adjournment of the hearings over the holidays ended on a reprehensible lie concerning McLaughlin's relations with high officials of the Mexican government. Rumors were going around that McLaughlin would be flayed at the hearing on January 4. It was a tense moment. He was to be the first witness. Senator Reed called the meeting to order and had announced that Mr. McLaughlin would be heard when Mr. DeForest, Hearst's chief counsel, strode forth and said: "Just a moment, Mr. Chairman. I would like to submit this letter to the committee before the hearing proceeds." Senator Reed took the letter and asked Mr. DeForest what it contained. Mr. DeForest replied categorically that it was a statement by Mr. Hearst to the effect that he (Mr. Hearst) had reached the conclusion that all of the documents submitted at the hearing purporting to show bribery, plots and chicanery on the part of the Mexican government were spurious and forgeries. Hearst had been deceived. It is difficult to describe the scene that followed. Here the great build-up that Hearst had given the plot in his papers had fallen flat by Hearst's own confession. The money of

the American taxpayer had been spent in conducting lengthy and expensive hearings on a case to which there was no substance; the American people had been deceived by Hearst and his newspapers. Senator Norris, of Nebraska, characterized the whole activities of Hearst in bringing the false charges against Mexico and its high officials and high officials of the American government as being a great journalistic hoax. He mixed his metaphors up a bit, but he described the Hearst papers as a monstrous octopus reaching its slimy tentacles to the nethermost parts of our land, constituting the sewer system of American journalism.

It was known that the government's experts had found the documents to be forgeries. The Hearst attorneys were, of course, informed of every step being taken and every decision being arrived at. Following the statement by Mr. DeForest it was said that on the orders of Mr. Hearst, experts had been hired to examine thoroughly the authenticity of the documents, and that now, Hearst, as a result of this examination, believed all of the documents published by him were forgeries. This, of course, was an attempt on the part of the majority of the committee to give Mr. Hearst a chance to state that he had been misled and deceived into buying these forgeries. It is very significant, however, that no member of the committee made a public statement to the effect that the same examination by experts for Hearst before he published the documents, would have led to the same discovery.

Even this protest of innocence on the part of Hearst could not prevent further hearings. Certain leads had come out of these hearings that must be followed unless the committee was to subject itself to destructive public criticism, and so the few remaining hearings were conducted in such a manner as to do the least possible damage to Mr. Hearst. And the last session, in which Mr. Ferris, a business representative of Mr. Hearst, was examined, was held in secret . . . Mr. Ferris was the man who was supposed to have brought the documents to Mr. Hearst's attention!

On the next to the last day of the series of sessions a most illuminating exhibit occurred of the way the committee was work-

ing with Mr. Hearst in trying to have this exposure stopped, if possible, before any more damage was done.

Mr. Lane, who had been next in authority to Ambassador Sheffield in the embassy in Mexico, had been called. In spite of the great tenderness shown him by a majority of the committee, he was unable to hide the fact of the relations between the American embassy and Avila. When the proceedings of the investigating committee were printed, however, it was found that the entire account of the session of January 6 had been omitted. Those who had heard Mr. Lane's testimony had no doubt in their minds as to why this attempt at suppression had been made.

The chairman of the committee was Senator Reed of Pennsylvania, one of the leading corporation lawyers of the United States.

When his attention was called to the fact of this omission, and he was asked whether it had been made at the request of the State Department, he denied that such a request had been made. He said, however, that he was utterly at a loss to explain how the "error" had been made, and would see to it at once that the proceedings of January 6 would be put in a separate document and supplied to the public.

As always when a suppression is discovered, more publicity was secured for Lane's testimony than would have been possible had no attempt been made to suppress it. As far as the public mind was concerned, the most efficient denunciation of Hearst's attempt to involve us with another nation was Senator Norris' indictment of his dastardly act. In this denunciation, Norris analyzed Hearst's testimony before the committee. With the exception of the Hearst newspapers, it was carried in almost every newspaper in the country. It hit Hearst so hard personally that he spent many thousands of dollars buying advertising space in other newspapers than his own to publish his answer.

Senator Norris at the time was on a sickbed, and this made his attack even more dramatic. Perhaps never in the history of American journalism has any newspaper proprietor ever had so much

public opinion aroused against him as Hearst at that period. However, the memory of the people, sad to say, is proverbially a very short one.

One of the most interesting echoes of this entire incident was a frank talk I had with a Hearst executive by the name of Hastings, who was one of his high-paid general staff. He had general supervision over several of the Hearst newspapers. We happened to be traveling the same way and were alone in the smoking compartment of a sleeping car. He got to discussing Hearst. I said, "Why did you let your chief get mixed up in such a wild scheme as the Mexican forgeries? You and other members of the general staff are certainly not fools, and you must have feared that these forgeries would be exposed for what they really were."

Hastings answered very quickly, "You will never understand Hearst nor his actions. You are judging him merely as an executive and a publisher. Your premises, therefore, are entirely false. To understand him you must also understand that Hearst is a potentate. When he wants anything, like all potentates he wants it, and that's all there is to it."

Then, mentioning three Hearst newspapers, he continued, "Look at the headaches these sheets are giving me. I know they can never go over as paying properties. Why, then, do we have them? The answer is that Hearst wanted a newspaper in these three particular cities, and there wasn't any argument that would convince him he should not have them. Hearst wanted these particular documents for certain purposes of his own, and he got them.

"I had no part in the purchase or publishing of the forgeries but this is what I think happened. Those who knew what the chief wanted in these Mexican forgeries conducted the negotiations for the purchase of these documents. When someone spoke up and uttered a doubt as to their genuineness, Hearst summoned an executive who could always be depended upon to do what he knew the chief wanted him to do. He came back and told Hearst that the documents were genuine. The truth is that he in all

probability went to those who had forged the documents and took their word that the papers were genuine. Of course he knew better, but he also knew what Hearst wanted."

Here ends the story of just one of the attempts of William Randolph Hearst to poison the public mind in order to further any particular scheme that he might have been trying to carry out at the moment.

It is of sinister significance that Hearst had enough influence to prevent a final report of the senatorial committee from ever being made. Undeniably guilty, Hearst was never condemned for his actions and went absolutely scot-free of blame as far as the highest legislative body in the United States was concerned. No other publisher in the United States could have accomplished this except Hearst, as no other publisher at that time had the facilities for poisoning the public mind so thoroughly against anyone whom he wanted to destroy politically, or otherwise.

I am writing this at a time when the Hearst influence seems to be waning, now that the potentate has passed from his empire. What he did years ago perhaps even he could not do today. However, other influences in the publishing business will take the place of the Hearst influence just as long as newspaper publishing continues to be a business, and not a public service.

CHAPTER NINE

THE five years between the conclusion of the La Follette campaign for the Presidency and the beginning of the administration of Herbert Hoover were busy years for me. While I was called upon constantly to look after the relations between the republic of Mexico and the people of the United States, I was also continually moving throughout the country in various clothing centers in which the Amalgamated was ever engaged in the struggle to better the wages and working conditions of the men and boys' clothing industry.

In addition to this direct activity on the part of the Amalgamated, they were also engaged in various plans to further the general welfare of their own membership and to help in the efforts of the work in other industries to accomplish the same end. Perhaps the real key to the progress of the Amalgamated has been the fact that its leaders actually took the expression in the constitution, "to promote the general welfare," seriously. This was the core of all their activity as expressed by Sidney Hillman once to his associates. "Nothing that happens to improve the general welfare of all our people can be ignored by the Amalgamated. Only as the general welfare moves continually upward, can the Amalgamated itself prosper."

I've heard and read a lot about Americanism. I've heard it spouted about by ponderous Pecksniffs from many platforms and have read it in many columns of many publications, but to realize real Americanism was to witness the efforts on the part of a boy

born in Russia, who came here in his young manhood, and who actually tried to do his part in putting the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution into practice, for that was the basis of all of Sidney Hillman's activity. I realized this fact almost from the time I became associated directly with the labor leader in 1924, and it became more and more apparent as I worked with him.

I had witnessed the plight of the needle workers in Philadelphia in the early days of this century, and had done what I could to help them organize, although there was not much anyone could do at that time. When I took over *The Call*, in 1917, I used its columns to further the fight for a better life for workers through organization; and I gave particular attention to the needle workers, whose cause I had championed so long. The former editor of *The Call* had been unsympathetic to the Amalgamated because the A.F. of L. refused to recognize it; but I felt that this "new" union was the only means of gaining better conditions for the rank and file of the needle workers, because of the militant constitution they had drawn up, and because of the remarkable leadership of Sidney Hillman.

Sidney was about as different from the usual conception of a labor leader in those days (personified by big Bill Haywood of the I.W.W.) as a calm clear sky is from a thunderstorm. He was a quiet man; he looked like a young business executive when I first met him—more like a representative of the firm of Hart Schaffner & Marx than of its workers. He was a supreme strategist, a man of logic and reason, and although he could become emotionally aroused, he never allowed his emotions to govern his actions. He knew the value of the press as few men knew it; and as soon as he saw that I was friendly in my attitude toward the Amalgamated, he did everything that he could through his organization to support *The Call*.

I was asked to speak at the third biennial convention of the union in Baltimore in 1918, and in introducing me, Hillman said, "I am glad that we have with us at this session the editor of *The*

New York Call, labor's mouthpiece in the city of New York, which has always stood ready to help us since Charles W. Ervin has been in charge of the editorial policy of the paper."

I remember saying that day that I was interested in the organization because the men and women in it were not content to organize merely for a little less poverty, as most labor unions before it had done, but because they were trying, through an entirely new and different constitution, to put the Declaration of Independence into practice. Afterward, Sidney and I went for a long walk—he was a great walker, was known to hike as much as ten miles in an afternoon, and at that time I was still young enough to keep up with him—and we discussed the principles of the Declaration in relation to the workingman. Sidney Hillman was a man of great vision, but he was a practical dreamer. He recognized what could be accomplished with the tools at hand and what must wait until the proper machinery was set up. Although he was labeled "compromiser" by more fanatical leaders, he compromised only on details, never on principles.

He had recently come through an arbitration battle for a wage raise. The employers had agreed only after a costly strike, and when the neutral chairman asked them bluntly, "What's your offer?" they answered hesitantly, "A one-dollar raise." But Sidney didn't hesitate. "We'll take it," he snapped. After the conference, his co-workers in the union said they thought they might have got more. "Yes," Hillman agreed, "we might have got more—but what good would it do if it made the shops move to another town where we aren't organized? These shops can't pay more than one dollar now. When the bosses can afford more, we'll make them give it."

When *The Call* folded in 1923, Hillman asked me to join the staff of the Amalgamated as its Public Relations Director, and as his personal adviser on the matter of his speeches. He was, incidentally, a far cry from the old-time labor orators. He was no spieler. When he spoke at mass meetings or conventions, he talked in the same conversational tones he used at his desk. He employed logic

rather than fireworks, and he almost always won his point. His voice was quiet, yet it had a compelling quality, a combination of restrained emotion and the genuine conviction behind his words, which made his audiences listen intently. The only indication he gave of being aroused was a slight lifting of his left shoulder. (I could always tell when Sidney was angry or indignant by the way that left shoulder of his hunched up.) Without using any of the tricks of the spellbinder, he could hold his audience spell-bound.

With regard to the speeches themselves, he always had definite ideas about what he wanted to say, and we had long conferences concerning the material to be included. I recall the time he was asked to give a Lincoln Day address. He commented, smiling, "Here I am, a 'foreigner,' who still speaks with an accent, and I'm making a speech on Abraham Lincoln." He was very glad to do so. He was a great admirer of Lincoln and the principles for which the Civil War President stood. For this speech he suggested that I gather together every observation that Lincoln had made regarding labor, and labor's part in government.

I traveled with Sidney to a great many cities in the United States during the first few years of my association with him, moving from one clothing market to another where he was needed. In the NRA days and later during the period that Hillman served on the War Production Board, we both spent most of the time in Washington. Sidney had a passion for work. For many years he fought to reduce the work week to thirty-six hours, but he himself always worked at least twelve hours a day; and it was a rare Sunday that didn't find him at his desk part of the day. Unionism, social welfare in general, was uppermost in his mind; he ate, drank and slept it. (There was a standing joke in his family that Sidney never knew what kind of food he was eating.) I spent many evenings in the Hillman apartment in New York, and most of our conversation dealt with plans for future publicity campaigns to further the cause of the workers. Sometimes the talk would turn to books, because Sidney was an avid reader, but most often it

dealt with labor problems and the solutions to them that he was constantly working out in his mind, and that he would put into action shortly.

For he was a man of action. His theories were all sound, and he never permitted them to remain theories. Even in illness he kept working till the project at hand was finished. When the doctor ordered him to rest after a heart attack, I remember that he used to hold consultations with me while he was "resting," on a couch in his office. He drove himself beyond his strength (he was slender in build, rather frail-looking), yet he conducted himself with such ease and quiet poise that most people never suspected he was draining his energy to the last drop.

Although he was ordinarily unruffled, he had two violent aversions—unauthorized strikes and communism. The latter he fought continually, holding that "labor must be industry-conscious." He used to say, "We can't ask from industry more than it can give—that's communist practice—to disrupt. When labor does that, it defeats itself." And he carried out this principle by working with industry on more than one occasion when he helped the manufacturer map out a plan to continue production so the workers would not lose their jobs. I remember William Knudsen once said to him, "Sidney, you know as much about business as I do!" "I ought to, Bill," was Hillman's quiet answer. "My union runs and owns two banks, and several low cost housing projects, and we collaborate closely with factory owners in regulating the industry."

I have a keen memory of the C.I.O. convention in 1940 at which he bested John L. Lewis when the latter sought to split that organization wide open. Lewis had packed the committee with left-wingers, so he was boss. Hillman rushed to Atlantic City and took personal command of the battle. On a Wednesday afternoon, after a long night conferring, he took the platform. Lewis, always a showman, had boomed through the oratorical skirmishes and headlines. Hillman, the soft-spoken tactician, merely talked sense to the delegates, as man to man. His mastery was such that he tied the can to his opponents so that Lewis' followers could not erupt.

They would have if Hillman had given voice to personal feelings against Lewis. But he knew that was just what Lewis wanted, and he had fought too many battles to fall for the bait. He suppressed anger, and kept the fight where Lewis couldn't win—on the argument that the C.I.O. was bigger than any man and all forces must unite for common gains. When he finished speaking, he had won and Lewis had lost.

I saw Sidney win a great many battles in the years that I was associated with him. He was a person of inner strength and quiet forcefulness. In all those years I saw him break down only once, and that was when President Roosevelt died. I had been having dinner across the street from the Lafayette, where we were staying; my companion was a member of Roosevelt's staff who had seen the Chief Executive only a few hours before he was stricken. We were just having our coffee when we heard the news. I left immediately as I knew Sidney was in the hotel room by himself, but halfway across the street I met him coming to find me. "Charlie, you heard?" His face looked drawn, as if he were in pain. I nodded. "Yes, just now." We went back up to the room, and that was when Sidney gave way. "What are we going to do, Charlie? What are we going to do now?" Tears stood in his eyes. I remember pressing his shoulder silently, as much moved by his sorrow as my own.

One more trait in Sidney Hillman's character that I want to mention here is that he never demanded loyalty to him as a person. I don't remember ever having contact with a man in public position who demanded less personal loyalty than Hillman. What he did demand was loyalty to the policies, which, after discussion, the organization had decided to follow.

I always felt that any expressions of personal loyalty embarrassed him, and that he rather mistrusted the man who gave utterance to them. With the exception of a few intimates from whom he received personal affection, I would say that generally he got less affection than he did respect.

I knew of several cases in the union where high-ranking officers had very specific "run-ins" with Hillman. These differences, how-

ever, never affected their positions in any way as long as the men were loyal to the organization and worked just as untiringly for it as Hillman himself. As a matter of fact, when I think of the differences of opinion that used to arise between Sidney and myself, I am quite sure we would have severed relations long before the twenty-one years we had worked together at the time of his death in 1946 if he had demanded personal loyalty. But he was above petty considerations; all he asked was devotion to the cause to which he dedicated his whole life.

In the spring following the La Follette campaign, I went to Europe with Robert La Follette, Jr. and Eugene Reefer, who had helped so effectively in organizing the dollar campaign in 1924. I spent a little time in London, in Paris, in Berlin, Vienna, northern Italy and back to France. Bob La Follette, Jr. remained in Paris a few weeks after Reefer and myself left for the United States, none of us realizing that he probably should have come with us—for on his voyage home he received the news of the illness of his father, Robert La Follette, Sr. who, shortly afterward, in June, died.

The death of La Follette at that time pointed out the uncertainty of human events to me more vividly than any event which had yet occurred in my life. On the voyage to Liverpool, Bob, Jr. had talked to me about his future. For ten years he had faithfully served his father as secretary. He was now just a little under thirty. He felt that he must have some independent career, and he discussed whether or not he couldn't take up newspaper work in Wisconsin—in other words, heading the public relations of the Progressive organization. I remember telling him I thought that would be a fine idea, suggesting that he get his training for a short time on one of the Scripps papers which were then friendly to the Progressives, thus preparing him for effective service in newspaper work.

The death of the elder La Follette of course put an end to this planning of Bob's future career and brought an abrupt change in his life. He was placed in nomination to serve out his father's

term. Fortunately he was thirty years old just before the election, and so was qualified under the Constitution.

His career showed that he was a worthy successor to his father. While having imbibed his progressive principles from the elder La Follette, he was his own man in every way. He amazed the elder senators in his 1929 tariff debate with his grasp of the very intricate subject.

He was a forceful figure of direct action. When a job had to be done, he was ready to plunge in, yet he was not above asking those whose opinion he valued for advice.

Our first stop on this 1925 trip to Europe was in London.

In Paris, I went with Bob to the studio of Jo Davidson, where I met the famous sculptor. He had just finished his full figure of La Follette, Sr., which Bob wanted to see, and which is now in the Capitol at Washington. I had never seen a speaking likeness in marble of anyone before, but Jo had certainly accomplished this, and as we stood looking at the statue, I thought the senior La Follette was just about to talk to me.

Then there was the bust of George Norris, who was a very dear friend of mine. The making of the bust was an affectionate gesture by Jo who admired this Nebraskan and soldier of common good for all our people. I made the arrangements for the sittings, being stationed in Washington at that period most of my time. The director of the Corcoran Art Galleries gave Jo use of one of the chambers in the lower floor of the Galleries. I spent hours there listening to Jo talk as he worked on the senator. The senator, not given to much talk, nevertheless was charmed by Jo, and entered into more conversation than he ever indulged in. The bust, which hangs on the wall before me as I write this, has not yet found a place in Washington, which is where it belongs, and not in Nebraska, which is populated by only a small part of the people whom Norris served so pre-eminently.

I have a vivid memory of the day that Jo received his check for the Will Rogers statue now in Washington. It was quite a goodly sum, around \$35,000, and at lunch that day Jo said to me, "Now

who can I do to make the reactionaries mad? That is, some person who can't afford to pay my price?" I laughed because it reminded me of a great surgeon I knew who used to charge wealthy patients \$10,000 for an operation, and then had a conscience fund for poverty patients. Before I had stopped laughing, Jo said seriously, "How about Sidney Hillman? Do you think he'd sit?"

I said just as seriously, "I'll see what I can do."

In the case of Hillman, it was a matter of getting the man when he had enough time to sit, as he was moving through the various clothing centers almost ceaselessly. I finally arranged it, however, and a bronze bust now reposes in the Amalgamated Center of Chicago, known as the Labor Temple. When that building was dedicated, it was the most costly and the most perfect building devoted to labor activities in the United States. It was therefore a most fitting edifice in which to place the bust of a truly great man made by a great artist.

At this time, Jo Davidson paid tribute in sculpture to another great artist in a field that had never before been celebrated—Goudy—in the "art preservative of all arts," printers' type.

Just before this happened, Jo had left his studio in France and gone to Barcelona to make the busts of the various leaders of the Loyalists in the Spanish Civil War. He did some of these busts right under fire in Barcelona. Again there was no money involved here. Jo was intensely interested in seeing the Loyalists triumph over the forces led by the malodorous Franco. The only one missing in this group of busts was the Prime Minister of the Loyalists, who was in a different part of the country at this time. The group was completed, however, some time afterward in this country, when Jo had the leader sit for him while he was in the United States on his way to Mexico, where he was to be given refuge from Franco. It is a rather shameful chapter in our history that Mexico showed more interest in the refugees of the Loyalist cause than we did. In an attempt to create more sympathy, Jo had the bust shipped here and put on exhibit in Washington, New York and some of our large cities.

Jo was working in his French studio when the organized thugery of Europe led by Hitler plunged the great part of the world into a veritable blood bath. Jo was selected by a group in the American colony in Paris to come to the United States to raise money for medical supplies and ambulances for the French army. Germany had not yet invaded France at this time. While Jo was making arrangements for various exhibits of French art to be used as a method of collecting funds, the Hitler forces attacked the low countries, Belgium and the Netherlands, and then swept into France. This prevented Jo from getting back either to Paris or his country studio at Bercheron, the German army having swept not only into Paris but into Tours and the territory where Jo's studio was located, the Manoir de Bercheron.

Up from the east side of New York, out of a sweatshop came Jo—his background provided him with a rare understanding of men and women in every walk of life. Coming out of the depths, he never lost his feeling for those who are still down there. It is true that he earned economic freedom by his art, but he always insisted that Chance played the deciding part in his career.

In a sweatshop which turned out cheap gift materials, Jo worked on burnt wood and leather. At that time he had no idea that he had any gift for modeling in clay. One of his sisters had married a doctor and gone to New Haven, the seat of Yale University. Jo was induced to come to New Haven with the thought that he might get odd jobs and support himself while going to medical school. He was in New Haven just a short time when a new president, Hadley, was elected to the university. Jo saw the president's picture in the New Haven newspaper, and using the skill which he had achieved in the sweatshop, burnt Hadley's picture in wood.

One day he noticed a gift shop fronting on the Square in New Haven, and thought that he might be able to sell this picture, so he brought it to the shop. The owner, struck with the good likeness, put it in the window. A lawyer in New Haven, a collector, came along one day and bought it for twenty-five dollars.

A few days afterward, when he saw that his work had disappeared from the window, Jo went in and was handed \$25 less the commission. It seemed a fortune to him. The dealer told him the lawyer had said when Jo came in he would like to see him. This occurred just after he found out he could model in clay.

On visiting the lawyer he was asked what he wanted to do. Jo said he wanted to get to Paris. The lawyer loaned him \$150, and with this amount he went to Paris to begin his career. After paying his passage and three months' tuition in advance, the large sum of ten dollars in American money was all Jo had left. Through an American agency he secured a job at three dollars a week tutoring two spinsters in English. He lived on this until he succeeded in getting a \$300-a-year scholarship which he could use abroad.

Jo's work is famous throughout Europe and America, but I am frank to say that during all the years of our comradeship, it was not the friendship of Jo Davidson the famous artist that I prized as much as it was that of Jo Davidson, the man. While Davidson's anger at injustice could reach a height almost homeric in its sweep, his weapon of irony was as sharp as that of Gibbon's, who "shaped his weapon with an edge severe."

One day in the spring of 1939, I met Jo when he came off the boat from Paris, where he usually spent six months of the year. We had lunch at Christ Cella's. At the end of the meal he said to me, "I'm going to do you." I said, "Like hell you are." He said, "I certainly am." And we walked around to the Beaux Arts, where he maintained his New York studio. Shortly the mud began to sling, and again shortly I was there in embryo, to be followed by a few sittings—and presto! Jo spoke with his hands.

I remember when Jo was sculpting the multimillionaire newspaperman, Scripps, who prided himself on his brusqueness, and tried it out on Jo at the first two sittings. He was almost insulting in his attitude. But he got no rise out of Jo, and on the second day, just before the sitting was concluded, he said, "You don't seem to care what I say to you."

Jo, with uplifted hands in front of the bust, turned his searching eyes on the sitter and said, "I was a boy on the east side of New York, and in that crowded section boys are apt to become hoodlums. One of our amusements was putting our heads into the Chinese laundrymen's shops and yelling abuse at them. An Irish cop on our beat, a very human person, drove us away from a shop one day, and putting his head into the door said to the Chinese, 'Why don't you throw your irons at these young hoodlums? That's all they'll understand. Why do you stand for this sort of thing?' The Chinese laundryman looked up at him and stated calmly, 'White man can no insult Chinaman.'" And then Jo turned again to the bust.

For the remainder of the sittings only extreme courtesy was shown to Jo. Scripps admired men who stood up to him, and had contempt for sycophants.

Of course Jo did many busts of those we name as "successful" men; he had no illusions of the sort of men most of these persons were. He also knew that they sat for him because he had achieved a reputation as a great artist. To be done by Jo Davidson was a sort of hallmark for achievement. Most of these achievements meant nothing to Jo. He therefore had no hesitancy in making them pay a considerable amount for their busts, while at the same time he did other busts for which he received nothing except the satisfaction of "busting" those for whom he really had a feeling. He has left on his departure from life a very large group of such persons.

Two other incidents not in his book published before his death, are stories he told me after completion of the Rockefeller bust and after that of Madame Chiang Kai-Chek.

The bust of Rockefeller was done at his home in Pontico Hills where Jo lived for a week while doing the cast. Just after he completed the bust, before he had it bronzed, Jo told me that Rockefeller, looking at it, said, "Does this look like the head of a bad man?" Evidently the criticism of the general public had reached the elder Rockefeller in spite of all attempts to keep it

from him, and had actually pierced the old man's soul.

When Jo did the bust of Madame Chiang, on about the fourth or fifth day, just after he had completed the final work in her apartment in the Waldorf Astoria, he came back to the studio where I was, and said, "Well, I've just completed for the first time the bust of a real dynast." He had put his finger on the character of a woman whose entire history proved he was right. As sweet in words as she was, she was trying to establish a new dynasty over the Chinese people.

I thought of this story just a few years afterward when someone in close relations with the White House told me of an incident which occurred at the dining-table of the late lamented Franklin D. Roosevelt. On this particular day there had appeared in the newspapers some very abusive criticism of the President, who, as we all know now, was one of the few Presidents who could take abuse philosophically. When the criticism was mentioned at the table, as the story was told me, Roosevelt laughed and turned to Madame Chiang Kai-Chek. "Well, what would have happened," he asked, "if the criticizer had been in China, criticizing its executive power?" In answer, Madame took her dainty fingers, put them on one side of her throat, and slowly circled it without any further comment.

Much earlier in Jo's career, he had made a bust of another woman to whom I have referred in this book, Mother Jones. Mother was reported in stories in the press as reaching her 100th birthday. I think in reality she was approaching ninety. Jo had heard about her and was determined to "bust" her. He succeeded in doing so, and the bust was given to the Department of Labor; and thereby hangs another tale.

Boss Scripps, whose bust had been finished some time before, met Jo on the street one day in Washington outside of the Department of Labor from which he had just emerged, having seen Mother Jones's bust. Scripps was a big man, and he lowered at Jo, "You know what you charged me for a bust, Jo; where the hell did Mother Jones get that kind of money? Now tell me, who paid

for it?" Jo said, "You did, Boss!"

The old newspaperman thought this reply over for a moment; then, bringing his heavy hand down on Jo's shoulder, he boomed: "You're *all right*, Jo!" and walked on.

A week before the final election which chose Hindenburg as President of Germany in that spring of 1925, I left Paris for Berlin, in order to witness a European election while I was abroad. On election day I visited the polls and watched the method of voting, and that night sat up all night in the office of the U.P. to see how election returns were handled compared with the same job in the United States. There was much less excitement—no conjectures, prophecies, bets or side bets, no feeling of suspense as the figures mounted in one direction or went down unexpectedly in another. In fact, the whole thing seemed to me rather phlegmatic, a mere recording of the returns.

The demonstration on May Day in Vienna saw a quarter of a million people before the Ratthaus or city hall. The celebration was under the auspices of the Socialists, and there were no soldiers, no police present or necessary. There was a very finely organized Socialist movement in Vienna at this time; they even had their own stewards, monitors, etc., and there was absolutely no disorder.

Later on in the day the Communists held their parade, which by contrast seemed a weak celebration indeed. It was very small in comparison with the Socialist, but on account of the bitterness that had already come toward this group, the marchers were protected by the police from any violence that might have come to them. It was highly interesting to view and compare the two celebrations.

When from Vienna I dropped down over the Summering pass into Italy, I felt a keen difference in atmosphere as the Blackshirts of Mussolini—who had been in power a few years—were everywhere in evidence. Two of his minions in their black shirts paced the railroad platform as we pulled in, overseeing the work of officials.

I went on very shortly to Venice, to Milan or Milano, and from there to Como, a most beautiful spot. From Como I traveled to mountainous Switzerland, where there was much more than just a change of scenery—a change of people. No one there seemed cowed, and no poverty was visible. In Lucerne, there was positively nothing that could in the remotest degree be called a slum section. You just thought that for a while you were living, not in Switzerland, but on another planet.

Then, making again for Paris and home, I landed with not a scintilla of illusion that the world had been made safe for democracy, either where I had been or had come back to.

Immediately upon my homecoming, as public relations counsel I was called upon to handle some very important issues for my two clients. These clients of course were very different in character. One was the Mexican government, whose public relations with our people I handled, involving at that time the issues of oil and the influence of the church in Mexico, as told in the two preceding chapters. However, while this struggle was going on, I was also acting as adviser on public relations to the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America in their struggles to civilize the clothing industry, a large part of which had been known as a sweatshop industry.

Sidney Hillman and his associates not only were busy with creating better conditions and better wages in the shops, but were beginning their campaign of serving the clothing workers not solely as workers in the shops, but as industrial and political citizens. They had founded two banks, in New York and Chicago, to give the workers services largely lacking in what might be termed "regular" banks. The first pre-eminent service they rendered was in the field of small loans, which other banks had ignored. This neglect had heretofore thrown the workers into the jaws of loan sharks, where the interest they were compelled to pay was a national scandal. Not only did these two labor banks aid tremendously in breaking up the outrageous interest charged for small loans, but in a very few years the success of their small

loan campaign caused some of the regular national bank and trust companies to take notice, so that today some of the largest banks, basing their small loan departments on what had been done by the Amalgamated banks, are active in the same field. Today these two banks, starting with a very modest capital, have a total of seventy million dollars in resources. It should be remembered, moreover, that the Amalgamated was not alone in the field of labor banking; a score of other labor banks were established, and in general most of them came a cropper. The reason for their failure is simple: they based their banking management on that followed by banks with infinitely greater financial backing. The very astute Hillman, however, cut his banking garment to the limited cloth of union resources. He knew that he was not in banking to make a profit, but there to do service—to give such financial aid only as the assets of the bank allowed for conservative and safe banking. And that attitude is the reason for the solidarity of the two Amalgamated banks today. To illustrate my story of the banking, let me relate an incident which took place during the so-called boom.

During this period, the railroad brotherhoods, who were very rich, started a bank, and engaged in various speculations, even buying a coal mine to operate. They also bought real estate in Wall Street, and were said to have made a million and a half profit. They reached out in another direction. One day Warren Stone of the railroad bank came in to see Hillman, placing before him the prospectus of something his bank wanted to invest in. At that time riding high on account of the money made in a real estate transaction, he ardently propounded his proposition.

Not wishing to gain Stone's enmity, Hillman, in his usual gentle manner in dealing with people, said, "You know, Mr. Stone, you can do things and take chances that we, who are much smaller, cannot. You're big, we're little. You can afford to take chances, we can't." He thus escaped getting involved in the campaign, which turned out disastrously, and finally the railroad bank failed.

One great achievement of the Amalgamated banks was the

manner in which they rode through the terrible depression which caused hundreds of bank disasters. In the very early days of the depression the Amalgamated banks cleaned out of their investments even what were known as A-1 bonds, putting the proceeds in government bonds, paying of course much less interest. The position Hillman took at this time was that the only really safe investment during a depression was government bonds. It was not merely a question of cushioning any financial shock with these securities, but also sacrificing a larger interest for a small one absolutely safe. When the bank holiday was declared by Roosevelt, and every bank was shut up for a period and then opened with the proviso that they only had to pay the depositors twenty per cent, the Amalgamated banks were enabled to put up a sign to the effect that anyone having money on deposit could have his full balance on demand. The regular savings banks were allowed, if they chose, to take advantage of a rule that they had to pay only twenty per cent of the balance. All through the depression, the Amalgamated banks, owing to the manner in which they had managed their affairs, were always able to pay to every depositor his entire balance if it was demanded.

In the spring of 1929, it was decided to wage a strenuous campaign to organize the clothing workers in Philadelphia. This had become a very large market, and was mostly non-union, paying wages and working under conditions very much inferior to those that prevailed in union markets. The city had actually become a menace to these organized markets.

Hillman took charge of this campaign himself, and in most cases laid down the tactics to be pursued. He decided to conduct organizing campaigns in one clothing concern at a time, instead of calling a general strike. He asked me to come to Philadelphia and stay there, since I had taken part in several very intense struggles to organize these markets from the early days when I was still living in my native city.

The local was of course very weak both in numbers and financial resources. Hillman felt that if we had any chance of success we

must be in a position to pay workers' benefits the very moment a strike was called. A "war chest" of one million dollars, made up of contributions from organizations in other markets, notably that of Chicago, provided the funds to carry out this policy.

Firm after firm was struck throughout the spring and summer of 1929. And as the summer season ended, there were left some nine concerns of the largest and richest in the market, who, using political pull through a member of Congress, succeeded in approaching a federal judge, who issued one of the most remarkable injunctions against workers on record. The Amalgamated was enjoined by name and by persons active in the strike, from using any outside resources to conduct the strike, on the basis that by using these resources, they were interfering in interstate commerce! Congressman Golder, who is lately deceased, is reputed to have written the injunction and then submitted it to the federal judge for signature.

I was one of the injunctioned, but escaped from my hotel before the papers were served on me, took a train for Washington and went immediately to the office of Bob La Follette, who was then engaged in a most strenuous battle on the Senate floor against an iniquitous tariff bill. I explained the case to him, and asked him if he could get a committee through to investigate the use of judicial power to grant such an injunction. Bob said he could try, but warned me that it took only one objection to prevent such a resolution from passing. I told him I thought we ought to take a chance.

The next day, immediately after the roll call, he presented a resolution to investigate the granting of the injunction. I was sitting in the gallery, and knowing what was at stake, my blood pressure went up when I saw the senator from Pennsylvania, a thorough Tory and attorney for the big interests, Senator Dave Reed, arise from back of his desk and, mentioning the yellow-dog contract in the injunction that Bob had referred to, say he didn't think there was such a thing. I thought the fat was in the fire for certain; I remember how the sweat ran down my face as I

waited for what might come next. But he drew a long breath and said that as long as the senator had asked only a subcommittee investigation, he wouldn't offer any objection. I drew a long breath myself, of relief, and rapidly got out of the gallery, sped downstairs and made for the railroad station to get back to Philadelphia.

When the train stopped in Baltimore, a boy came along with the home edition of the *Baltimore Sun*, which had on the front page a box saying that the judge who issued the injunction was being investigated. When I got off at Philadelphia and bought a *Bulletin*, there was a picture of the judge, with the same statement. He never was investigated, however, as one of the leading attorneys of the Philadelphia bar, who had been retained by the manufacturers who had secured the injunction, evidently saw the danger of such an investigation and advised a settlement with the union, which took place a few days afterward.

There was plenty of drama in the campaign. Right at a most critical moment, Hillman came down with illness and was sent to the hospital for an operation. With his usual drive, when he came out of the ether he immediately sent for the strike committee, who met in his hospital room, and from his bed he mapped out the tactics to be pursued.

I was constantly on the picket line myself, as well as making addresses day after day in the various halls located in the neighborhood of concerns we were striking, to hold the workers together while we brought the employers to the point where they were interested in negotiating a settlement.

I have a vivid memory of one unbearably hot day in August. I had gotten up at five o'clock in the morning and taken a position in a cigar store where I could see the clothing concern, located directly across the street, which was to be struck that morning. The workers were to enter the shop as usual and be called out at the blowing of a whistle. A worker had been selected on each floor to blow a whistle, and I was watching to see whether the plan was successful.

The large building in which the shop was located was right alongside the elevated tracks of the Reading Railroad's Philadelphia station. The fire escapes had never been used and were encrusted with engine soot. When the first whistle was blown, the foremen rushed to the doors and locked them so the workers couldn't walk out. The deputies yelled out, "Make for the fire escapes!" They did.

From my post in the cigar store below, just as I began to wonder at not seeing the workers pour out of the doors, I suddenly saw a very funny sight: hundreds of wriggling forms working their way down the side of the building via the fire escapes, like industrious ants making for a common goal. Between the heat and dust, they were anything but delectable looking when they hit the ground! But the strike had been successfully called, and in a very few days the firm, bitterly anti-union, decided to sign a contract.

When Sidney Hillman and myself entrained for the national office in late September, we left behind us 9600 members of the Amalgamated, where in May there had been only 700 members. The Philadelphia market today is not only organized one hundred per cent, with 23,000 members, but has become the second largest in the country, and is a powerful community factor in Philadelphia, both politically and industrially. It has just recently, in combination with employers, opened a million dollar medical center. It is one of the few cases in which those active in the beginning of a project are still with it after many years. Nearly a quarter of a century has elapsed, and those who were responsible for the activity of '29 are still responsible for the activity of '52.

CHAPTER TEN

EARLY in 1931 I went to Washington to look after the public relations involved in the calling of a progressive convention which was presided over by Senator George Norris, and whose driving force was young Senator La Follette and Bronson Cutting, two of the younger senators at that period.

Bronson Cutting, the senator from New Mexico from 1930 to 1935, was one of the most civilized men I have ever met. His tragic death in an airplane accident in May, 1935 was a great loss to the country. Born to the spacious life, inheritor of a large fortune, Cutting had never been the playboy, but neither had he ever posed as a serious thinker.

After graduation from Harvard, ill health had sent him from New York to the highlands of New Mexico. Settling there, he took part in all the activities of the people around him, became the proprietor and editor of a daily newspaper published in both English and Spanish, and as time went on became an idol of the Spanish-speaking population. This was primarily responsible for his being sent to the Senate where his constituency left him free to do as he pleased. In the eyes of most of his constituents, "Don Bronson" could do no wrong.

In his quiet way Cutting showed his utter contempt for all smugness. No newspaper man will ever forget the drubbing he gave Smoot, on the floor of the Senate, during the debate on the Book Censorship Bill.

I remember being with him one Sunday in Baltimore where

he was going to speak at that city's famous forum. We had had dinner at the residence of Miss Elisabeth Gilman, head of the forum. The communist scare was in full cry at the time. The utter hypocrisy of those who were using this scare for their own sinister purposes riled Cutting very much, and a few hours after dinner, when he stood on the platform before a large audience, he did something that for a moment was literally breath-taking.

Without mentioning Lincoln's name, he quoted his statement regarding the "revolutionary right of the people to dismember or overthrow their government." One could hear the audience gasping. Cutting deliberately paused, and gave them a chance to let what he had said sink in. Then he went on very distinctly, "Of course I wouldn't go so far as this. I can't say that I would subscribe to such revolutionary doctrines. This is the expression of a President of the United States—Abraham Lincoln."

By the spring of 1931, when this progressive convention was called, conditions in the country were so acute that most of the leading liberals, some 175 of them, came to Washington at their own expense, to take part in trying to launch some welfare program that might improve the deplorable economic state of the majority of the people during the depression.

I never watched a more representative gathering of progressives than the 1931 assembly. They came from almost all walks of life, and liberal Republicans were almost as much in evidence as liberal Democrats. Men prominent in the literary world were there, as well as those in the arts and sciences. Lincoln Steffens was there, not a "tired" liberal, but a very discouraged one.

I had watched Steffens in the puzzling days just preceding our entrance into the World War I, and again just after the war was ended and the Versailles Treaty had been let loose to curse the continent of Europe and sow the seeds of new wars. Steff was always working underneath; writing very little, but seeking to influence men in key positions. He was constantly in contact with Wilson in the days preceding our entrance into the war. He thought he was accomplishing something, but, nevertheless,

into the war we went. Again at Versailles, he was a confidant of Wilson, who sent him on a special mission to try to iron out the Russian situation. His influence at Versailles did not prevent the signing by Wilson of the iniquitous treaty.

Intensely individualistic, and a single taxer, Steff feared that if the mass of the people organized their power to be exercised through political or industrial action, that power would make them as tyrannical as the individual rulers of the world had proved to be.

As a muckraker he had written a most telling indictment of machine political rule in our great cities. But he dealt with symptoms. In fact, in the last analysis, he discovered that the bosses were no more corrupt than the businessmen of the country. The acknowledgment of this, of course, would get us nowhere unless we were able to prove that it was the economic system under which we are living which is responsible primarily for existing corruption both in politics and business, and not the natural badness of man himself.

I had, and still have, much admiration for Steffens. But I considered him, in a broad social sense, a very futile man. That feeling of futility seemed to get Steffens himself about five years before his death. One evening during the conference in 1931 I sat and chatted with him in the lobby of a hotel in Washington, and as I have said, it was a weary man who talked to me. He seemed to think that nothing mattered very much, that nothing much could be accomplished toward progress by a conference such as the one we were attending.

I had just been reading Steffens' story of his own life, a book in which he certainly subjected himself to a lot of self-analysis; a book which, as a human document, was a supreme piece of work. But evidently to Steffens at the time I was chatting with him, everything seemed to be just dead sea fruit. Only a few hours before, I had been listening to George Norris and was inspired by the way in which this doughty old fighter, after being licked time and time again, was keeping at it. And even Steffens'

seeming sense of futility of it all did not take away the influence Norris' address had made upon me.

Since that time, two of the legislative measures which Norris had been fighting for—against seemingly impossible odds—the Lame Duck legislation and the T.V.A., have come to fruition. The ideas of this man have been translated into action, while most of Steffens' ideas remain literature. I suppose in the long run this literature, too, is important, but not to the extent that actual achievement is.

I hope no one who reads this will have the idea that I had anything but the greatest admiration for Steffens and his intellect. I am merely putting down my view of the man and his career as I saw it.

But however futile Steffens or anyone else might have felt this conference of progressives to be, it was the unanimous opinion of the delegates that something must be done to end the cruel depression. The official title of the gathering was "A Conference for Progressive Legislation," and was called by five progressive senators (three Republican and two Democratic): George W. Norris of Nebraska, Edward P. Costigan of Colorado, Bronson M. Cutting of New Mexico, Robert M. La Follette, Jr. of Wisconsin, and Burton K. Wheeler of Montana. Their purpose in calling progressive leaders together was to discuss and outline a program of legislation to be presented at the next session of Congress.

A statement to the public concerning the object of the convention read in part: "In the midst of depression, the Nation is without effective political or economic leadership.

"The session now drawing to a close has revealed the imperative need of formulating a constructive legislative program. Months of misery in the industrial centers and on the farms have disclosed lack of any proposals for the solution of one of the greatest economic crises ever confronting the Nation.

"The signers of this call believe that there are certain economic and political problems affecting the welfare of every citizen which

must be solved if this Republic is to endure.

"We believe that a constructive solution for these problems can be found by men and women who are aligned with different political parties. We hold that the magnitude of these problems demands an intelligent effort to solve them without regard to partisan or political advantage.

"We assure you this Conference is not called to form the basis for a new party. To this end, it is our purpose that the conference shall be non-partisan in character, and shall be devoted to the exchange of ideas looking solely to the formulation of a sound legislative program to be advanced at the next session of Congress."

Five subjects dealing with existing economic and political conditions were to be discussed under the headings: Unemployment and industrial stabilization, public utilities, agriculture, tariff and a return to representative government. Senator Norris in his opening speech made it very plain that they had not asked people to this conference to be talked to, but to talk with those who sat in the national legislature and help the members of the Senate and House do something efficient in furthering progressive legislation on these five issues in the next Congress.

The gathering got a tremendous press. Even a Republican organ such as the *New York Herald Tribune* carried front page stories on March 12, 13 and 14, covering all three days of the conference. In reporting one day's story—the 13th—they used the equivalent of two pages, printing a detailed "statement of policies" of the conference, as well as excerpts from editorial comment occasioned by the conference in newspapers throughout the country, among them the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* and others. A special story on Senator Borah was preceded by the remark: "The large amount of space that has been given to the 'progressive' conference in newspapers throughout the country brought the publicity departments of both the Republican National Committee and the Democratic National Committee into action today." The *New York Times* carried as much, if not more, on the

conference, and while some of the Republican organs and their spokesmen did all they could to ridicule the efforts of the progressives, it was rather a "dud," as the majority of the press of the country took the conference very seriously.

Senator William E. Borah, of Idaho, mentioned above, growled magnificently at the convention. Borah was one of the strangest political characters of the last generation. In his middle age he had a rather leonine appearance, with his broad shoulders, heavy eyebrows and mane of hair. This was added to by his sonorous voice as he rounded a phrase or polished a period. I remember the day he came to the Senate, some forty years ago. I saw him sworn in.

As the years went on he became sort of an institution. But just why, I couldn't tell anyone. He was supposed to be a progressive, but if you were to ask me why, I couldn't tell you.

Borah is perhaps best described as an independent. He went along only when he wanted to go along and took pride in being alone. He was never a crusader. He never brought down on his head the wrath of the reactionaries. In fact, he was rather sacrosanct to the press, both Republican and Democratic, with the exception of the *New York Times*. This paper, for some private reason that no one has ever been able to find out, seldom lost an opportunity to prick him, picturing him time and again as a poseur. He was perhaps the most indefinite statesman in the America of his day.

In 1918 I was taken by Gilson Gardner, a friend of his, to see Borah. Gardner wanted me to tell Borah the story of the unfair treatment of the *New York Call* by Postmaster-General Burleson. Gardner actually felt that Borah might on the floor of the Senate expose this rape of a free press.

After I had finished my story Borah said, "It's outrageous that you should be subjected to such treatment. But I can't do anything unless you can create some public sentiment which will enable me to protest with some show of being able to do something." It was right in the middle of the war. I had as much chance

of creating public sentiment as I had of finding a gold mine under the room in which we were sitting. And what's more, Borah knew it. He had not dared to face the war hysteria as La Follette and Norris had.

As a matter of fact, one might say that Borah seldom fought for any issue to a finish. He got the credit for protesting and then when the current ran too strong for him he went along, without accumulating the hatreds and the opposition that men like La Follette and Norris encountered in their various battles. One could imagine him denouncing the power trusts on the floor of the Senate, but one could never imagine him as the father of the T.V.A.

In his old age Borah reminded me of nothing so much as the lion thrown on the screen to advertise a certain moving picture corporation. There was nothing left but the growl and it frightened no one.

The committees who were appointed to organize round table discussions on the subjects for which the conference was called were made up of what was in reality a cross section of the liberal movement in this country, totally irrespective of whether they happened to be Republicans or Democrats. And while quite a number held political office, a majority of them did not.

The Committee on Representative Government, for instance, had Dr. Charles A. Beard, the noted historian, Professor E. A. Ross of Wisconsin University and Harold L. Ickes of Chicago, all of whom had expert knowledge of this subject. They were joined with Senator Bronson Cutting of New Mexico, Representative Huddleston of Alabama and Representative Fiorello LaGuardia as well as Senator Gerald P. Nye of North Dakota. There was also Robert P. Scripps, then president of the Scripps-Howard newspapers, which at that time were looked upon as belonging to the liberal groups in the country.

The membership of the Committee on Unemployment and Industrial Stabilization had William Green, president of the A.F. of L.; Sidney Hillman, president of the Amalgamated

Clothing Workers of America; David Robertson, president of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen; George Soule, the writer, and one of the editors of the *New Republic*; Frank W. Murphy, then mayor of Detroit, and afterward governor of Michigan and a member of the Supreme Court of the United States. Father Ryan, of the National Catholic Welfare Council and Senator Robert M. La Follette, Jr. were also members of this committee.

The Committee on Agriculture, Tariff and Public Utilities, like the others, were composed of experts in their respective fields.

I have named some of the members of this conference to show how thoroughly representative of the progressive movement in this country this Conference for Progressive Legislation was. Out of it came committees who were to work during the time between then and the meeting of Congress to prepare a definite program to be followed in trying to pass legislation for the economic welfare of the people. It was said in Washington that these committees were to report back in November just prior to the meeting of Congress, and the progressive group in the Senate and House would sweep promptly into action much better equipped to get results than they had been for some years.

Aside from these committees, the publicity the conference secured unquestionably influenced those who were responsible for backing the Economic Council Bill. Even conservatives, who feared any steps which they had called "radical," had become disgusted with the terrible inertia of the Hoover administration. The Senate, the majority of whose members were unfriendly to any change, was undoubtedly afraid to take a definite stand by turning down an application for a committee to hold hearings regarding the proposed formation of an economic council. They were afraid to take a definite stand against any attempt to bring the industrial and financial affairs out of the critically low level to which they had fallen.

I have always believed that the progressive conference in the

early part of the year 1931, and the economic council hearings in the fall of the same year were tied tightly together. If we had not had the conference, I believe that in all probability we would never even have got permission to hold hearings on an Economic Council Bill, which exposed the real conditions in the country.

The Economic Council Bill itself was the result of a move made by Sidney Hillman. One morning in Washington my phone bell rang, and I was told someone wanted to talk to me from Rochester. It turned out to be Sidney. He had been deeply concerned over the plight of the people for many months, and was genuinely distressed by the lack of constructive action from the administration in the face of mounting unemployment and lengthening breadlines. I remember his saying to me one afternoon in the Amalgamated offices in New York, "We're drifting, Charlie. The only place you can end up when you drift is on the rocks." It was one of the few times that I recall seeing him in a gloomy mood. Usually he was too active to be dejected. But after the progressive conference, he immediately set to work evolving a feasible plan which would be the solution to the problem of inertia. Over the phone he now outlined what he thought to be an efficient move to get the real picture before the public of what was happening in the United States during the Hoover administration. He proposed a measure being placed before the Senate, providing for an economic council. If this could be done, hearings would be held and all the leaders in the country could be called together and asked their opinions as to what should be done to end the depression, which was increasing its ravages every day.

Sidney told me he had no doubt that the legislation would fail to be passed by the reactionary majority then in power, but that if we could get the true picture presented through the hearings, the public would be aroused to a point where the administration would have to do something to alleviate the misery, as well as help pull us out of the mire into which millions had been plunged. He finished by asking, "Do you think Bob La Follette would offer such a bill for an economic council to the Senate?"

I said I would talk to Bob right away. Bob suggested a conference with Sidney. I phoned Hillman to take the night train for Washington, and the following morning in a small hotel room, La Follette, Ludwell Denny, chief editorial writer of the Scripps-Howard Service, Hillman and myself, went into a long talk on the proposed move. Bob said, "I'll draw up a bill that nobody will oppose, because I won't put teeth in it at first, but it will give my committee power to bring prominent industrialists, financiers and labor leaders to Washington to give testimony as to the planlessness of American industry." He had a bill drawn up right away, and asked for a subcommittee to hold hearings on it. This he managed to secure, and the final result of these hearings was the economic legislation known as N.I.R.A.

The hearings went on for several weeks, and the leading industrialists, the leading financiers, labor leaders, welfare workers and economists were called before the committee. So much interest was taken in these proceedings that the committee was compelled to have several issues of the records printed, and today they will be found in most of the college libraries of the United States, showing the conditions of the country at that time.

We were fortunate enough to be able to borrow Dr. Isador Lubin, of Brookings Institute, a famous social investigating organization. The questions to be asked the various witnesses were largely laid down by Lubin, who knew the backgrounds of all of these witnesses.

It was a long procession, led by the great banking houses in finance. Albert H. Wiggin, chairman of the governing board of Chase National, the largest bank in the United States, headed the list of bankers, which included men like Walter W. Stewart, chairman of Case, Pomeroy and Company, Wall Street Bankers; Charles E. Mitchell, chairman of the National City Bank of New York, and others.

Following finance, came industry, with Alfred P. Sloan, president of General Motors; James A. Farrell, president of United States Steel Corporation; and Gerard Swope, president of General

Electric, heading the list of well-known industrialists.

Then came the famous economists, such as E. A. Goldenweiser, director of research and statistics of the Federal Reserve Board; Dean Wallace B. Donham of Harvard School of Business; and George Soule, then editor of the *New Republic*, director of the labor bureau and a director of the National Bureau of Economic Research.

Then came the labor leaders, of both the conservative and progressive schools of organized labor: William W. Green, president of the American Federation of Labor; Sidney Hillman, president of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America; John L. Lewis, president of the United Mine Workers; Frances Perkins, then Industrial Commissioner of New York State, and others of prominence in the labor world.

The hearings began on October 22, 1931, and lasted till December 19 of that year, with the important witnesses listed above, plus a good many more, coming in and out of Washington as they were called to testify. I attended every session for weeks on end, and much of the testimony was unbelievable in its starkness, and terrible in its implication. All of it was vital to the picture, and often colored with sharp comment from one witness or another. I remember particularly well a remark of Albert H. Wiggin, chairman of Chase National Bank, at the close of a long, hard day of cross-examination. Wiggin had earlier referred to the depression as the result of a "wild, speculative craze" that had swept the country. Bob La Follette, who was interrogator of the hearings, asked him if he did not think the policy of investment bankers, including Chase National—many of whose depositors had lost large sums—had contributed to this speculative craze.

Wiggin, tired like the rest of us after this day of hearing witnesses, paused a moment and then replied wearily, "Senator La Follette, I think the banker is like the grocer; he supplies what his customers want. I think he is an incident to that. He does not create the demand and does not try to stop it . . . I

think this demand by the public was just surging over the whole country."

In sharp contrast to this statement by Wiggin is a recent comment by Arthur Meier Schlesinger, Sr., Professor of History, Harvard University, in his book, *The Rise of Modern America*. Schlesinger says, "Banking houses, instead of giving clients conservative advice, became high pressure salesmen for investments, domestic and foreign, of which they knew no more than what the roseate prospectuses told. People withdrew lifelong savings, and even mortgaged their homes in the hope of doubling and trebling their money . . . In the late October, 1929, the crash came . . . The great depression had begun."

Summing up the result of the entire hearings, they were fruitful in that a truthful picture was presented of the conditions in which our people found themselves in the early days of the 1930's.

The material proved to be invaluable when the N.I.R.A. was drafted in an attempt to do something constructive in changing our social system to a point where the people themselves could do something to better their condition, as well as prevent a recurrence of the dark days of the thirties.

Immediately after these hearings were completed, Sidney Hillman asked me to stay with La Follette and help him make a thorough investigation of the actual conditions in the cities of the various states where so many millions were then merely existing. Bob was not satisfied merely to wait to pass laws changing the situation. He felt the widespread misery should be dealt with by national legislation to provide immediate relief.

He was at that time a member of the Committee on Manufactures, so he was able to make use of their office and their stationery to send out letters of inquiry to the mayors and welfare organizations of cities throughout the country. For the first mailing, we chose all cities of 25,000 and over population. The replies were so prompt and so revealing in content that Bob immediately offered a bill asking for 125 million dollars for relief, an amount

which seems infinitesimal in these days of billions, but even as small as it was, it was turned down by the bipartisan, reactionary Senate. He then decided to break down the statistics, and we sent out a new mailing to towns of 5,000 and over. We received even a worse picture, if possible, than we had when we asked only those in cities of 25,000 and over to write us.

Meantime, Ed Costigan had come to the Senate, and together with this new fighting senator, Bob put in a new bill calling for many more millions for relief. We had been flooded with replies to our letters of course, and my memory is that it took about forty-eight pages of the Congressional Record to print the whole story. Bob was criticized by some of the enemies of federal relief on the Senate floor, incidentally, for wasting the peoples' money by using so many pages of the Congressional Record to show the need for relief!

The latter, a complete exposure of a most dire need, was his real offense in the eyes of the reactionaries. While in his second attempt he secured more votes—I think it was thirty-eight—he still failed to get a majority. It was not until the voters put a new administration under Roosevelt into the government that a real relief bill was passed, about 500 million, for immediate relief. It was later increased when complete legislation went into effect.

That story will be dealt with in a later chapter.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

AS eastern editor of the *American Guardian*, I went to Chicago in June, 1932, in order to report both the Republican and Democratic conventions, which had been called to meet in the Windy City. That city, during this June period, was in very sad condition, with a great army of unemployed, as well as an owning and employing class who were literally shivering in their shoes, some of them almost believing the day of doom had come for them. There is nothing exaggerated in this statement; taxes were unpaid, school teachers unpaid, police and firemen unpaid; and during the period of the two conventions, a score of banks had shut their doors, leaving tens of thousands of depositors without the means of purchasing their daily needs or paying for the services to maintain their health.

To show how straitened the entire city was, I went to the great public library to secure some data which had recently been published in one national magazine. This was June, and in the section devoted to magazines, I found nothing beyond February. In other words there was no money to pay for the national service which the library had given its readers. Many of the unemployed were sleeping in the public parks, on benches or even on the ground.

Some of those who had been secure from any insecurity for an entire generation seemed not to know which way to turn. During these weeks, there arrived at the railroad station, one who had been vice-president of the United States in the Coolidge ad-

ministration, Charles G. Dawes, and who had just left the chairmanship of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, to which he had been appointed by President Hoover.

Over a score of newspapermen were at the station when he arrived, and in answer to their queries, he told reporters, "The worst is over," and he sang the old song sung by the man in the presidential chair, that prosperity was "just around the corner." In a few days came the story that he, as chief executive of one of Chicago's biggest banks, had arranged for a loan from the R.F.C. of some eighty million dollars, to be paid back in six months with interest. He got the loan, but it wasn't paid back in six months, neither was all of the interest. It took a few years and some legal entanglements before this debt was repaid to Uncle Sam.

The way in which the R.F.C. shoveled out millions in those days to railroads and banks makes the mink-coat scandal in the Truman administration look like the story of a plugged nickel.

The Republican convention took place first. A great number of the delegates were naturally Republican officeholders. They had come to the convention to renominate Hoover.

Both conventions were held in the enormous Coliseum. This Coliseum was in the hands or receivers, just as were the railroad companies that brought the delegates to the convention. Tickets to the Republican show went begging, and when the newspaper photographers took the pictures for the special edition of the Sunday papers, thousands of empty seats surrounding the delegates showed in the shots.

The tickets were to be sold, and the proceeds were to go to the Republican national or, more probably, the local committee, who, for some strange reason, had brought the show to Chicago. As far as the public was concerned, the only interest the people showed was in the issue of prohibition, which the convention was to straddle in a few hours. It was all right for Hoover to call it a "noble experiment," but the citizens who happened to be Republicans wanted at least their beer as much as the Democrats did. The only session in which the seats were filled was the Wednesday

night session in which the prohibition question was discussed.

The weather was sizzling hot, and we perspired through long, windy mousings from the platform. The delegates had little to say, although for the first time they had been supplied with a newly invented gadget to carry their voices from the floor to the platform. One felt the artificiality of the applause for the speakers until a Negro citizen from the Republican machine in Chicago let loose. He was the real thing in oratory, and he was actually the only speaker during that entire week who got spontaneous applause from the delegates as well as the gallery.

I was sitting alongside of Heywood Broun while the speech was being delivered; in the course of the peroration the speaker practically compared Herbert Hoover with the Saviour. Heywood turned to me and said, "I don't know about that—sounds a little blasphemous to me. True, in the prohibition issue, Herbert has walked on the waters, but there is no record of his having fed the multitudes with the loaves and fishes during this depression!"

Writing of Heywood, it was at the beginning of World War I that I first met Broun. He was in his late twenties or early thirties, and had already achieved in New York some local fame. Even at that time he was inclined to what might be called liberalism. A conference of newspapermen had been arranged to discuss the attitude of the press toward news in wartime.

I can't place the number of the building on Park Avenue in which the meeting was held, but it was close to the Secret Service Office and right across the street from the Intelligence Service. There were snoopers around. I can't remember that Broun said anything.

I do remember very vividly, however, that Dr. Frank Crane, a sugary moral daily essayist who was selling his literary saccharine for large gobs of money, made a talk on "Our Duty," said duty being to banish real freedom of speech until the "crisis" was over and the world was "saved for democracy" etc., etc. I have always believed that the good doctor knew he had in his audience a considerable number of undercover men from the secret and

intelligence services.

Broun was not a martyr to any pacifist or radical belief during the war. The reason for this, I think, is that he didn't have any such beliefs at that time. His radicalism developed after the war. It came slowly. He stubbornly held on to each advance in social thinking that he made. Perhaps this very slowness made for ultradetermination not to yield his beliefs after he had achieved a new point of view.

I refer to his basic beliefs. His first big struggle came with the management of the *New York World* when he was writing a column for that paper. He was being paid a very large salary, but he insisted on breaking a lance for Sacco and Vanzetti, charged with murder in Massachusetts. The first time he did this, the management of *The World* became restive, but did not go to the extent of calling Broun down. Broun did it again and again, charging that the two men were being legally lynched. Then hell broke loose. Heywood refused to yield, and turned his back on *The World* and its large salary.

He did some free-lancing and then was hired by the *New York Telegram*, which had been bought by the Scripps-Howard interests. Later the same interests bought the *New York World*, and again, and unexpectedly, Heywood became a part of *The World* joined with *The Telegram*. The end, however, was not yet. Just as Broun had gone way ahead of *The World* in his social outlook, so he went ahead of the *World-Telegram*. Before he died he was unpopular with the nation's publishers because of his militant tactics as president of the Newspaper Guild, of which he was one of the founders.

He was many-sided. I can't recall any man who was more proteus-like than Heywood. On social matters he felt most intensely. Injustice maddened him. In this connection he never showed his keen sense of humor. He said there were some things about which you must be serious, that the lives of men and women, their poverty, the injustices perpetrated against them should make any decent human being serious. And he was serious

about it. If you had watched him at a union meeting you would soon have found out how serious he was. As a rule, however, he sparkled with a penetrating wit.

He gambled, and got a tremendous lot of fun out of it. He loved horse racing and poker playing.

Heywood's integrity was thoroughly tested during the course of his career. I was with him in his apartment in New York City a short time after he had been offered a very large sum of money by Arthur Brisbane, who acted for Hearst. This was some months before his contract with Roy Howard expired. Brisbane offered him a great increase over what he was then getting and \$25,000 in cash as a bonus for signing the contract. In other words, he could have gone on working for his then employer until his contract expired, when he would have gone to work for Hearst at a tremendous increase, in addition to \$25,000 spot cash in advance if he signed.

I remember he told me that when he said to Brisbane that he feared he wouldn't have full freedom in expressing his ideas under Hearst, Brisbane tried to convince him that this was not so. Broun, however, had seen other men come and go with Hearst and knew what happened. He declined to succumb to Brisbane's financial blandishments. When he told me about it, sitting in his apartment, there were no heroics, no pose of any kind, either in manner or tone. He just said simply, "I suppose there isn't this much difference between Hearst and Roy Howard." He held up his thumb, and I can see him yet, pulling back the fleshy skin from the nail. "Maybe not more than the thickness of this thumbnail. But I just can't see myself working for Hearst."

Heywood dominated his surroundings without any of the physical graces. He kept an audience interested in his talking, not orating. If I didn't want to be accused of getting off a joke at his expense, I would say he was a meaty man, not referring to his physical girth but to his mind. If Nature had spared him for the next two decades he would almost surely have played a big part in the changing scene.

He was, however, notoriously lazy in his physical activity, perhaps because of his enormous weight. On the second day of the convention, I remember, he got tired of the heat, and I missed him. When I went back to the hotel, I looked him up and found him in bed in his pajamas. By his side was a gin-ricky, and a radio he had sent out for, going full blast; copy paper rested on his lap, and he was writing his articles in cool comfort as the proceedings came over the air! In fact, he presented such a comfortable picture that I rented a radio myself, which, when I wanted to escape the heat, I used as Heywood was doing. But, since I wanted to watch the delegates, I spent much more time at the convention than he did.

This speech of the Negro delegate I mentioned dealt with the nomination of Hoover for the Presidency. After his speech, other politicos let loose, and the delegates looked tremendously bored. Finally one delegate secured the eye of the chairman, and the chairman asked impressively, "What does the delegate wish to offer?" "I move we send a message to Herbert Hoover," came the answer, "saying that this convention is proud to nominate Herbert Hoover for a second term in the Presidency."

Looking over the delegates, and recognizing the fact that many of them were officeholders, I turned to my seat-mate, a reporter for *Time* magazine, and said, "Why don't they just wire Hoover and say, 'The Dutch have taken Holland?'"

When I bought the next issue of *Time*, across two pages I saw the line; and when I read the article, I found that one of the concluding paragraphs was, "As we left the auditorium, Charles Ervin, whose memory goes back to the days when Boise Penrose was a reformer, said wearily, 'The Dutch have taken Holland'." Hence the double-page headline.

One of the funniest scenes in the Republican convention took place the day that Hoover was nominated. The Republican committee had ordered a lot of balloons, weighted to come down instead of going up—the idea being to have them come down in the midst of the delegates. If my memory serves me right, they

had the proverbial elephant on them, with Hoover's name, but not that of Curtis, the candidate for the vice-presidency. This omission was perhaps due to doubts as to whether or not to re-nominate Curtis.

Anyhow, when the machine which controlled the wire baskets holding the balloons got jammed, the baskets, wired up near the ceiling and supposed to let loose their gala cargo at the psychological moment, failed to tip, and thus didn't spill out the balloons! The chairman took over the job of foreman; he jumped up excitedly and shouted to the mechanics what they should do, issuing orders and gesticulating frantically. The press sat there enjoying the scene and making quite a few remarks. Finally the baskets did tip, and the balloons came down. So did the Republican party.

We had another big laugh that day. A band had been brought all the way from California by its delegates, and it was arranged that when the speaker who nominated Hoover, and who came from California, finished his speech, the band should rush to the floor for a demonstration; the delegates were expected to follow in the usual manner. Instead of leaving the band in back of the platform, however, they brought it halfway in front, and the drum major was just opposite me.

It was a hot day, and the flies were very voracious. We were holding copy on the speech, it having been given to us just as the nomination began. The orator had been going for about twenty minutes, when suddenly the band broke out with the campaign tune, drowning out the voice of the speaker with the fanfare. Surprised is scarcely the word for the look on the face of the speaker and the committee, who could not imagine what possessed the drum major to order the band to strike up. I saw what happened: two flies lit on his nose, and he gestured to shoo them away. The band thought that was a signal to toot, and did they start tooting! The chairman had to stop them before they were ten feet onto the floor, and the speaker continued his spouting. When he finished, a managed pandemonium broke

loose. Young Norris, the reporter from *Time* magazine, quick and agile in his movements, was beside me watching the antics of the delegates. Suddenly we saw a delegate standing on a chair, making all the motions of a professional college cheer leader. Norris quickly jumped over the railing, got onto the floor, made his way through to the cheer leader, and in a few minutes came back saying the fellow was really a cheer leader, paid to lead the cheers, and had come from Alexandria, Virginia!

The exit of Herbert Hoover was a funny one, though his term as President had been anything but funny for the American people.

In the latter part of the next week, the Democratic cohorts began to gather, and I stayed in Chicago between the two conventions. Beginning in the middle of that week, there was certainly no atmosphere of peace at the Congress Hotel where the Democratic headquarters were. There had been no contest at the Republican convention. There never is when the ticket is sure to be beaten; contest comes when victory is in the air. So we had a real presidential row on the parlor floor of the Congress Hotel.

There was the Democratic committee, with Farley on the bridge, bossing the crew most efficiently, and most continually.

Then there was the Al Smith contingent, with the active brains of that statesman very much in evidence as she quietly moved around—Belle Moscovitz—who had written most of the social legislation that Al had accepted and furthered as governor of New York. Al appeared on the scene in the last days of the week, and had a tremendous press conference. At least two hundred reporters were there.

He hadn't answered questions for ten minutes until one realized that this was a new Al Smith—truculent, angry, showing just the opposite of his usual political behavior. When a Scripps-Howard man plumped the question, "Who are you for?" his answer amazed me. In a most truculent manner he replied, "I'm for myself!" His irritation was due to the fact that he knew Farley had been gathering delegates for Franklin Delano Roosevelt,

then governor of New York.

Further down the presidential alley was the eccentric governor from Oklahoma, Murray. He had a kilty band with him, and he stood at the door of his headquarters in exactly the same attitude as a barker for a sideshow at the circus. He had had a most varied career. At one time he had left the States and taken a group of people to settle in South America, establishing a colony to create a new civilization. As usual with such schemes, it came a cropper, and he came back to Oklahoma. What wealth he had came from a marriage with the daughter of one of the members of a tribe in Indian territory where oil had been discovered. One wag was heard to make the remark, "Why Bill absolutely loves the ground his wife walks on!"

While the Texan crowd were out for Garner, who was the candidate for President sponsored by the Hearst press, there was no further action to promote his candidacy. The supporters relied on him as a dark horse when the other candidates fell out. As a matter of history, it was Texas and California that by a bargain put the Roosevelt candidacy over, Garner emerging as a successful candidate for the vice-presidency.

Unlike the Republican convention, there were no dull moments when the Democratic delegates met in the auditorium. There was, rather, plenty of fireworks, including some set off by a new actor on the political scene, Huey Long of Louisiana. Some of his delegates had been contested, but he went all out for them and won.

Tammany, with Al Smith at their head, sat on the floor and nursed their grievances, Al still hoping to become the candidate. Farley, however, had been too forehanded for them. He not only had delegates from the northern states, whose people had suffered bitterly from the depression, but he also had delegates from the traditional Democratic south. While he didn't have enough to put Roosevelt over at once, he did have more bargaining cards in his hands than any other candidate's spokesman. And MacAdoo and Garner delivered the goods to make up a sufficient

majority of delegates to put Franklin Delano Roosevelt over.

The details of both these conventions have been told many times by a score of writers, and I don't want to bore my readers with any more. I do want to tell a story about Will Rogers, though, who sat through both comedies.

It was an all night session. The sun had gone down, stars had come out, and we also saw the moon, but still the delegates stuck it out, waiting for the leaders to get through their bargaining. The new day was a hot one; all the side exits had been opened to let in air to revive what life was left in the delegates who were limp and bleary-eyed from sticking it out all night, and Will and I were standing looking out as scores of kids came by on their way to school with satchels. Naturally they stopped and looked in, full of curiosity.

Will drawled, "Well, we hear a lot about what's the matter with the country. These kids have looked us over and now they'll know!"

There was even more hot air at the Democratic convention than at the Republican, because there was more difference of opinion among the Democrats. Pecan Jack Garner wanted to be President. In his social outlook, of course, he was a real cave man, but Hearst, who was one of his chief backers, believed that this didn't matter just then. As owner of a string of papers, Hearst knew that the coming political battle was not going to be based on who the Democrats happened to nominate; but the Democratic ticket was going to be victorious because the majority was going to vote against Hoover.

The theme song of the convention which poured forth from the organ hour after hour was "Happy Days Are Here Again!" This of course was a damn lie. They weren't here again, but the delegates were to go out into the country and tell the people happy days would come again if they voted the Democratic ticket. Another song gushed forth quite a lot, and that had to do with "working on the railroad." As a matter of fact, there were a

million railroad workers about waiting to get a job—the trouble was that they weren't working on the railroad. The Democratic machine was trying to mint the misery of the people into power for themselves and the legalized loot as well.

In the convention Tammany was against Roosevelt's candidacy, and in favor of Al Smith. They fought as hard as they could to put him over, but it was no use. All they could do was to stalemate the proceedings, and they failed as a result of the bargain entered into with Farley by MacAdoo of California and Garner of Texas. When these two leaders swung their delegates to Roosevelt, the end came.

Roosevelt was nominated, and embarked on a plane from Albany to Chicago, while Al Smith left the convention before he arrived and went to New York, where he sucked his political thumb almost through the entire campaign of 1932, to emerge a few years later as head of the misnamed Liberty League, devoted to the defeat of Roosevelt for a second term. It was a sad end for a man who had fought for so much good legislation for our people. He became an official of the DuPont interests, being the president of the famous Empire State building.

I felt particularly bad about Al's inglorious end as I had inadvertently been one of the causes of his winning the election to the governorship of New York in 1918. The candidates were Al Smith, Democratic; Whitman, Republican; and Charles W. Ervin, Socialist.

The Socialist party had been very successful in the 1917 election, and had sent ten members to the legislature. As editor of the *New York Call*, I was naturally very active in the battle for social legislation, and I was therefore nominated for governor, not with any idea of winning but as a means of presenting our views on social legislation to the citizens of New York State.

The last month of the campaign was fought out in the terrible flu epidemic, and all three of the candidates had to abandon the campaign in the state because of the order closing all halls for

public assembly. For some reason this did not apply to New York City, so the three of us went back there to fight out the rest of the campaign.

The battle between Whitman and Al was a very sharp one, and the vote on the Socialist ticket, some 128,000 as I recall, which split the balloting, was sufficient to enable Al to get a small plurality over Whitman. Up to this time Al had been unknown except locally; he had been sheriff of New York county, and before that had had minor positions as a gift from the Tammany machine. The governorship, however, made him a national figure, and while he lost out to Miller in 1920, he came back in '22, '24 and '26. It was during these periods that outstanding social legislation was enacted into law.

Then came the 1928 national campaign for the Presidency—a very shameful one, because Al Smith was undoubtedly the victim of violent religious prejudice. There is no reason for me to go into this campaign, but I would like to tell the part that that great statesman, George Norris played in it.

George certainly had no entanglements with any church, catholic or protestant. He had always been a champion for religious liberty, not only in this country, but throughout the world. He became so angry at the attempts to punish Al Smith because he was a catholic that he not only rebuked the narrow foreheads of this country, but as a Republican, decided to speak in favor of Al's candidacy from the platform.

One morning I went into Norris' office for a talk about certain public matters with him. I was an old friend of his, and of those things which he was trying to accomplish, first as representative and then as senator. Sitting at his desk, he turned toward me, holding in his hand a letter.

"Yesterday, Ervin," he said, "I received a letter from one of the wealthiest and most influential men in my state. He rebuked me for having come out for Al Smith, and said that 'after this conduct you will never again be given a public office by the people in Nebraska.' I have just finished an answer to the man." He read

aloud, "You tell me that never again after my coming out for the candidacy of Al Smith will I be given any office by the people of Nebraska. This may be true, but it has nothing to do with the case." Here you have a true picture of George Norris, drawn by himself. I would like to write more about George because he is certainly worth writing about.

My first memory of Norris takes me into the small hours of the morning in the House around 1909. Norris, the leader of a very small group of progressives, had resented for some time the czarlike control of legislation exercised by the Speaker, Joe Cannon. Through certain legislative moves he believed this power could be taken away. For months Norris carried a resolution in his pocket, until the paper became literally dog-eared. On a particularly legislative day the opportunity for which he had been waiting arrived. In went the resolution. In trying to ward off his defeat, Cannon and the Republican majority kept the House in session nearly forty-eight hours. They finally lost control, and the Norris resolution passed.

I remember seeing this fight, looking down into the well of the House at three o'clock in the morning. My eyes almost burst out of my head as the quiet man from Nebraska, without any truculence or anger in his voice, did his job. I knew that many of the members were cursing Norris for his tactics, for they wanted to go home. Many members were not on the floor but were asleep on the sofas in the various lounging rooms. Joe Cannon, in his attempt to keep awake and not lose control, was sopping his forehead and hair with ice water, pouring it from a silver pitcher which was on the desk beside him. But Norris kept right on quietly, persistently, convincingly. In those days he was known as Judge Norris, having been a judge before he came to Congress, and he surely indicted Cannon's rule.

In about 1914 Norris moved over to the Senate, where, to the end of his career, he showed the same impeccable intellectual and spiritual integrity which he showed in the House. No political party was ever big enough to hold him. He would never "go

along," unless he was honestly convinced that he was doing the best he could, not for his constituents alone but for the entire country. He was one of the few men in Congress who represented all the people. Yet he would not yield to the passions of these people if he believed they had been whipped up to action by propaganda in the hands of designing groups. His refusal to yield in 1917 to the war hysteria showed this. He voted against the war, and hardly anyone in Washington thought he would ever come back after his term expired.

After this antiwar vote, he was warned not to return to Nebraska. He went, and hiring one of the largest halls in Lincoln, invited his fellow citizens to come to listen to his reasons for his antiwar vote. The place was packed, and many in the audience showed anything but a friendly attitude. Using none of the arts of the orator, this true statesman told his hearers just why he had voted against the war, and when he finished the entire audience cheered instead of damning him as it was predicted they would do.

I was destined to become rather close to George in the Senate, as I both wrote and spoke for the passage of certain legislation in which he was vitally interested. In the course of the years, he became one of the great figures of that body as Chairman of the influential Judiciary Committee. In the period of the twenties to the thirties he was quietly pressing the Lame Duck Congress Bill, which was designed to prevent a Congress defeated at the polls from sitting and legislating for three months after they were defeated.

Our younger generation probably forgets, but a member of Congress defeated in November would come back the first Tuesday in December, and sit legislating until March 4 of the new year, the date on which the then Congress would expire.

The "lame duck" legislation changed all this. Today a Congressman who is defeated doesn't go back to Congress and make laws for us. If elected, or re-elected, he takes office the third day of January, following his election. This seems so much ordinary horse sense that one would never dream it would take ten years

to get such legislation through, but that is just what it took George Norris.

Norris' monument in the coming years, however, will be as the father of T.V.A., which has blazed the way for the peoples' ownership of at least some of the wealth which they have created, using our natural resources as counters in such projects. To go into T.V.A. and what it has done, would take a book in itself. I just want to tell a story which was most illuminating as to what political pull will do and will not do.

After the T.V.A. project was in full flow, the board received a letter sent by Farley, who was a distributor of "federal patronage," that is, jobs. The letter was to the effect that he could not understand why hundreds of letters which he, as Postmaster General, had written concerning T.V.A. posts for different people, had never resulted in a single one being granted. The reply he received said it was true that no jobs had been given to those he recommended, but the reason was that a provision in the T.V.A. charter forbade giving jobs to anyone who had in any way applied for such positions through political pull or backing. This provision was inserted by George in order to prevent jobs' being handed out through political partisanship. How it ever got by the senators, who cherish their patronage more than their religion, I don't know, but there it was, and there it remains to this day.

CHAPTER TWELVE

JUST as the Philadelphia campaign was completed in October, 1929, the panic in the stock market came, ushering in the great depression of the thirties. Much of this ten years I spent in Washington, though going out continually to industrial centers in the eastern states. I was eastern editor of *The American Guardian*, and I also looked after the public relations of the Amalgamated, which, as the depression went on, became increasingly active on the national scene, owing to the activity of Sidney Hillman. Shortly after Roosevelt took office and the N.I.R.A. started to function, Hillman was appointed to a prominent place on the labor side of the picture; and this threw me into contact with all sorts of men who had been thrown up into prominence through the emergency known as the New Deal.

I have already told the story of how Hillman came on the national scene in 1931 by his swift move to get a resolution before the Congress for an economic council. After Roosevelt assumed the Presidency, and appointed Hillman as a labor representative in the N.R.A. establishment, he was rendered doubly efficient by the part he had taken in the economic council hearing where facts brought out were largely the basis on which the N.I.R.A. was founded.

Hillman, as a labor representative, took a very active part in the forming of industry codes, both in the needle trades and in textiles. The women's garment industry was at that time in particularly bad shape; in the twenties the communists had

nearly wrecked it through infiltration, and while those still in control battled back and won the fight, the treasury of the organization had been almost bankrupted in the process. Hillman's own organization was in much better financial shape, so his first move was to push an industrial code for the women's garment industry. This was done most efficiently, with the result that in a very short time the prosperity of the women's garment industry was restored, and went on to the thriving industry it is today. Then came the textile code as well as that of the men's and boys' clothing industry.

The cold-blooded story of this activity in forming up the codes may be of interest, but to me it was a full-blooded story, full of drama, much of which has not been told, but of which I was a witness. The various hearings developed quickly the fact that the owners of each particular industry were aiming to come back to the same position they were in before the depression came upon us. Their one idea was to get around Section 7(a) of the N.I.R.A. Here is what the section said, and after seeing it, my readers will not have to read on my part any long-winded argument respecting it.

Section 7 (a): "Every code of fair competition, agreement and license approved, prescribed or issued under this title, shall contain the following conditions: (1) that employees shall have the right to organize and bargain collectively through representatives of their own choosing, and shall be free from the interference, restraint, or coercion of employers of labor, or their agents, in the designation of such representatives, or in self-organization or in other concerted activity for the purpose of collective bargaining or other mutual aid or protection; (2) that no employee and no one seeking employment shall be required as a condition of employment to join any company union or to refrain from joining, organizing or assisting a labor organization of his own choosing; and (3) that employers shall comply with the maximum hours of labor, minimum rates of pay, and other conditions of employment, approved or prescribed by the President."

It was this section giving labor the right to organize which the

industrialists tried to evade time and again. I remember the hearing for the coal mining code, which involved Pat Hurley, a millionaire corporation lawyer who formerly worked in the mines, and then represented the mine owners. Of course the man representing the miners was John L. Lewis; he had his legal advisers, but as always he dominated them just as he dominated the affairs of the union. In many ways, it was a new John Lewis, however.

Before the N.I.R.A. and its Section 7(a), Lewis' union had been in very bad shape, financially and numerically, especially in the soft coal section, which had few members and a more than scant treasury. Lewis, however, had acted very quickly, and put some hundreds of organizers on the job. In a few short months, the membership of the U.M.W. had at least five-folded itself—in other words, had grown to between five and six hundred thousand. John's backbone, never very pliable, had become steel-like as his organization grew numerically, and he made no pretense of the fact that he was after something worthwhile for his people, and was determined to get it.

During the hearings, Pat Hurley referred to the fact that he had been a mine worker himself. This maddened Lewis to the point of quiet fury, which those of us who had any dealings with him had often seen in evidence. He rose in his place and said, "Yes, Hurley was once a miner, but Judas Iscariot was once a disciple of the Carpenter of Nazareth, and betrayed him for thirty pieces of silver."

Livid with rage, Hurley shouted: "I demand that be stricken from the records!"

There was a moment of silence as John lumbered slowly toward the stenographer, and, pointing his long finger toward the notebook, said, "Cut out the thirty pieces of silver."

The coal mining industry is a very old story to this ancient. As a native Pennsylvanian, my career has carried me continuously since 1887 into both the hard-coal fields in the northeastern part of the state and the soft-coal district of western Pennsylvania. In

1887, when twenty-two years old, I watched those called the "hunkies" (Hungarians) being brought into Hazelton, the center of the hard-coal region. They were being imported from their native country by mine owners for the purpose of keeping down the wages in the coal mining district.

In 1902, fifteen years later, I was a witness of the great struggle in the anthracite region led by John Mitchell, in which, with a very small treasury but consummate skill, he had rallied the miners all through the summer and well into the autumn, when the fear of cold and other hardships threatening the public for the lack of fuel drove President Theodore Roosevelt into demanding a commission and settlement, which was reached after a very short time. The poverty of the miners was decreased ten per cent, but their conditions remained most pitiable even with the increase.

Some sixteen years after, I witnessed the entrance on the scene of a new leader—one John L. Lewis. Lewis wasn't on the mining stage very long when he became a real, dominating power. He grasped the fact that he could build up a self-perpetuating machine in which he could exercise this power. Feeling the danger to his administration of what is known as local autonomy, he absorbed to himself through the years an ever increasing power by enlarging the number of coal mining districts in which there was no local autonomy.

During this period, several insurgent movements took place. Using the power of his position, he squashed all opposition with a relentlessness which at times almost seemed to be ferocity.

From 1919 until the great depression of the thirties struck the country, the conditions in this extrahazardous occupation were a blot upon what we know as American civilization. Not only was there extreme carelessness in protecting the lives of miners, but their housing conditions in many cases were actually as bad as in the slum districts of our great cities. Anyone who has lived for any length of time in mining towns or villages knows what I have set down here is true. As long as these conditions only affected

some few hundred thousand miners, the public as a whole showed little interest in what was happening either in the miners' villages or the organization.

However, when the C.I.O. was born, and Lewis became its first president, there came a great broadening of his powers. The picture was changed considerably. As long as Lewis was only chief of the miners, where a few hundreds of thousands were involved, he could follow the tactics which he had pursued for nearly twenty years. But when the C.I.O. developed into a great labor movement, with over four million workers, his power game was greatly frustrated.

Only a short time elapsed before an insurgent movement grew up in the C.I.O. as a result of his methods, and when he tried terrorist tactics in the C.I.O., they did not prove as successful as they had been in the smaller miners' organization. The result was that John L. Lewis, drunk with John L. Lewis' power, came a cropper, was unhorsed, and had to content himself with being able to ride only one steed.

No one can deny, however, that he has ridden that steed most ably. Whether or not his organization can continue to make the gains recorded in the last fifteen years, after John has answered his final roll call, no one can definitely answer. One must fall back on the fact that one man or one group in power in any organization has in the long run signed its own death warrant. It may well be that John will give up some of his arbitrary control while he is still alive, and that the great organization of the U.M.W. will maintain all the gains it has made, and increase them.

Looking out on both the political and labor scene for two generations, and particularly during the New Deal days, in dealing with a great many labor and political leaders, I think I would be justified in saying that leaders in both the political and labor field are largely of two types: one who buries himself in the cause which he espouses, and the other who buries the cause in himself. I do not mean by this that a leader who overdevelops his ego

secures nothing for the cause he represents. History of human affairs, however, proves that that sort of leadership continually fails in achieving enduring progress. Louis XIV is reputed to have said, "*L'état, c'est moi.*" It was, but in 1789, it came down with a crash, and has never since been rebuilt on the same lines. And the same thing may be said of any labor leader or organization, no matter how powerful, when power becomes overbalanced in one person.

Going back to the early thirties, the national election which followed the convention of progressives was not fought on any clear issue between the two parties as far as their platforms were concerned. In fact, the Democratic platform actually stressed the old hoary issue of accusing the Republicans of not balancing the budget, and called for said balancing as the Outs had called for it many times before—and the Democrats were still the Outs.

On the very day that the President was inaugurated, the balancing of the budget issue had to be thrown on the scrap heap. The financial conditions were so bad that one of the first acts of the new President was to declare a national bank holiday. All the banks were closed in order to give the treasury department an opportunity to divide the "sheep from the goats"—in other words, to find out those institutions that were sound, and those that were leaking, or those that were in such a bad condition that it looked as if it were impossible to rehabilitate them.

Roosevelt has been charged with having violated many of the promises he made on the platform, and the charge was true. He violated these promises because of the conditions existing in finance and industry, conditions which in the few short months had menaced the very existence of our industrial and financial system. In doing this, he undoubtedly took extralegal steps to assuage in some degree the misery which millions of our people were suffering. He made no pretense that some of these steps were not contrary to some of the sentiments he had expressed in the campaign for the Presidency. An intense crisis was to be met, and he had the guts to meet it. He carried out in spirit the principle

enunciated by Thomas Jefferson; in the early part of the nineteenth century, Jefferson said: "The unwritten law of self-preservation and the public safety must always be superior to the written law of 'mine and thine.'"

In assuaging some of the misery that had come to the people by the great depression, Roosevelt was also saving the existing financial and industrial system. Those in control of our financial and industrial affairs knew they were being saved, and in the very early months of the New Deal did not attack the President's methods.

However, when they felt their rule had been re-established, and they felt they were safe, the same group, in 1936, in the second campaign for the President, turned upon Roosevelt because of the fact that he had attacked a few of their privileges. The leading members of the group formed a misnamed "Liberty League," and, with the help of a very pliant press, tried to defeat him for re-election, choosing as their candidate Alfred E. Landon, who had been governor of Kansas.

The bitterness of this campaign, and the determination of the plutocracy to defeat Roosevelt, can be shown by a ridiculous statement made by Landon, as quoted by the *New York Times* as late as I am writing this chapter: "Franklin D. Roosevelt proposes to destroy the right to elect your own representatives, to talk politically on street corners, to march in political parades, to attend a church of your faith, to be tried by jury, and to own property." The *New York Times*, which is particularly careful as to fact, printed this statement and attributed it to Alfred Landon.

Landon's statement is just as bitter in regard to Roosevelt as was also a statement in the same issue of the *Times*, attributed to Henry Clay Frick, perhaps the most arrogant and cruel of all steel barons in this country. The *Times* quotes Frick as saying of Theodore Roosevelt: "He got down on his knees before us; we bought him, and then he did not stay bought." This is of course the most damning of lies put in circulation by the plutocracy, but

it is not as silly as the one attributed to Alf Landon in attacking FDR.

Roosevelt's first cabinet by no means consisted of a majority of those we call liberals. Those who were definitely liberals were Henry A. Wallace, Secretary of Agriculture, who had been editor of *Wallace's Farmer*, a large farmers' periodical, and who had been given the credit of having done much to turn Iowa from Hoover to Roosevelt. Wallace had been formerly a Republican, and his "radicalism," as his enemies called it, was caused by his having backed liberal farm legislation. Another liberal was Harold L. Ickes, Secretary of the Interior. He was an old Bull Mooser, and in 1932 had backed Gifford Pinchot for the Republican nomination; and when he failed in putting Pinchot over, he turned to Roosevelt. Giving a cabinet job to him was considered a recognition of the efforts of the progressives to elect Roosevelt.

As it turned out, however, he served the longest of any member of the cabinet, and was perhaps the sternest man in the cabinet in carrying out the principles on which the New Deal had been established. He had begun his public career in the stormy environment of Chicago, and had fought corruption there before he emerged on the national field of politics as a Bull Mooser. He never pulled a punch when he thought it would strike home, but when he struck one, it was generally a knockout.

Frances Perkins, who was Secretary of Labor, had certainly won this position by her constant service to social betterment. Soon after leaving college, she had engaged in a campaign against the sweatshops, serving nearly a decade of intense activity as a factory inspector and in other similar positions. She had finally been called to a larger field to handle labor conditions in the largest state of the union, New York. She knew more about industry and its relations to the employees than any of the members of the cabinet. Her department in New York state, gathering information regarding employment and wages, was in the lead of every other state in the country. Time and again, during the last three

years of the Hoover administration, she had shown with figures that could not be successfully attacked, that Hoover did not know what he was talking about when he dealt with labor conditions. She had also shown up the very department to which she had been appointed as utterly untrustworthy in dealing with the facts and conditions of the workers in the Coolidge and Hoover administrations.

I had watched Miss Perkins in action for over twenty years, watched her when she worked in conjunction with the lamented Florence Kelly, who had done such great work in helping to clean out the sweatshops of the country. I also knew her in her very young womanhood when she came out of college. (When I first met her she was only about seventeen; it was on a tennis court, and she was playing tennis with Upton Sinclair.) I remember having commented upon her just after she took the oath of office for the labor Secretaryship, saying, "She's hard to keep down, and I wonder if even a largely conservative cabinet will be able to do it. In addition, I have an idea that even resigning her job would have no terrors for the lady if she was interfered with by the reactionaries." I have used the phrase, "a largely conservative cabinet." I think many people who now damn the New Deal have forgotten the facts: six out of the nine in Roosevelt's cabinet were conservatives of various hues—some of them highly intelligent conservatives as far as the social scene was concerned, and others not so intelligent.

The Secretary of State, sometimes called the Premier of the Cabinet, was Cordell Hull, who took his Jeffersonian democracy honestly and seriously. A Tammany Democrat was to him without the pale of decency, as he was to any reformer. Hull felt the same way toward the plutocracy. The middle class in his eyes was the backbone of the nation, and our troubles, he believed, came largely as a result of allowing plutocracy to dominate our affairs.

Hull opposed from the very beginning the financing of the Democratic party by Raskob, who took the machine over in 1928, in the campaign to elect Al Smith. Hull made it very clear in his

talk with his friends that his party would have been better off if Raskob had continued to wear his Republican label and his membership of the Union League crowd. Hull was responsible more than any one Democrat for the practical repudiation of Raskob in the early months of 1932, before the financial lieutenant of the DuPonts was unhorsed as chairman of the National Democratic Committee.

It was this move of Hull's in 1932 which was responsible primarily for the nomination of Roosevelt in Chicago. Otherwise Roosevelt could never have come to the convention with a clear majority on the first ballot, and if Roosevelt had not had this majority on the first ballot, his lieutenants might not have been able to trade with his various opponents, leaving the Smith-Raskob crowd hopelessly in the minority. It should be remembered that a two-thirds vote was then necessary in a Democratic party convention to secure a nomination.

Hull, however, was something more than just a mere politician. He was an expert, through long service, on national finance and taxes, having drawn up the income tax law. He was also considered one of the highest authorities on the tariff, and was an exponent of low rates. The Republicans charged him with being a "free trader," but this was of course just a campaign lie. Hull had never speculated on foreign affairs, though he knew much about the state of trade between this country and foreign ones. He truly wanted to return to what he called "the faith of the fathers." However, in his mental processes he seemed to ignore the fact that this country and the world had changed more since these "fathers" had died than it did between the misnamed "Christian era" and the birth of this republic. Hull's integrity was of the highest order, and according to his lights he was fearless in action.

One day in February, 1932, I was having a talk with Hull in the hotel where we both lived in Washington for about ten years. He was then U.S. senator from Tennessee, and in the course of the conversation he said to me, "I talked with Franklin Roosevelt

nearly an hour today and told him we could nominate him for the Presidency if we could get loose from the monied group led by Raskob of the DuPont interests. That I was sure if we did this we could go into the convention with enough delegates to put him over."

A year rolled around, and February came again, and I had another talk with Hull, who had just come from New York, where, as a member of a Committee of Democratic Congressmen and Senators, he had gone to consult the President-elect. I said, "How did you find the coming President?" He answered, "He looks very well." And then, in a very hurt tone, he said, remembering our conversation of a year before, "Do you know, I've never heard personally from Franklin since the election?"

A few days afterward, the President-elect came to Washington on his way to Warm Springs, and the committee called on him again. A few days after that, a dispatch from Warm Springs announced that the President has asked Cordell Hull to come there. And a little time after that, the papers carried the news that Cordell Hull had been named by Roosevelt as Secretary of State.

The powerful position of Secretary of the Treasury was filled by William H. Woodin. He was an amiable conservative, the inheritor of a large fortune, made in the car and foundry industry, intimate with Wall Street banking interests who had enabled Woodin to incorporate the American Car and Foundry Company, an amalgamation of various plants, with the one he had inherited in Pennsylvania.

The Secretary of War in the Cabinet was George H. Dern of Utah, who was both a banker and an industrial magnate. He had been governor of the state, interested in banks, in power companies, in canneries.

The appointment of James A. Farley, who had done so much to gather delegates pledged to Roosevelt, was a very natural one. The Postmaster-Generalship until very recently was in all administrations, Republican and Democratic alike, the office broker of the existing administration. As a broker, he had been given the

administering of the largest continuous business the government conducts. Some may say that this is certainly a crazy thing to do; the answer is that it had always been done until recently, when the first Assistant Postmaster-General, Donaldson, was made Postmaster-General.

Jim was a master at remembering names and faces. He knew just how and when to slap backs, shake hands and make promises. He was formerly a very good salesman in building materials, and interested in selling supplies that required a real political pull. His political-office life included up to the time of his appointment a boxing-commissionership of the state of New York. His selling ability was 100 per cent. He sold Roosevelt to the majority of delegates to the convention even more successfully than he sold building materials to the building trade.

It is very significant in looking over the first cabinet of Roosevelt to see in how relatively short time some of them disappeared from the political scene early in his administration. Neither Woodin, who died, nor Dern, Swanson, Cummings, Roper nor Farley were in sympathy with the social and labor legislation known as the New Deal. Their appointments were largely due to the claims for services rendered to the national Democratic machine in the campaign. Roosevelt's future appointments to his cabinet gave him much more sympathetic support from his cabinet members than when he began his administration.

The plunge into world-wide chaos led by Hitler caused the President to make two appointments that had nothing to do with domestic issues. One was that of Stimson to the War Department, and the other that of Knox to the Navy. The regular Democratic organization in private bitterly criticized Roosevelt for appointing these two prominent Republicans, claiming that there were regular Democrats capable of running these two departments. Roosevelt, however, was adamant in this move, and events justified his judgment. He wanted the nonpartisan support for making this country the "arsenal of democracy" to help the nations plunged into the holocaust of war by Hitler. By this move-

ment on Roosevelt's part, the isolationists, such as Senators Taft and Nye on the Republican side, and Senator Wheeler on the Democratic side, were left out on a limb when Roosevelt secured the nonpartisan support for his lend-lease project.

Even Jim Farley, who is given the credit for having secured the first nomination of Roosevelt in '32, went out of the cabinet before the beginning of Roosevelt's third term. The ostensible reason was of course his objection to the third term, but everyone in Washington knew that Jim was climbing upward into the ranks of the lords of finance in industry, and therefore had become both the critic and the enemy of the New Deal. Jim was given a position in one of the great corporations with pay which was said to be five times as much per year as the postmaster-generalship. One doesn't know what his pay is today, but it is probably even greater.

Members of the cabinet who had the social vision to believe in what Roosevelt was trying to do for the people as a whole in using the powers of the government, held on. Morgenthau, Miss Perkins, Wallace and Ickes were still in the cabinet when Roosevelt died. As the earlier members of the cabinet disappeared from the administration, their places were filled by those in accord with the social principles which Roosevelt had not only enunciated, but was carrying into practice. A case in point was that of the attorney-generalship, of vital importance in the changing era of our industrial and social fabric. Francis Biddle was appointed to this office. He was a former federal judge; former head of the N.L.R.B.; a former solicitor-general. He succeeded Jackson, who had been appointed a Supreme Court justice. Biddle continued in the Department of Justice until after President Roosevelt died. His administration of that department was a notable triumph for both decency and high intelligence.

The national Democratic party machinery, which had been taken over by decidedly inferior persons, mostly hungry for patronage, had President Truman ask for the resignation of three members of his cabinet on the same day; one was Attorney-

General Francis Biddle, another, Secretary of Labor Frances Perkins, and the third, Claude R. Wickard, Secretary of Agriculture. The best posted people in Washington not only believed, but had very definite reasons to believe that this sudden move was the result of a plan by a triumvirate in the national Democratic machinery ranks to put into all three offices practicing politicians who would respond to the demand made upon them for patronage. Members of the triumvirate were Hannegan, chairman of the Democratic national machine, Clark, then assistant attorney-general, and Edwin W. Pauley. All of the three who resigned were more anxious to put efficient persons on their staff than were those who were in politics in most cases for reasons quite different from those of Biddle, Perkins or Wickard.

It was an interesting circumstance that Francis Biddle should have been filling the same office that one of his direct ancestors had filled as the first attorney-general of the United States, appointed by President Washington. This was Edmond Randolph, of Virginia, a great-great uncle of Biddle.

The N.I.R.A. administration began with what I would call "the battle of the codes." When signing the Recovery Act, Roosevelt was very careful to say when talking about a living wage: "By living wages, I mean more than a bare subsistence of living level. I mean the wages of decent living." The codes were supposed to decide what is a "decent living." At no time in the history of our country has the average wage paid to millions of our workers ever been Roosevelt's idea of a decent living. In the eyes of most of the employers, a "decent living" meant that their workers should be paid a wage that would enable them to buy enough food, shelter and clothing to keep them in such a condition that they should be able to work efficiently for the profits of those who paid the wage.

In almost all the code hearings held during the period of the N.R.A., and I attended many of them, the employers took this position. And this in spite of the fact that official figures only a

few years before the depression came upon us—that is, in the period of so-called prosperity—show that 69 per cent of the people in this country lived on or below what the statisticians of that day called “a minimum comfort basis.” Of these 69 per cent, over twelve million lived on a bare subsistence wage. In the many hearings that I attended, it was easy to sense that the employers of the particular industries for which the codes were to be adopted, had determined to keep this “living wage” and “decent living” as expressed by Roosevelt from being translated into reality.

These hearings made a field day for the lawyers of the employers. Most of them were kept busier perhaps than at any time in their careers. It was the business of these legal retainers to find a way to keep from paying the wages which the National Industrial Recovery Act was supposed to be aimed at.

The act also provided for “collective bargaining,” with the result that many of the largest employers tried to form “company unions.” Naturally these company unions would become mere rubber stamps for their employers. That was one of the chief reasons why the employers were so slow in submitting the various codes which they wanted to use in governing their industries. Just as one example of this was the oil industry code. This code was ready to submit, but it was found out that the oil companies had not worked out wages in hours of labor, and of course the administrator of the N.I.R.A., General Johnson, could not accept it without the provision dealing with wages and hours.

I spent most all of the time in Washington during the administration of the N.I.R.A., and what struck me as well as other persons more or less intimate with our industrial setup was that the employers had more to say about the administration of the N.I.R.A. than the workers, those wages were supposed to be increased, and whose hours of labor decreased. This was particularly in evidence where the workers of an industry were not thoroughly organized.

At that time, the percentage of organized workers was ex-

ceedingly small. In most of our industries, and notably in some of the most basic and very largest, the wage earners were not only not thoroughly organized, but in many cases not organized at all. One has only to remember that three of the largest employers of the country, steel, automobile, and textile, had only an almost infinitesimal number of their workers represented in the organized labor movement! When I look back and think of the many things that happened during the N.I.R.A. administration favoring the employing class, I feel thoroughly satisfied that the Supreme Court held the act unconstitutional. I have no hesitency in taking this point of view in spite of the fact that Section 7(a) dealt with unfair labor practices. Although this provision was clearly drawn, almost all the employers of the various codes found a way to get around it.

Fortunately, when the National Labor Relations Act was drawn, the same kind of provision was included in it, but the punishment for violating it was much more definitely dealt with, and became a great factor in helping to increase the growth of organized labor. In five years, from the time the National Labor Relations Act was found constitutional, organized labor made more progress in numbers and influence than had been made from the day that the first labor movement in America was formed.

In watching the various code hearings and the work of the division administrators, one sensed in the second year of the N.R.A. how the Consumers' Advisory Board was succeeding in upsetting some of the work that the administration had been doing for the employers. The Consumers' Board had been ignored for some months. Constant agitation on the part of some of the consumers, and the continued exposure in some papers of an increase in the cost of living out of all proportion to the increase in wages and salaries required a lot of explanation.

This naturally annoyed the representatives of the industries among the administrators, and I remember making a case study of one of them. I also remember that it caused me a lot of amuse-

ment because he could not hide his annoyance. His name was Whiteside, and he was the head of the famous agency of Dun and Bradstreet, whose clients were those engaged in industry and finance as well as commercial business. Listening to his questions in the hearings I got the feeling that his idea of heaven was a place inhabited exclusively by those who had the highest financial ratings in Dun and Bradstreet's. He was so much of a conservative that I remember even the conservative *Washington Post*, in an article on personnel in the N.R.A., classed Whiteside as a Tory.

One day I sat at a hearing at which he was presiding, which had to do with a protest over the increase in prices which the textile employers had made, out of all proportion to the increase in wages that they had been called upon to pay their employees. Leon Henderson, who had been assisting the Consumers' Board, was appearing for the workers.

The representative of the employers of the textile industry was making a vicious attack on Henderson in an attempt to play down any story that the press might carry, there being many newspapermen at the hearing. Henderson, quite jovial by nature, never lost his temper, and when one particularly vicious question was hurled at him, said, "I can't answer that question. The one to answer it is Mr. Whiteside; if my memory serves me right, he was the first President of the Wool Institute, which you represent."

A gale of laughter blew into the room, not only from the spectators but from the press table. This hearing helped make Leon Henderson a national figure, and he went on continually to bigger jobs in the New Deal administration.

Men at the press table are generally very careful not to show their feelings in any public assembly, but several times during these New Deal days, I saw this rule violated. And on one particular occasion, they actually hooted a university professor. It was Dr. Wilford King of New York University. One of the most astute code examiners in the N.R.A. was a member of the Colorado bar, Merle D. Vincent, who presided at this hearing; a former president of the state bar, he showed a genius for getting at the

heart of a question, holding the balance between two sides almost perfectly and never losing his temper.

The story of the various code hearings has been mostly forgotten, though they were most revealing of the attitude of the employers toward their organized workers. I remember particularly sitting at the press table as a bunch of employers left the clothing code hearing before the session had concluded. Hyman Blumberg of the Amalgamated, one of the best-posted workers in the industry, had been presenting an argument for further reduction of hours. He marshaled fact after fact, which, one could see by watching the faces of the employers from the press table, were particularly unpleasant to them, as they could not give any successful rebuttal to Blumberg's presentation of the case of the workers. In fact, some of the employers got up and walked out. I heard a leader of the bunch walking out say, to his fellow-employers, "Come on, we didn't come here to listen to labor agitators."

To me, one of the most interesting hearings on any of the codes was held in the large assembly hall of the Department of Commerce, when the cotton garment code came up. The great hall was nearly filled, there being a large delegation of workers in the industry present as well as a large delegation of manufacturers. The latter had been busy for some days, lobbying up on Capitol Hill, giving a list of about thirty-five congressmen and senators to the deputy administrator, who called out the names. However, only about seven responded to their names and made statements. All of these statements were either directly in favor of the employers, or so neutral that they might as well have been.

I then witnessed a most astute piece of cross-questioning on the part of one who had nothing whatever to do with the legal profession. This was Sidney Hillman, President of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America. As each one of the members of Congress completed his testimony, Hillman, without raising his voice, or in any way being truculent, asked the witness whether he was against shortening the hours and raising the wages. This was

of course one of the demands of the workers. As all of the congressmen were going home in a few days to try to get re-elected, they were compelled to reply that they were not opposed. This completely destroyed the value of their testimony to the manufacturers, who had put them on the spot by calling them as witnesses. Some of them had shown most glaringly in their testimony that they knew nothing of what they were talking about. (One witness actually confessed that he hadn't given much thought to the matter.) In answering Hillman's single, adroit question, they had committed themselves before they realized what was happening.

The cotton garment trade, with the exception of the textile industry, was the greatest sweatshop industry in the country, and this was particularly true in the southern states, where there were practically no union organizations. The individual concerns were on the average very small; the code authority was supposed to cover nearly four thousand factories scattered in forty-two states with over 200,000 workers. And before the N.I.R.A. was even declared unconstitutional, the cotton garment employers had been notorious for the lack of enforcement of the labor provisions in the code.

The fact was that the code authority was actually in control of the Cotton Garment Manufacturers' Association. The director of compliance in the cotton garment industry had so little sense of humor as to report eight months after the code had gone into effect that some \$300,000 had been returned to some 60,000 employees in restitution of wages since the code took effect. This meant an average of five dollars to each of the 60,000 involved, by the chiseling of the employers. It was common knowledge on the part of experts that not thousands, but millions of dollars would have to be distributed to the workers in restitution on the part of the employers.

There was just one manufacturer at the convention of the cotton garment manufacturers who had the guts to tell the truth. He told them that "a firm enforcement of the labor and hours provision of

the code would do away with ninety per cent of the chiseling, and that ninety per cent of the chiseling was at the expense of labor." As a consequence, he became quite unpopular with his fellow constituents.

However, the nine wise owls up on the mahogany roost in the Supreme Court chamber put an end to all the codes, good or bad, efficiently or inefficiently administered, by declaring the N.I.R.A. unconstitutional on May 27, 1935. The forces for social good and the champions of special privilege realigned themselves for a battle which was to continue, and is still being fought as I finish this book.

The Supreme Court decision would have appeared to an inhabitant from another planet as an immense paradox. The N.I.R.A. had been passed by a Congress which was elected directly by a majority of the people of this country, and yet these nine wise owls, who had been neither elected nor selected by the people of this country, declared the N.I.R.A. null and void. I remember after reading the decision that I had a copy of the letter that Jefferson had written on December 28, 1820, to William Charles Jarvis. It could have been written, without a single change in its contents, on the very day that the Supreme Court by unanimous vote found the N.I.R.A. unconstitutional. Here it is:

"You seem to consider the judges as the ultimate arbiters of all constitutional questions, a very dangerous doctrine indeed, and one which would place us under the despotism of an oligarchy. Our judges are as honest as other men, and not moreso. They have, with others, the same passions for party, for power, and the privilege of their corps. . . Their power is the more dangerous as they are in office for life, and not responsible, as the other functionaries are, to the elective control. The Constitution had erected no such single tribunal, knowing to whatever hands confided, with the corruptions of time and party, its members would become despots. It has more wisely made all the departments co-equal and co-sovereign within themselves."

The decision of the Supreme Court on N.I.R.A. did one thing

even if it was not intended. It brought from the President a sarcastic reference to their decision being worthy of the "horse and buggy" age, which statement rolled over the country and secured a tremendous response among the independent voters, including those of organized labor. The answer to the decision was the election of Roosevelt in 1936 by a titanic wave of ballots and an electoral college vote of 523 out of 531. The contest in reality was not between the Republican and Democratic parties, but between a newly formed group called the "Liberty League" and the Democratic party, whose vote was swollen by the independent voters who made what was misnamed a Democratic party victory possible. To put it in another way, it was a battle between the plutocracy and the principles furthered by Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

The story of the misnamed "Liberty League" is almost forgotten. In fact, it was not known by the generation now going to the polls to cast a ballot for the Presidency and for the members of Congress. I filed away a large amount of material on this plutocratic group which I think may prove interesting to my readers. Here is the tale:

The Liberty League actually came to birth by the passage of the National Labor Relations Act. This act, with its definite protection of the workers' jobs, in case any group of them decided to organize their numbers and productive capacity to secure better wages and conditions, menaced the arbitrary rule of the employers over the jobs of millions of men and women of the country. It is a matter of record that the amazingly slow growth of the workers to organize for collective bargaining was the result of the power of the employers to deprive them of their jobs, which of course meant the destruction of their earning capacity, thus putting their families on the poverty line. It was this that was almost solely responsible for the slow growth of the labor movement between 1900 and 1936.

At any cost, the employers felt the National Labor Relations Act must be stopped from going into operation, though it had been passed. So on the eve of Constitution Day, 1935, Jouett

Shouse, the head of the American Liberty League, let loose a lot of banalities about the Constitution, but the real call to action on the part of reactionary employers came from the National Lawyers Committee of the Liberty League.

This committee had taken it upon itself to issue a statement as to the constitutionality of various phases of the New Deal legislation passed by Congress. In the last few years I have seen very few references to this monumental impudence of these fifty-eight lawyers, who constituted themselves as a supreme court, passing on laws made by Congress. I kept a list of these fifty-eight legal retainers of the reactionaries in the world of finance and industry. In the years that have passed these men have received millions of dollars in fees from the propertied interests of this country.

Jouett Shouse had posed as a member of the Democratic party for some years, but had gone over to those who were fighting the New Deal legislation. Shouse had so little sense of humor as to say that the members of this self-made, unofficial supreme court, who were living on the fat of the land from fees received from big corporations and multimillionaire clients "are not directly or indirectly receiving one cent of pay for the work being done. These men have volunteered for a patriotic service of real value. That spirit is a little difficult for some people to understand." I remember a fellow craftsman commenting on this statement of Shouse's by saying, "You bet it is! It's not difficult, however, for any intelligent person to laugh at such blah as this."

The statement of the fifty-eight lawyers was given out from the Liberty League's Washington office. It proclaimed that the Wagner Labor Disputes Act was "unconstitutional." The committee of lawyers was headed by a member of the law firm representing the steel barons for many years. The composite picture of the fifty-eight could have truthfully been labeled "the legal spiders of plutocracy." The subcommittee who drew up the statement was headed by Earl F. Reed, the chief counsel for the Weirton Steel Company. This man had been credited in the public press with saying, "When a lawyer tells his client that a law is unconstitu-

tional, it is then a nullity, and he need not obey that law." In other words, just as the Supreme Court itself had usurped the power according to Article 3 of the Constitution of declaring an Act of Congress invalid, so the corporation lawyers of the country had now usurped the power claimed by the Supreme Court.

So raw and impudent was this action on the part of the Liberty League legal committee, that the *New York Times* on its front page printed the following, which I have carefully preserved: "Regardless of the 'employer' character of a number of its drafters, as well as most of those represented in the full committee membership, the report was offered by the League as an 'unbiased' factual analysis and legal opinion on the National Labor Relations Board."

The inside quotation marks above are just as they appeared in the *Times*. No further comment seems to me to be necessary.

The work of the so-called Liberty League came into full flow with the statement of their lawyers' committee on the National Labor Relations Act. For pretty nearly two years the administration of this act was interfered with greatly; many employers going on with their chiseling activity and with the prevention of the unionizing of their employees, under the belief that the lawyers for the big corporations knew what they were talking about when they said the Supreme Court would find the act unconstitutional. When the court did find the act constitutional, there was almost weeping and gnashing of teeth from the employers.

Many people of this generation know little of this attempt on the part of the plutocracy to poison public opinion and to obstruct and if possible destroy the entire New Deal. Who were the guiding spirits in this Liberty League, and what were the records of some of them in the relations between the worker and the employer, and also what part did they play in the financial as well as the industrial world?

The members of the Liberty League were mostly men of great wealth who had given money to both the Republican and Democratic parties in their efforts to control both of them. It is most

illuminating that the United Press, which had over 1,000 daily newspaper clients, had made a survey of the league's executive committee and its advisory council. It sent this study to its clients, and the survey disclosed a close connection between the membership and some of the nation's greatest business enterprises. It showed that the group in control of the American Liberty League represented industrial and financial organizations possessing assets of more than thirty-seven billion dollars.

The United Press did not hold itself to mere generalization. It gave a list of some of the corporations involved in the league, a league which had been created, according to its own statement, to oppose the "radical" movement in the national government. Among the corporations were U. S. Steel, General Motors, Standard Oil, Chase National Bank, the largest bank in the United States, the American Telephone and Telegraph, and so on. As a matter of fact, the list in its entirety covered most all the great corporations in the United States.

In the past—that is, before the New Deal—this combination, with its control of most of the channels of information which reached the people, could have destroyed the New Deal completely. However, something new had happened. The Democratic party by sheer luck had selected a man to run for the Presidency, who, while in no sense a radical, had a feeling for his fellow citizens, a majority of whom were wage and salary earning, and he put into action the promises he had made after he took the oath of office. The amazing result of this was (amazing, that is, to the plutocratic combination, the Liberty League) the victory at the polls in '36 mentioned earlier, which might as well have been said to have made Roosevelt and his New Deal the unanimous choice of our voters, as his opponents on the Republican ticket, backed by the Liberty League and other reactionary groups, secured only eight votes out of 531.

In the spring of '36, the Liberty League reached out to try to fool the farmer into actually opposing the alleviating farm legislation backed by Roosevelt. A Senate committee had before it a

so-called agricultural engineer, whose evidence showed that he had "engineered" the formation of a farmers' independent council. At the time he was engaged in this activity, he had an office with the Liberty League. He naturally denied that the Liberty League took any interest in the "agricultural movement" he was leading, though he had to admit that even when he moved from Washington to Chicago he had space in the Liberty League offices. In Chicago he consulted Silas H. Strawn, the former head of the United States Chamber of Commerce, and a prominent member of the Liberty League.

This agricultural engineer was examined by the Black committee in Washington, the results of the examination being quite revealing. It was brought out that among the "farmers" were DuPont, who "farmed" powder, dynamite and other such edibles for the American and other peoples; Sloan, of General Motors, who "farmed" automobiles; Silas Strawn, who "farmed" large legal fees from big business; Aldrich, of the Chase National Bank, who "farmed" money; and a lot of other "farmers," such as Ogden Mills, the former multimillionaire Secretary of the Treasury under Hoover.

A most disgusting exhibit, however, of this attempt to fool the farmer into support of reaction was the infamous "Grass Roots" Convention in Macon, Georgia. This was perhaps the most vicious attempt ever made in this country to foster race prejudice. A picture of Mrs. Roosevelt going to a meeting escorted by two Negroes was given to each delegate. The entire proceedings of this convention were perhaps on the lowest intellectual level of any aggregation of persons gathered together in this country in the twentieth century.

The Senate committee questioning developed that two prominent leaguers—Raskob and DuPont—who, it was said, had given the southern committee \$8,000, had paid most of the bill for the Macon convention. But that wasn't all; Raskob had kicked in more money on his own, and so had Sloan of General Motors. The three had given the group in all about \$14,000.

However, this wasn't all the money that this bunch creating a spirit of race hatred received. Other contributors to the Southern Committee to Uphold the Constitution (the title of the Liberty League committee which organized the "Grass Roots" Convention at Macon) were officials of some of the biggest corporations in the country.

The story of the Liberty League has never been told in full, just as stories of other similar organizations whose real aim was to fool, rule and rob the people have never been told. Maybe someone of a younger generation will write a book under the title, "Who's Really Who and What in the United States." This ancient writer will be lucky if he lives to finish this one.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

ONE of the most remarkable happenings in the New Deal days of the 1930's was the Senatorial Investigation of Violations of Free Speech and Labor Rights, which held hearings from 1936 to 1940. In reality it was an exposure of the organized terrorism on the part of most of the largest employers to cripple the movement to organize the workers.

How successful such terrorism had been, figures will show. In 1930, after a so-called ten-year era of prosperity in the twenties, there were only 3,632,000 union members. In the depths of the depression, in 1933, this had decreased by about a million. In 1940, however, when the senatorial committee had made its final report, the number of union members had become 8,944,000. This great increase had come largely in the basic industries, where the employers had been particularly vicious in organizing terrorism to defeat every attempt of their workers to organize.

Autos, steel, electric manufacture, aluminum, rubber, some coal—as in Kentucky and the captive mines—had come under the banner of unionism to the number of millions when the Senate subcommittee, consisting of Senators La Follette and Thomas (the latter of Utah) made their final report.

The terrorism that had been practiced by the employers from the beginning of the attempts to organize to better the wages and conditions of the workers was undoubtedly the chief reason for the slow growth of the organized labor movement. The arbitrary control of the worker's job, the power to fire him meant not only

control of the individual but the very life of every worker's family.

To show how efficient this terrorism was, just look at the cold figures. In round numbers, there were 800,000 organized workers in 1900. After nearly a third of a century, in 1930, there were only a little less than 4,000,000 organized.

Meanwhile the population had grown from 76,000,000 to nearly 123,000,000, while the total increase in production seems as fabulous as the proverbial steps of the giant with seven league boots. The organized labor movement was still a mere pigmy compared with that of the organized employers.

Strange as it all may seem, it was a congressional investigation that was primarily responsible for the great change in this picture—a change vitally important to millions of our people. As I am writing this chapter, the number of workers organized to improve their standard of living has almost doubled since 1940, when the committee made its final report. The number is now nearly 16,000,000.

It is the story of a tiny minority—hardly half a dozen in the United States Senate—who spoke and acted in behalf of the vast majority of the people, whose "public opinion" assured the success of the tiny minority.

It was not the enforcement of any legislation growing out of the exposure of always a cruel, and sometimes a murderous, fascist attempt on the part of most of the largest employers to terrorize their workers into abject subjects that was responsible for the change in their policies toward the workers in their plants. The pre-eminent cause of the change was an aroused public opinion.

Having played but a small part in this remarkable exposure, I was nevertheless fortunate enough to have had a front seat in watching it.

It came to birth out of the intelligence and social vision of just one man—Heber Blankenhorn, who is in my opinion one of the most effective researchers in the generation now fast passing from the scene.

The story of the senatorial investigation really began some eighteen years before the committee began its hearings. Bob La Follette was still in his twenties, helping the senior La Follette's office. His older colleague in the senatorial investigation, Thomas of Utah, was still a schoolteacher.

Youngish, but already well known in research circles, Heber Blankenhorn was a captain in Intelligence—1918–1919—at general headquarters, both in this country and later with Pershing in France. As for this writer, he was editor of the *New York Daily and Sunday Call*, destined to come in contact with Blankenhorn in reporting the famous Interchurch Steel Strike Investigation of 1919–1923, which Blankenhorn directed.

Strange as the story seems, Blank, who had studied many samples of terrorism, got his first real view of its scope and connections while in the army as captain in Intelligence. He had been commissioned in the general staff to organize the use of leaflets to break down the morale of enemy troops and civilians by telling our war aims, particularly the offer through the League of Nations, of a possible peaceful world. He had been sent to Pershing's general headquarters to handle that operation, and had made a success of it.

It was while engaged in this job, before leaving for France, that he ran into the manner in which domestic army Intelligence was dealing with the problem of labor relations. The attitude of army Intelligence was to consider labor unions as a hostile element that had to be "watched." The means was a system of "investigation" reports.

Blankenhorn told me, "From years of previous study I had enough data to question the reliability of such reports, whereupon the senior Intelligence officers pointed out that the reports came largely from Department of Justice reports, and that these in turn were largely from 'the undercover reports of the great corporations,' that 'these great companies have systems of keeping track of their labor forces,' and finally that the Department of Justice had always worked with these systems. There was no

hesitancy in allowing me to see these reports; I was ordered to inspect whole files of them. They were never signed, but I was told that they came from Pinkerton's, from the Pennsylvania Railroad, other railroads, steel companies, coal, etc., plainly an undercover network that was nation-wide. I was a young officer, and the idea was to convince me that I was naïve in questioning their system.

"Well, I was young in the army, and was completely baffled to find I had no way of doing anything about it. Shortly afterward I was sent to France. When the war was over, I included the espionage question in the interchurch investigation of steel; I found plenty of proof that terrorism was being used by the steel corporations which Intelligence in the army had been leaning upon to determine policies in the question of labor relations."

During the succeeding ten years I had contacts with Blankenhorn several times in the work he was doing in industrial research. In the early days of the New Deal, when I went frequently to Washington, he was assistant chairman under Robert Wagner of the first National Labor Board.

He played an important part in writing the Wagner Act, and became a staff member of the National Labor Relations Board set up under that act. It was from that vantage point that he succeeded in convincing Senator Bob La Follette of the vital importance of an investigation of the terrorism existing in industry; and when the committee was set up, he became for nearly four years the chief planner of its investigation.

It was after Blankenhorn's earliest talks with La Follette that I came in for a small part in what proved to be a most important event in New Deal history. Bob knew that if he was to get a real investigation he must quickly develop some facts that would through publicity cause the Senate to give solid support to such an investigation.

The all-important question to him, therefore, was: could Blank be depended upon to produce beyond any chance of denial the exhibits he said he could produce before a subcommittee that he, La Follette, had in mind?

Bob knew of the experiences I had had with Blank, and plumped at me the question: "Do you think Blankenhorn can surely be relied on to produce certain facts which are, to put it mildly, most startling?"

I replied that I had found Blankenhorn not only a most truthful person but a most careful one. That I had found he had a habit of understating a case in place of overstating it. That he (Bob) was taking no risk on relying on anything Blank had to say.

An interesting aftermath to this talk came a few years afterward when Blank was going over the happenings which led to the establishing of the La Follette committee. Blank told me that Bob had said to him that everything would depend upon the preliminary hearings as to whether he could get a real investigation, and in the last analysis that depended on "whether you have stuff to present that will impress the Senate."

La Follette followed this up by saying, "I have just been told by an old friend that if you say you have the stuff, you do have it."

I laughed and told Blank of the talk Bob had had with me in the early spring of 1936 just before he wrote and introduced in March 1936 his resolution.

The data on the manner in which some of the great employers of the country had violated not only free speech, but the rights of labor, was almost overwhelming from the beginning of the proceedings of the La Follette committee. After it got going for only a few days and the President read the evidence that had been brought out, it had his support. In 1937 I happened to know that there was a White House conference in the midst of committee proceedings, and that among those who attended it was Morgenthau, the Secretary of Treasury. At this time, the National Labor Relations Board was encountering great opposition on the part of the reactionaries. The conference at the White House agreed that the evidence coming out daily before the committee was helping to take the heat out of this opposition.

As one who knew all about what happened at the White House conference expressed it to me: "It was agreed that the evidence

coming out of the committee was practically running continual interference against the enemies of the N.L.R.B." This evidence not only helped the board in what it was trying to do, and helped the rights of labor in relations with employers, but it undoubtedly helped in the decision of the Supreme Court holding the Wagner Act constitutional. It was also agreed by the White House conference that the committee proceedings had aided a rejuvenated labor movement which was growing by the millions; and finally that the exposures struck directly at the latent fascism then occurring in that part of American capitalism engaged in the industrial field.

It is interesting to note that Blankenhorn in his earlier talks with me had said that he believed the investigation could accomplish this very thing.

For a moment contemplate what the Senate committee investigation was accomplishing. I feel that the story has been almost forgotten in the ensuing fifteen years. In the first place, the committee exposed the system of organized professional strike-breaking. It exposed the practice of organized professional espionage through professional and private detective systems. It accomplished the dissolution of scores upon scores of such systems. It compelled the breaking up of arsenals stocked with weapons, tear gas, etc., to be used in crushing labor if strikes occurred. Even some of the companies engaged in making munitions quit the practice of supplying them to corporations.

This is only part of the story.

The deputy sheriff system, one of the most murderous devices used by capital in labor espionage in rural and small-town areas to prevent union organization, was exposed. As an example, one of the stories that came out was of Harlan County, Kentucky, where the sheriff, who was supposed to hire "deputies," employed them as thugs to beat up workers engaged in union activities. This system was thoroughly exposed for the first time by the Senate investigation. And much of the terrorism was actually broken up.

The National Association of Manufacturers, together with their

satellites, such as the fake "Citizen's Committee," vigilantes, propaganda for defeating labor and other devices were driven from their cover, and at least for the time being, driven out of their nefarious activities. There were the secret "special conference committeees" and organizations helping the employers terrorize the workers, such as the Constitutional Educational League, etc. Then there were the fascist-minded groups of Tom Girdler, Jim Rand and that reactionary crowd. These groups were considerably curbed as a result of the exposures before the Senate committee. Then there was a showdown of the misuse of police powers, as in the Chicago Memorial Day massacre of the workers in 1937.

Then came the most complete investigation ever made of a great strike—that of Little Steel—in which all of these practices were involved. Step by step with these revelations came the complete union organization of steel. Day after day, before the committee came absolute proof of the violation of the Wagner Act, and the same violation of civil liberties.

This whole exposure in fact had tremendous influence on public opinion against such practices. No wonder the proceedings of this committee, which sat continually for four years, requires a five-foot shelf; the evidence brought before it is still being cited in 1952 when I am writing this chapter, and is being used in government proceedings, courts, etc.

Now let us see what was happening in industry while the La Follette committee's work was going on. The C.I.O. was organizing workers in auto, steel, electric manufactures, aluminum, rubber, in some portions of coal yet unorganized, and in textiles, the latter of which has perhaps the largest number of employees of any industry in the country. Of course this activity naturally aroused heavier opposition to its proceedings than any investigation had ever aroused in our history. The committee had proceeded on a predetermined plan, independent of suggestions from unions or anybody else as its primary feature; secondly, and this is vitally important, eighty-five per cent of the testimony came

from the accused—from the offending industrialists, from their files or their agents'. If ever the proceedings of any committee in our legislative history had been planned, it was those of this senatorial committee.

Blank had told me just what he was trying to do, and he did it, the first ten days in the hearings, from April 1 to April 10, 1936. During this period, he had had the committee introduce certain testimony produced by his witnesses, and then had the committee close the hearings with a number of analyses of the evidence and other documents. What had been produced was so impossible of successful denial that the Senate was forced to vote a continuation of the investigation with full Senate powers in June 1936. It is true that in order to help kill it, they ordered an appropriation of only \$15,000, but this attempt to put an end to it by such methods was defeated by the borrowing of more than thirty of the National Labor Relations Board's personnel to be the core of the investigation, that Board of course paying their salaries and expenses out of their own funds. This amounted to \$150,000 within the first two years. Twenty-seven investigations were made by this committee in four years. Blankenhorn drew the plans for twenty-six of them, while the daily control of the investigations in all questions was in the hands of Thomas and La Follette.

Right now I want to say something of the way these hearings were conducted, which was in sharp contrast to the way hearings are being held today. No Congressional investigation was ever so scrupulously and tightly controlled by the chairman as this investigation. The fairness of its hearings set a standard which few other committees have ever rivaled. For example, every witness had his free untrammeled day in court. It is true that while the subpoenaed industrialists hired some of the biggest lawyers in the country to get them out of that day if possible, nevertheless there was no attempt to keep these legal retainers from advising their clients. Altogether, the hearings, which were known country-wide, did help work a new day in the American social order. Naturally there was great opposition to the Senate committee, but

so deadly was the nature of this testimony that this opposition tried to keep under cover.

The courage of both La Follette and Thomas was put to a much more severe test than most people knew. La Follette was told that there was going to be a million dollar slush fund raised to defeat him in the coming election, made up of contributions from reactionaries. He laughingly responded by saying, "I've only got two thin dimes to rub together." What is more, the reactionaries did try to defeat him in 1940, but he was elected primarily by the 40,000 majority he received in the Milwaukee district, which came largely from industrial workers. He is reputed to have said at this time, "For the first time in my experience I had the Wisconsin solid labor vote." However, it was not a wide margin, and in view of what was accomplished by the La Follette committee, he should have been elected by a much larger majority.

The story which I have related so far of this committee makes just two things stand out in my opinion with great vividness. First, the importance of what a tiny minority can accomplish. Second, the impotence of this minority unless the climate of the country—that is, public opinion—is with them. The minority, with sound plans rightly timed, can use such powers as they possess to achieve a great deal for the majority, whose political powers are unorganized. (Naturally I do not mean that they can get as much as they could if the majority were organized.)

Outside of Blank, who started the whole trend of what resulted in the Senate committee, the proceedings exemplified what can be done when real tribunes of the people even in a small minority use their office to the full for the common good. This is exemplified by the careers of both La Follettes, Norris, Black, Walsh, Wheeler of Montana and others, and this against the same kind of opposition that Robert Wagner encountered in 1933-1935, when he got his act passed. Wagner said at that very time, "There are hardly six Senators who will rise on the floor and fight at my side, but there are only ten or twelve who will speak against it." (When the

vote was taken, only twelve did vote against it.)

Anyone who was then active in Washington did know that the Senate majority had no use for the La Follette committee, but that being afraid of public opinion, the opposition was confined to cutting appropriations for it to ribbons. The outside opposition to the committee, however, climaxed in February 1937 during the critical negotiations to settle the auto sit-down strikes. Day after day, the revelations of the practices carried on by General Motors—such as their spending a million dollars for espionage, including spying on Assistant Secretary of Labor McGrady—reverberated inside the strike settlement battles, presided over by Governor Murphy in Detroit.

Suddenly La Follette called off the hearings, having been told he was interfering with negotiations in Detroit. When, however, he phoned Governor Murphy of Michigan, Murphy told him, "Your hearings are the greatest possible help. Go right ahead." As a result, General Motors recognized the union, and settled.

In only a fortnight from that time, the La Follette committee announced its plans to investigate U.S. Steel. Right on that date, U.S. Steel recognized the union and signed up!

Among the first revelations that took place before the La Follette committee were those which involved the famous Pinkerton Detective Agency. In questioning the general manager of this agency, it developed that it had received the gross sum of nearly six million dollars from the employers in about two and a half years. The general manager stated that he thought 40 to 60 per cent of their gross receipts had come as a result of their industrial "espionage" work. The word espionage was of course the polite word for spying. It developed in the cross-questioning that the argument they used with their employers to sell their service was that they could deal with the threat of communism, or radicalism, which existed, according to the Pinkerton agency, in their industrial plants.

When the Pinkerton agency was asked what they meant by communism or radicalism they couldn't give an exact definition

of the words. Their witnesses dodged and dodged and dodged. I remember one of the correspondents at the press table saying wearily, after the witness had used such phrases as, "I don't know," or "I couldn't say" again and again, that this was "the biggest bunch of know-nothing witnesses that has appeared before any committee here on the Hill for some time." La Follette, who was a very patient cross-examiner, finally became very much riled by the witness. "Frankly, don't you designate any attempt by men to organize labor unions as communistic?" he demanded. Then came this revealing reply: "It's communism till we find out different."

One of the Pinkerton officials finally admitted that the fees they received under the heading of "plant irregularities" investigation was in reality almost altogether charged to labor espionage. One worker in the factory was quoted as saying, "Landon will put us back where we were four years ago and the Lord knows what will happen." This spy agency thought a statement of this kind was so dangerous that they reported it to their client, the Chevrolet section of the auto industry.

One of the most sinister statements made by one of the general managers of Pinkerton's was that since the passage of the social security act, all the Pinkerton labor spies were taken off the direct payroll and paid by the piece, since otherwise their names would be exposed, and their value as undercover agents diminished. It was shown in this portion of the committee's hearings that the General Motors Corporation and its subsidiaries paid the Pinkerton firm over \$167,000 in one year; from January 1934 to July 1936, General Motors paid \$994,855 to agencies for spying.

Such activity of course was not confined by any means to General Motors. To name just a few: Bethlehem Steel Corporation, the Pennsylvania Railroad, the R.C.A. manufacturing companies, in whose plants a strike had recently taken place. The Curtis Publishing Company, publishers of the *Saturday Evening Post* and other magazines, was another client. So was the American Sugar Refinery and the New York Shipbuilding Company. Also the

utilities octopus, the Georgia Power Company, was a client. There were so many on the list employing the Pinkerton spy agency that there isn't space here to name them all. A total of 1500 industrial corporations were clients of the five largest spying agencies.

In listening to this evidence, one was not surprised at such tactics on the part of the underworld. My indignation however was primarily aroused against those "eminent respectable citizens" who were posing as patriots at the very same time they were paying money to thugs and spies, and charging such money to the account of "protection."

I used the word "thugs," which of course means the use of violence or trying to arouse it in order that their services could be highly paid for after creating it. My files show thousands of words from the evidence before this committee on the use of such thuggery. A letter was put in the record which was written by one Foote, a tear-gas salesman. It was written to the vice-president of the Lake Erie Chemical Company, which manufactured tear gas. Here are excerpts from the letter, and remember, the letter is in the records of the United States Senate.

"I wish a hell of a strike would get under way . . . I am doing a lot of missionary work in anticipation of a strike . . . I hope the strike develops and matures, and will be a damn bad one. We need the money."

When the vice-president of the company, Ailes, was summoned to appear before the Senate committee, he defended the manufacture and sale of gas and actually said, "We don't want anyone to get hurt." The audience in the committee room sent up a gale of laughter at this, at which Ailes flushed, and went on: "I'm sorry there are strikes." Then the audience in the committee room actually hooted. When Ailes left the stand, the men at the press table were still laughing. He turned red with anger and snapped out at them, "You're all god-damned Communists." Here we had the definition of communism which the committee had been seeking from many witnesses for some days!

This evidence, however, of the employing of violent methods on the part of the employers, was very mild compared with stories that came out later. In one case, violence was actually stirred up by an employer who had hired the notorious Pearl Bergoff, one of the most unscrupulous thugs used by some of the large employers in their efforts to prevent organization. This case involved Jim Rand, of the Remington Rand Company—James H. Rand, Jr., “eminent citizen” of the United States.

The National Labor Relations Board was responsible for the exposure of the attempt to stage a riot in front of the Tonawanda plant of Remington-Rand while the company took motion pictures of it to be used in asking for an injunction from the court. (I saw the film at the N.L.R.B. showing, and what a revelation it was!) This was too much even for Bergoff. He claimed that when he accused Rand of the underhanded scheme, protesting that some of his (Bergoff's) men might have been killed, Rand gave him \$5,000. Bergoff said he had nothing against Remington Rand, as he had received \$25,000 from the company in five years.

Later on, Rand had further contacts with the notorious Bergoff, when he was indicted together with this professional strikebreaker for violating the Byrnes Law, prohibiting interstate transportation of strikebreakers. This involved taking some sixty strikebreakers into Middletown, Connecticut, where one of the Remington Rand plants was located. The strikebreakers deliberately provoked a fight with peaceful pickets on the pretext of gaining admission to the factory. By this method, Rand was able to get headlines in the papers about riots.

There were plenty of stories before the La Follette committee showing how individuals were subjected to violence, but there was one terrible story told of the massacre which took place at the Republic Steel Works. Here some of the thugs who did the murdering and maiming were in the uniform of the Chicago police. Eleven strikers were killed, and scores were maimed. Pressure of all kinds was exerted in an attempt to absolve the corporation and the police by putting the blame on the strikers. This was

defeated by a newsreel showing the actions of the police, which was suppressed until the La Follette committee produced it in its hearings; as damning as this evidence was, those guilty were able to escape through political pull. The exposure, however, was a tremendous factor not only in putting a stop to this sort of tactics, but it created an atmosphere throughout the United States against the industrial viciousness which had been going on uncurbed for decades. And it undoubtedly hastened the steel barons' retreat to cover by recognizing the steel union in the biggest plants in the country, where for years the owners had been responsible for terrorism and espionage to keep their workers in subjection.

As vitally important as it was that the public should know of the manner in which the spying, maiming and, in some cases, killing was taking place in industry, it was just as important that the public should know of the vicious attempts to poison their minds against the labor unions; anti-union propaganda was part of the campaign the employers waged against the just demands of the workers. The La Follette committee may have startled some portions of the public with the kind of evidence they were bringing out against the spying and thuggery; but what they exposed in regard to poisoning public opinion was just as startling. It is true that much of this evidence failed to secure banner headlines in the daily newspapers. However, some of the evidence was so horrifying that it could not be ignored by the larger newspapers without losing their news prestige, and so the story in most cases was printed on the inside pages.

The manner in which one George E. Sokolsky, author and lecturer, columnist and radioist, was used to poison the minds of the public against labor unions is particularly interesting in view of the fact that this same Sokolsky is today still a columnist for quite a number of newspapers.

Sokolsky first secured a hearing in the columns of some of our highly respectable magazines, supposed to have liberal tendencies. Later the tories who hired him themselves described him as a

"reformed pro-communist and radical," whatever that might be. The idea of these tory employers was to use Sokolsky as a speaker at meetings supposed to be publicly sponsored. The evidence before the La Follette committee showed that this "reformed pro-communist and radical" received a nice fat sum of \$28,599 from June, 1936, to February, 1938. This sum was received chiefly for services to the American Iron and Steel Institute. The amount named was for lectures, radio talks, as well as consultations in helping to prepare booklets. This Sokolsky, "a brand saved from the burning" of "communism and radicalism," also received a nice fat sum from the National Association of Manufacturers. It certainly pays to be "reformed."

Right here I want to show a concrete case of the way in which "reformed" Sokolsky worked with those who reformed him with so much cash. Sokolsky was brought to Youngstown, Ohio, a city then controlled largely by the steel interests. He was to talk under the auspices of a group—the Citizens Civic Affairs Committee. The chairman was one Hagstrom. One Lloyd, was secretary of the Mahoning Valley Industrial Council, known in steel circles as the Little Iron and Steel Institute, suggested to Hagstrom that he publish certain "harmony advertisements" in Youngstown. The ads were published; the greater portion of the cost was paid by the Little Iron and Steel Institute. This was done to deceive the public as to the source of these advertisements.

When the "reformed" Sokolsky came to Youngstown to speak, it was admitted by Lloyd that the fact that the "reformed pro-communist and radical" was really being paid by the National Association of Manufacturers had been "concealed from the public." This evidence led Senator La Follette to remark sarcastically, "So the National Association of Manufacturers furnished Sokolsky F.O.B. (free on board) Youngstown and also gave you fifty bucks for local expenses."

A letter was produced before the committee, written by Mr. Lloyd, the authenticity of which he acknowledged on the stand, that "at the present time, he (Sokolsky) is in my opinion the out-

standing advocate of the open shop in America," which is certainly going some for a "reformed pro-communist and radical."

It surely pays to muddle up public opinion in the interests of the tory industrialists. The publicity firm of Hill and Knowlton was shown to have received \$248,654 between August, 1933, and December, 1937, from the Republic Steel Corporation, Youngstown Sheet and Tube Company and the Little Iron and Steel Institute. And this wasn't all they received, by any means. They received from other corporations many thousands of dollars.

Going over the memos which I wrote and filed away after I came from the La Follette committee hearings, I just want to quote one comment which said, "I have just come from the La Follette committee investigating industrial thuggery, spying and terrorism. It has certainly struck more pay dirt than any Senate committee since the one which exposed the Teapot Dome thievery. Even the whitened industrial sepulchers who for years have been denying their nefarious activities in an attempt to keep their workers from organizing, will have a harder time to poison public opinion against their employees in the future." I certainly think that in view of the events in the labor world which followed this historical La Follette committee, this remark was justified in every way.

The arrogance of the haters and baiters of labor unions would have been unbelievable had it not been for the evidence brought before the La Follette committee. I have taken out of my files a letter from an executive of the Sunbeam Electric Company of Evansville, Indiana, asking advice from the National Metal Trades Association, as to what he could do to crush a union affiliated with the A.F. of L. It is not necessary for me to quote it all. I just want to quote one paragraph which draws a real picture of the attitude of most employers toward their workers. Here it is:

"Of their employees [The Sunbeam Company] who belong to this federal union, three are particularly active and pernicious. The company would like to get rid of these three men, and if you can suggest any way that they can accomplish this without laying themselves liable to a charge before the regional labor board, they

would appreciate it very much. All three of them [the workers] are very careful to do their work in such a way that it will not be possible to discharge them on those grounds. And their union activities are carried on outside the plant and in union meetings. One of them is doing a rather specialized job, setting up a drill press. One is a high-grade machinist working in the tool room, and the other is one whose work is of no particular importance. They are disloyal and antagonistic, and Mr. Shroder [the plant executive] believes that the interests of the firm require their immediate dismissal. How can it be done?"

Perhaps the most shameful story that we listened to in the La Follette committee was that of the treatment of the miners in Harlan County, Kentucky. It developed in the examination that the sheriff who was on the stand was owned by the coal operators in Kentucky; that a county attorney had been paid a regular amount yearly while taking a salary at the same time as a public official, that there had been an open hiring of not only known thugs but of men actually charged with murder. The impudence and shamelessness of this sheriff witness perhaps had never been equaled by any one before a Congressional hearing. The county attorney was just as blatant in his evidence when he told the Senators that while he was representing the citizens of the county that he saw nothing wrong in taking money from the coal operators.

The committee, however, did not content itself with questioning witnesses responsible for hiring thugs, but they brought the hirelings themselves before the committee. The cross-examination at this session proved conclusively that the sheriff knew of the murderous character of his deputies, and that that was the reason why he hired them.

The La Follette committee hearings lasted so long and developed so much shameful material showing the terrorism let loose on the workers when they dared to rise to improve their conditions that it is just impossible for me to do justice to it by dwelling on the few cases I have in this chapter, so I close the story of this

investigation which resulted in a great breaking down of the terroristic tactics on the part of the employers, with the story of how some of their political tools in the Senate treated it. A bill was brought in based on the results of the committee's findings, and it was so emasculated by amendments that one would be justified in saying that it was perhaps worse than no bill at all. Every "alien" who had fled from the tyranny of the dictatorships in Europe would have been penalized by these amendments.

The bill, drawn up as "The Oppressive Labor Practices Act of 1939," was introduced by Senators La Follette and Thomas in March of that year. It was partly filibustered and wholly hornswoggled to death by a Senate majority that had never had any use for a real Civil Liberties Committee.

The bill merely put teeth and penalties into the existing Wagner Act's ban on unfair labor practices. Unfortunately, it came along at the very time that the reactionaries in the Senate were trying to "amend"—that is, to emasculate—the Wagner Act. It had the support officially of the Roosevelt administration and that of all the labor unions. However, in the Senate Labor Committee, the bill had only four real friends: Senator Thomas, Senator La Follette, and Senators Pepper and Hill. There was one newcomer on the committee, Senator Robert Taft of Ohio, who sabotaged the bill all he could. The hearings on it dragged on until late in the session. Then the Senate majority left the debate to a Dixiecrat reactionary, Reynolds of North Carolina, whose job was to load it with crippling amendments in a virtual filibuster.

While this was going on, Hitler had seized Prague, and a pre-war anxiety began to develop in this country, and when Senator La Follette considered reviving the bill in 1940, the war in Europe was in full swing—for the time being, all "domestic reforms" went out of the window. However, despite the lack of legislation growing out of this committee's exposures, La Follette's and Thomas' work had been so thoroughly done that some millions of workers had been organized in the basic industries, and the old medieval system of terrorism has not up to this time been revived.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

THE year 1936 wrote a new story in American political history. A sitting President, running on a major party ticket—that of the Democratic—ran for a second term on a platform which in reality could be expressed in one line of the Democratic platform in 1932, when he was elected for his first term. That line was, “the continuous responsibility of government for human welfare.” Social and labor legislation by the Democratic majority in Congress during Roosevelt’s first term had assuaged some of the misery into which the majority of our people had been plunged by the inept and unhuman attitude of the Republican Hoover administration.

As a matter of record, a portion of the Democratic national political machine was not in favor of much of this legislation, but had been afraid to risk their political lives by opposing it, as it had unquestionably had the enthusiastic support of a majority of our people. The Republican party put a candidate in the field in the person of Governor Landon of Kansas. And when the people had voted, it was found that the former governor of Kansas had just eight votes in the electoral college, equaling the record of William Howard Taft in 1912, who had suffered a similar disastrous defeat.

I attended the convention in Cleveland that nominated Landon. His campaign for the nomination was managed by an ex-insurance man from Kansas by the name of Hamilton. It was perhaps the most ludicrous campaign that ever took place in American polit-

ical history. The symbol of the Landon forces at the convention was the sunflower; and the theme song of both the music and vocal choruses was a foolish tin pan alley composition called, "The Three Blind Mice, See How They Run."

Outside of the convention hall, Hamilton had stationed what is known as a conestoga wagon—that is, a wagon used by those who were trekking westward, the idea being that Landon's father had taken the family in a conestoga wagon to Kansas. As a matter of fact, the family had gone to Kansas in a parlor car, where the head of it had been appointed to a highly paid job with a corporation holding a public franchise.

Hamilton, however, was not satisfied with this asininity, but had to commit a greater one. He found out that Landon's mother had gone, on a visit to her relatives, from Ohio to a small Pennsylvania town. She had unexpectedly been brought to bed with child, Landon being the result. As soon as she recovered from her birth pains, she took her new baby back to Marietta, Ohio, where the family lived, so that Alf Landon was taken back to Ohio in his diapers.

However, Hamilton knew that Pennsylvania had thirty-odd votes in the electoral college, while Kansas had only about eight. So he ordered billboards posted all over Pennsylvania to "send a native son" to the White House. This gave the independent groups in Pennsylvania, who were very well integrated, a chance to go up and down the state taking advantage of the opportunity of ringing in the phrase continually that Landon was the "only native son of Pennsylvania who ever left it in diapers"!

It happened that I had suggested this idea, as one of the public relations advisers of the Non-Partisan League, who were operating actively in the state. The result was a roar of laughter from one end of the state to the other. It may have had something to do with the fact that for the first time in seventy-six years, Pennsylvania cast her vote for a Democratic candidate by a majority of 653,000.

Of course it wasn't the basic reason. The fact was that Roosevelt had really done something to bring the people of that big in-

dustrial state out of what was in reality for a few years the very mire of poverty.

Sitting at the press table during the convention of 1936, we got notice that Hoover was to speak at a certain hour. One old correspondent who had received the notice said, "My God, the convention's going to have a funeral director!"

When the Democratic convention met in Philadelphia in a huge auditorium a few blocks from Independence Hall, where the great bell had pealed forth the message of our independence from the British crown, what they were going to do was of course a foregone conclusion—so foregone that there wasn't any speculation about it. In reality, the most efficient campaign committee they had for the successful re-election of Roosevelt was composed of the Liberty League, the National Association of Manufacturers and the United States Chamber of Commerce. All of these financial and industrial groups of great wealth had shown such political ineptitude as to continually attack Roosevelt for doing a thing the majority was praising him for. The Liberty League had actually gathered into its fold two ex-Democratic candidates for the Presidency—one, Morgan lawyer Davis, and the other, Al Smith, a high-paid employee of the DuPont and General Motors interests. Why these various big business groups didn't understand that the efficient thing for them to do was to keep in the background while they pulled the strings and supplied the cash, this writer has never been able to understand.

On the contrary, in the early part of 1936, long before either national convention, they held an immense dinner in Washington, at which time the entire plutocracy in the country (and its high paid legal retainers) was summoned to the feast. Everything they damned Roosevelt for at that dinner was one of the very acts for which practically the unanimous vote of the productive workers of the country placed him again in the presidential chair.

At the convention some months later then, as I sat looking at the platform filled with prominent members of the Democratic party,

I could pick out scores, particularly from the South, who were not in accord with the policy of Roosevelt. These Democratic tories, however, were compelled to give lip service to some of the things Roosevelt had tried to do. One had to remember that their political lives depended on the Democrats' being in possession of the government. If that were not true, they would be found denouncing Roosevelt just as strongly as his opponents. A little later in the second administration of Roosevelt came the beginning of the unholy bipartisan alliance of the southern and a few of the northern Democrats with the Republican machine in trying to cripple the social and labor legislation for which Roosevelt had been primarily responsible.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

THE second administration of Roosevelt was a peculiarly interesting period because of the emergence of entirely new forces in the life of this nation. The chief of these forces was the organization of labor's Non-Partisan League, and the birth of the Committee for Industrial Organization. The latter afterward became the Congress for Industrial Organization, popularly known as the C.I.O.

The league was taken over by John L. Lewis when he carried out his threat of resigning from the C.I.O. A little later the C.I.O. founded a political arm by fashioning the Political Action Committee, popularly known as the P.A.C. That organization functioned in all the political campaigns which followed the election of Roosevelt in 1940, and is today functioning efficiently on the political field as the official arm of the C.I.O.

The C.I.O. in a very short time changed the whole picture of the growth of the labor movement in the United States. By the time that Roosevelt's second term had expired, the C.I.O. had between five and six million members, and they had aroused the concern of the A.F. of L. to the point where the older union engaged in such increased efficiency at organization that in a very few years they had increased their membership over one-third, and today claim a membership of over eight million. Together with the C.I.O. and independent unions, there are, in round figures, about sixteen million union members.

The first half-century picture of the labor movement in America

can be drawn in a very few words. The 1900 census showed 76,000,000 population, and there were at that time a little over one million union members, that is, about 1 to every 76 persons in the country. The last census—1950—showed a little over 150,000,000 people in the United States, with the last estimate of union members showing over 15 millions, or about one union member to every nine persons in the population.

The attitude toward politics on the part of organized labor during this period changed immensely. They had cut quite a big figure in the 1936 campaign for the Roosevelt victory, but in the campaign for a third term, when the middle class largely ran away from the Roosevelt ticket, a careful analysis, county by county in the United States, showed that the labor vote was largely responsible for Roosevelt's election in spite of the issue of the third term used by his opponents in an attempt to defeat him. And the same thing could be said of his election for a fourth term in 1944.

The organized workers, who had carelessly neglected the use of their potential power on the political field, are now a factor to be reckoned with by both political parties.

I happened to be active as public relations adviser in the 1936 campaign, particularly in Pennsylvania and Illinois, spending four days in the keystone state and three days each week in Illinois during the campaign. The organized labor movement published a paper beginning in September called *The Labor Voter*, distributing 7,000,000 of them in Pennsylvania and 4,000,000 in Illinois. Five associates and I were responsible for getting it out in a period of five weeks, making the coverage one hundred per cent in all the industrial cities and counties in both states. The distribution was in the most densely populated areas. The papers were formed up on the basis that no long articles should be printed, and that three of the pages should have three-column cartoons at the top, with smaller cartoons to illustrate the article, while the front page was always a smash cartoon, with no printed matter except the caption.

These tactics were followed on the basis that if the workers saw

only the front page, they would get a picture story, and they might be induced to read the other three pages by the cartoons on each of them. We worked in close association with the unions so as not to waste our ammunition.

The plan certainly worked out successfully, for we carried, as I have said in the previous chapter, Pennsylvania for Roosevelt by 653,000, making it the first victory over the Republican party in that state in seventy-six years. In Illinois, we increased the Democratic vote nearly 250,000 compared with 1932, when the state went against Hoover as a result of the depression.

At a press conference on December 29, 1936, just a few weeks before he took office for the second time, Roosevelt was very grim and serious. There was still a great amount of unemployment, though of course it had been decreased. The finding by the Supreme Court that the N.I.R.A. was unconstitutional had been taken advantage of by many employers to resume the payment of sweatshop wages, thus engaging again in cutthroat competition, which pulled down every decent wage standard.

Just before he met the correspondents in this conference, Roosevelt had been talking to Sidney Hillman, a former administrator of the N.I.R.A., who, through his research department, had been making an intensive study of wages and hours since N.I.R.A. had disappeared. At this meeting with the President, Hillman presented the findings of his investigation. At the conference of newspapermen after his talk with Hillman, the President made it very plain that no longer could the country endure a minority of employers paying sweatshop wages and indulging in cutthroat competition.

When the new Congress met, the spokesman for the administration promptly called for the regulation of hours and wages, even if it required a Constitutional amendment. As usual, however, there was no quick action in Congress based on what the President had to say at his news conference. It was in May of 1937 that there was a preliminary mention of wage and hour legislation.

Meanwhile, though Congress was still in the control of the

Democratic party, the tories of that organization, together with the tory Republicans, were trying to cut down the appropriation for work relief, which was one of the prime factors in bringing up the country's production if we were to get out of the depression, from which we had only partially emerged. The amount to be made applicable for work relief had already been cut down by the administration, but the members of Congress wanted to cut it down \$5,000,000 more, and this in spite of the fact that the amount asked by the Roosevelt administration was totally inadequate. The mayors of the large cities, which, of course, were industrial in character, warned Congress of the dangerous situation which would ensue if there was any further cut in work relief appropriation, and some pointed out that the amount asked for by the government was, in their judgment, entirely too small; Mayor LaGuardia of New York stated that any reduction of the appropriation recommended by the President would "cause havoc in every city of the United States."

It was the attitude of Congress, by its refusal to use more public funds, in the place of lessening their amount, which ushered in what we knew at that time as the "recession," which for a short time was almost equal to the great depression. The statisticians of that period claimed that records showed there were at least eight or nine millions out of jobs, and other millions working on part time.

Pre-eminent among those who warned Roosevelt against the policy of decreasing the amount for work relief was Leon Henderson. His was, however, a voice crying in the wilderness.

I had been very much interested in Leon's work before he came to Washington as a volunteer to help out the consumer group during the N.I.R.A. days. I had watched his work with the Sage Foundation in cleaning out the loan sharks in various states. I had looked upon him as an economist in the early campaigns against special privilege, who said in substance, "To hell with the ivory tower."

Leon, when he was aroused, could cuss in the most picturesque

way. He would also say, "Two and two make four and not twenty-four." He acted on the principle that the consumer is also the producer; if, as a producer, he didn't get enough to enable him to consume a large percentage of what he produced, we were sure to have a depression.

Leon had acted as economic adviser of the Democratic National Committee in the 1936 campaign. He had made several thorough studies during the N.I.R.A. days, and was firmly convinced that the price increases which had come to commodities had produced a decrease in the purchasing power of at least eighty per cent of our population. Following the election in 1936 of Roosevelt, Henderson had been in constant communication both with the so-called Brain Trust, and with the Federal Reserve Board, as well as with Treasury officials. He pointed out that as the setup then was, the administration would be faced with the responsibility for the decline after taking credit for the recovery.

Leon became convinced that we were in for a period of "boom and bust," as he expressed it, and attended a meeting of government experts on employment, called by Harry Hopkins, who was seeking a basis for his estimates of needed work relief appropriation. At this meeting, the majority of those attending were optimistic; some were extremely so. Leon disagreed quite strongly with these optimists and told me in his frank way that his disagreement was "quite unmannerly" and that Hopkins had closed the meeting when Leon became disagreeable.

Leon told me that he spent the next few days organizing his own ideas. He had a talk with "Jay Franklin," who had been a friendly commentator during the 1936 campaign. John Carter, who wrote under this pseudonym, produced three columns which appeared in December and were based on the talks that he had with Leon, who had prophesied a recession that might go into a new depression.

I was in Washington the day before Washington's Birthday in 1937. Hopkins, Wallace and Winant were having a conference on Washington's Birthday, and Leon had been asked to prepare a

memorandum. Some time afterward, I looked over this memorandum, which Leon had typed himself. It began, "Within the fiscal year of 1937-1938, the administration will be faced with consideration of antidepression measures." And he stated further that right now the system was threatened with rising prices. Henderson was opposed by others in the conference, who thought there would be no substantial downturn till 1940.

It happened that, after preparing this statement and arguing with members of the conference, Henderson ran into Paul Ward of the *Baltimore Sun*. Ward used his talk with Henderson as the basis for an article he wrote in the *Nation* of March 1937, which was entitled, "Planning the Next Depression." In this article, which attracted much attention in editorial offices throughout the country, Ward indicated that while forecasters differed as to the date of the next recession, "the other group, typified by Leon Henderson, thinks the blowoff likely to come next year unless drastic steps are taken to arrest present trends."

Well, it came all right. Leon, who had been called "Cassandra" by the optimists, was proved to have been right. The cause of his rightness was merely the fact that he kept insisting that two and two make four, and that the producer was also the consumer, and that if, as a producer, he couldn't consume a large share of the commodities he produced, we were sure to have unemployment. And we certainly had it. It ran up to eight or nine millions, until the government changed its policy.

All through these two years following the victory of 1936, Leon kept hammering away in presenting his ideas. I remember his saying to me that he had often done it in the most "unmannerly" language. Some of those opposing his ideas were basing their opposition on what they wanted to happen without taking into consideration what was sure to happen if the administration persisted in cutting down the sums that had been used for work relief. However, instead of successfully attacking Leon on his facts, some of his opponents talked about his being undignified in presenting them. Well, I am very free to confess that Leon is

just as short on dignity as he is long on marshaling facts to back up his judgment.

I have a keen memory of Leon having attended a meeting at the Cosmos Club at which were present some Wall Street economists, government economists, and Winfield Riefer, the economic adviser of the Federal Reserve. At this meeting, Leon argued that there was danger of a substantial decline in the economic system not very far off. He felt so sure of his premise in giving this warning to the group that he was much perturbed by their opposition. I remember also that, going back to the W.P.A. office, he rode up in the elevator with Harry Hopkins, who asked him about business prospects, and he replied, "I'll write you a memo on it right away." I was given a copy of it some time later by Leon, and it bore the title of "Boom and Bust," which became rather famous in those days.

I remember the memorandum started with the words, "What can be done to prevent or minimize the threatened boom or bust?" This was followed by the question, "Are we really threatened?" And he answered, "Yes." Again it stressed his belief that two and two make four by saying that the race between purchasing power through farm, wage, and relief income, and inflated prices, was a losing race for purchasing power, since it cannot keep up. The inevitable result must be a shrinkage first of spending, then of production and employment. And it all happened just as Leon had predicted.

Then, in the spring of 1937, Leon spoke over the radio in Cleveland on the topic, "Boom and Bust," and his point of view became national news. Unemployment increased, and the recession was only decreased to the degree that the government increased the amount that was spent for work relief.

What would have happened eventually as far as the recession was concerned, we do not know, because in 1939 the organized assault by the Nazis and the Fascists was let loose, and the United States went to the rescue of those nations in Europe who were being overcome by the iniquitous combination of these aggressors.

America became a great workshop producing materials to be used by the Allies in their struggle against a foe that seemed for a time omnipotent. The employment of our people, as a result of this, increased overnight and the whole economic picture was changed.

Then, in December 1941, the United States itself was thrown into the world holocaust by the unexpected attack on Pearl Harbor by the Japanese, who had joined the European forces. We were then called upon to produce modern warfare machinery not only for the Allies, but for our own country. It was this that created almost one hundred per cent employment.

It is extremely interesting that, fifteen years after Leon had continually presented his case, Judge Samuel I. Rosenman, in his very illuminating book, *Working with Roosevelt*, says that the recession of 1937-1938 was giving the President a lot of trouble and making him irritable. He comments on the President's attitude and says: "Far from being intimidated into cutting down, Roosevelt was convinced that what was needed was more government action—not less. He also was determined not to let the recession slide into a panic; he knew that there was no reason for a panic as there had been in 1933."

Rosenman said in his book that "he (the President) was convinced that the recession was due to three things: the production of goods had been too high and had outstripped the purchasing power of consumers; industry had increased prices too much; government, in the mistaken belief that industry was ready to take up the slack of unemployment, had cut down its expenditures for relief too quickly and too drastically."

Here is positive proof that Leon had not been crying altogether in vain in the wilderness. In spite of the overoptimism of his other advisers, Roosevelt had heard the cry of Leon, and a few months afterward, when he called Congress back for an extra session, he sent them a message based on the principle that many orthodox economists had ignored, that the producer was also the consumer, and that if he didn't have the ability to consume goods and

surpluses made for a continually increased standard of living, "depression and eventually panic would come upon us."

It is perhaps not generally known that before this message to Congress was sent in by Roosevelt, Leon Henderson, joined by Beardsley Ruml, went to Warm Springs in the Easter season of 1938, and worked there with Harry Hopkins. It was at this time that F.D.R. decided to "turn around" in his policy of decreasing the amount made available for work relief, and that Leon was called upon to write a rough draft for the message to go to Congress. Shortly afterward, together with David Cushman Coyle, he prepared the draft of the fireside speech which followed the message to Congress.

There was a group who still had the President's ear, and some influence with him. It was this group who were responsible for the President's backing up wage and hour legislation and the Fair Labor Bill measures. Naturally the National Association of Manufacturers were the bitter enemies of this legislation, as was also the misnamed Liberty League. In spite of the opposition, this Fair Standards Act passed the Senate by a vote of 56 to 28, though some of those who voted for it didn't want to see it become a law. They were, however, afraid of running counter to the great Labor vote that had been cast for the Roosevelt administration in 1936.

It is perhaps forgotten by most people that on May 24, 1937, Roosevelt sent a message to Congress which read: "All but the hopelessly reactionary will agree that to conserve our primary sources of manpower, government must have some control over maximum hours, minimum wages, the evil of child labor and the exploitation of unorganized labor."

In the same message, the President also showed that he wanted to do more than just put a floor below which wages ought not to fall. He considered the minimum wage but a "rudimentary standard" as he expressed it, as a base from which to move continuously to a higher wage. The reactionaries in the House, however, were able to keep the Senate bill from coming to a vote in the

House during that session of Congress. When Roosevelt convened the House in a special session in November 1937, he urged the enactment of wage and hour legislation and the regulation of child labor. The reactionaries bitterly opposed the consideration of legislation at that time, but were forced to accept it by a vote of 285 to 113.

It was not, however, until the session of Congress in January, 1938, was finally taken up that the President again recommended to Congress that it pass legislation governing wages and hours. Most of us have forgotten that in this message he said, "We are seeking, of course, only legislation to end starvation wages and intolerable hours; more desirable wages are, and should continue to be, the product of collective bargaining." The reactionaries in the House, however, continued to fight to protect wages and hours, and it was only after a bitter struggle that the conferees of the Senate and House agreed upon a bill to be recommended to the respective houses of the Congress. It was passed and approved by the President on June 25, 1938, completing almost a year and a half struggle to pass a measure that only decreased the poverty of ill-paid workers a little. However, the battle was certainly worth while, as today we have a semicivilized wage and hour bill, with a chance of getting a fully civilized one in a few years, if the workers continue to show their organized power both industrially and politically.

Sidney Hillman, who was the biggest single factor, perhaps, in securing the legislation known as 40-40, was willing for the moment to accept the pitiable figure of 25 cents per hour in the beginning. He did this in the belief that the industry-hearing provision in the act would develop testimony that would compel, through public pressure, an almost immediate advance in the 25 cents minimum, and further shorten the entire time of the full 40-40 provision being put into operation. It should be remembered that the bill as passed and signed provided that the minimum of 40 cents an hour must be put in operation by 1945.

His judgement was certainly verified by what happened. By

1941 the minimum was 40 cents an hour.

Hillman knew, of course, of the battle in committee over this measure. He had been warned that there was a very grave chance of an adverse report from the committee. As it was, the bill only carried in committee by two votes; and thereby hangs a very interesting tale.

Hillman was very anxious regarding this vote, and so, accompanied by myself, went up on the Hill to be on hand when the results came in. The committee was meeting in one of the offices in the Capitol itself, the door of which could be seen from two of the tables in the Senate restaurant. We secured one of the tables there, from which we could see the door of the committee room. They had a much longer session than we thought would occur. We had finished our lunch, but we determined to keep the table so that we could see members of the committee coming out when the session broke up. We began to order milk. The committee was so long at it that it caused us to drink more milk at one sitting than we had ever consumed in our lives. Empty glasses were lined up in front of us on the table, and we had ordered still another, when the door of the committee room finally opened. As the members filed out, Sidney caught Senator Pepper's eye, and by the slight nod and smile we received, we knew the report was favorable. Later we learned that it carried by only two votes.

Hillman was much criticized by other labor leaders for accepting, even for a short period, the 25-cents figure, but he knew after a very careful analysis of what was happening on the Hill that it would be hard even to secure this figure at the beginning of a minimum wage and hour bill.

The importance of the whole issue of the wage and hour law on a national scale could not be exaggerated. Its vital importance primarily, of course, was not what it would do immediately for the workers, but what it might lead to eventually. Sixteen dollars as the minimum wage was not a civilized wage, neither was it even semicivilized. However, the move for such a law put the wage and hour issue where it belonged, and that was in the

national field. This was sure to provoke discussion as to the wages to be paid and the hours to be worked. Until an act was passed dealing with wages and hours, these were considered nobody's business but that of the greedy employer. Many of the employers took advantage of the workers, paid them as low wages as they possibly could, and worked them as long hours as they would possibly stand for; and it was a proved fact that where they were unorganized, the workers had to stand for both low wages and long hours.

I sat through many sessions hearing testimony from the workers themselves and from employers on this bill. In some cases, the workers' pay envelopes were placed in evidence, and the amounts were pitiful. The greed of some of the employers was unbelievable, unless one were sitting there listening to their answers to the questions of the members of the committee. It was "free enterprise" talking for itself, and it was certainly a shameful exhibition of what will happen to a worker when he has no protection through law.

The greatest amount of sweating the workers occurred in the south, where organized labor was weakest. I don't mean by this that there were not shameful incidents right in the north, particularly in Connecticut, Pennsylvania and New Jersey. I have always believed that if the proceedings before the Congressional committees dealing with fair labor practices legislation could be published in popular form to be read by this generation, it would be a most effective way of showing what misnamed "free enterprise" had done and was still doing to millions of workers. In reality, the true picture of what it has done could be captioned, "Freedom to Sweat and Rob the Workers."

In earlier days, it was the protective tariff that gave voice to the hypocritical slogan to protect the workers from the pauper labor of Europe. Anybody possessed of just ordinary intelligence would know that this cry was a monumental fake. One has only to remember that, even in this century, the Republican administration's tariff legislation robbed the workers in the pay envelope

and filched the pockets of all the people by charging prices that put billions of profits into the coffers of the owner-employer group.

One remembers how the Presidential campaign which resulted in the election of William Howard Taft brought the promise to lower tariff rates, and then a little over a year after he took the Presidency, the iniquitous Payne-Aldrich Bill was passed, with some of the highest tariff rates the country had ever known. When Aldrich was charged with having violated the promises of the 1908 platform which pledged a change in tariff rates, he had the immense impudence to say that the platform said nothing about changing them *downward*.

Today "free enterprise" is merely an echo of the robbery of the privileged few at the expense of the wronged many. It would take a huge volume to tell the true story of the broken promises made by the political agents of the robber class of America.

The Fair Labor Standards Act was born out of a desire on the part of the New Deal administration to undo at least some of the misery which had come upon the people through low wages in the factory married to high prices to the consumer. It should never be forgotten that the first act of the New Deal—the Wagner Act—in its first draft, began with the words, "In order to alleviate the hardships . . . "

These words had been removed from the draft of the act as passed by the Congress. The politicians as the retainers of the privileged few didn't think it well to acknowledge in a piece of legislation that the people had suffered such hardships, though the conditions of the majority cried to high heaven that they had.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

THE Republicans had already quite unexpectedly nominated Wendell Willkie for the Presidency when the Democratic convention met in Chicago in August, 1940. The third term issue was floating in the political atmosphere, and was looked upon as a storm cloud by many political observers, out of which might come much thunder and lightning.

When I looked over the convention of the Republican party in Philadelphia two weeks earlier, in July, the actors in the election prologue, with the exception of a few whom death had snatched from the political scene, were the same as I had watched in Chicago, in 1932, when Hoover was renominated. The Republican machine bosses were there; the orators beat their breasts and their bass drums, just as they had in 1932.

The body of delegates, however, was a little different from the earlier convention. A great portion of them in '32 had been officeholders, and perhaps a full majority of the officeholders were postmasters. In the 1940 convention, the delegates were largely those who hoped to be officeholders after the 1940 election.

History was certainly repeating itself. The convention had to have a "keynoter." All political conventions have to have one. If he is "keynoting" for a party in power, he boasts of what has been accomplished. If he happens to be "keynoting" for the "outs," he criticizes the "ins," and tells how much better the "outs" could have governed the country if they had been the "ins." The keynoter's speech is exactly like most of the national platforms

adopted by conventions. Such a platform was once described by the late Senator Depew as a "railroad" platform, in that it was made to get in on, and not to stand on.

Governor Stassen, who happened to be the keynoter at this Republican convention, ran according to the rule. He performed on the safe basis that the public had a short memory, and that prejudices were always an effective thing for politicians to appeal to.

As usual, the keynoter had to bring God into his speech, saying, "The event is in the hands of God." While he doubtless thought he had closed on a very sound note, it was anything but that in the opinion of this writer. It is my belief, based on the general context of the Holy Scriptures, that God might have said to both of the national political machines the same words that the prophet Micah addressed to the rulers of his day: "Ye have flayed the skin from off the backs of my people, and their bones ye have broken for the melting pot." In view of what was happening not only in this country, but in the world at this time, the Almighty might also have spoken through his prophet Haggai: "Ye clothe ye and none are warm; ye eat, and ye are not filled with beef; and he that earneth wages, earneth wages put in a bag full of holes." I have an idea the Almighty knows something about the high cost of living even if the politicians don't.

The surprise, of course, at the convention was the nomination of Wendell Willkie, upsetting all the prophecies of the political experts. There was nothing in the immediate political events before the convention that led experts to believe that his nomination for the Presidency was to take place in a short and decisive battle. Dewey led on the first ballot, but after that we all witnessed Willkie coming down the stretch, passing all his opponents, and winning on the sixth ballot. But when, in a short speech, he accepted what he called the "honor" of his nomination, Willkie made the same appeal to the delegates, coming from the "outs" that I have heard so many weary times in my life—that is, an appeal to the delegates to join in a crusade to restore democracy,

etc. etc. etc. It's always a "crusade," never just a plain battle for political power.

Well, we all know what happened to Wendell Willkie. In his campaign he showed more sense than some of our politicians are showing today. He didn't denounce the gains that were made for the general welfare by the New Deal. The burden of his story was that the Republican party could have done it better, and that he could prove he could have done this if he was elected. He went down to defeat. Today he is not remembered much for the campaign that he made, but he is remembered for the eminently sane position that he took as symbolized in his statement of "one world." If it had not been for his untimely death, he might have loomed very large in the future history of this country.

Getting back to the Democratic national convention, the opening session was short, and of hardly any interest. Not even all the delegates attended, and there were thousands of empty seats in the gallery. We listened to the clergyman talking to God and asking for guidance for members of the convention. How the Almighty could keep from getting all mixed up by being asked to guide so many political groups opposing each other, I don't know. I have a suspicion, however, that He is, luckily for Himself, hard of hearing when appealed to on behalf of politicians.

The President had not yet said anything that would give the delegates any light on his views of a third term. Some of the delegates in some of the states who opposed the nomination of F.D.R. for a third term, were straining every effort to put forth either a favorite son or were discussing what is known to politicians as a "dark horse." The Texas delegation, which had been a vital factor in securing the 1932 nomination for Roosevelt, were now bitterly opposed to him, being particularly loyal to the leadership of Garner, popularly known as "Pecan Jack." Farley, who had made the deal with Texas and California in '32, which put F.D.R. across, wanted the nomination for President himself. Most of the Democratic delegates who cherished Farley's activity as a glorified handshaker, actually thought a man needed something

more than that to become President.

Naturally, the third term issue was on almost every tongue, as it was the general belief that to have Roosevelt run for a third term, no matter how fine his record had been, would be to invite defeat. Senator Barkley made the keynote speech, and in making it, provoked a tremendous ovation for Roosevelt. But the drama was all in an unexpected message which he gave to the convention from Roosevelt himself.

The President in his message, released all delegates who had been directed by their constituents to vote for him as the Democratic candidate. I have always believed that the majority of the delegates did fear that even Roosevelt might be defeated on the third term issue, but that they were absolutely sure of the defeat to the Democratic party if Roosevelt were not the candidate. In other words, that defeat was sure if Roosevelt were not on the ticket, but that there was a chance, in spite of the legend regarding the third term, if he ran again.

When the convention adjourned its session, everyone knew that Roosevelt was going to be renominated almost unanimously after the platform had been read. He got nearly 1,000 votes on the first ballot, and then was nominated by acclamation, by the withdrawal of the other candidates; of course, in no sense could they be called rival candidates, their vote being so infinitesimal. Cheers for Farley, however, were as great as the number of his votes was small. The convention showed that this dispenser of Democratic patronage was all right in his place, but that that place was not in the White House. As for the other candidates, there was almost a contemptuous indifference toward them.

As a matter of fact, this convention was in reality a vice-presidential convention, as all the battle that there was was fought over this office. And it was a very bitter battle. The Bourbon Democrats had to take Roosevelt much as they hated him for what they considered his "radicalism." In their eyes, anyone was a radical who did not think things, as they had been in the past, were going to continue forever. But when it came to the vice-presidency, that

was another matter. The southern Bourbons wanted Bankhead of Alabama, and thought they were going to put him over, as McNutt, of Indiana, had withdrawn from the contest.

In withdrawing, a scene took place such as I had never before witnessed in a convention. The galleries were filled with McNutt followers. It had been easy to marshal these followers by the thousands, as Indiana was right across the border. They had come there to cheer for McNutt and stampede the convention for him. Instead of cheering him, however, when he took the platform to announce his withdrawal, a gigantic "boo!" came from the galleries, where his followers were seated. Then they threw the strength of their noise back of Bankhead, while they booed every mention of Wallace's name. And in spite of this, Wallace got a majority of the votes on the first ballot.

His success on this ballot was not due to any enthusiasm for the man from Iowa. It was Roosevelt himself who really put Wallace over. The burden of the song against Wallace was that he wasn't a Democrat. They charged that he used to be a Republican. The Bourbon Democratic speakers all indulged in the cry, "Give us a real Democrat!" However, the strength of one man, F.D.R., was so great, based on his record, that Wallace was put over, and the vote was declared unanimous. Of course it wasn't, and every observer sitting in the hall knew it.

Then came a scene the like of which had never been acted in the political life of our country. The wife of a sitting President addressed the convention which had just nominated her husband for a third term. I had heard Mrs. Roosevelt several times, but never before or since had I heard her show such exquisite taste in addressing a body, which, for a few hours before she appeared on the scene, had engaged in all sorts of recrimination. While she kept entirely out of the row that had been going on for hours, she did not pull her punches in dealing with the reactionary attitude that prevailed in some of the delegations.

I watched the response of the delegates quite carefully, as I knew that the majority of the Bourbons hated her even worse

than they hated her husband, if that was possible. And they certainly didn't look as if they were enjoying her speech.

The campaign which followed the convention opened of course with many big tory businessmen issuing statements backing up the Republican ticket. Gifford, of the telephone empire, led off with this: "We must tell the President that he cannot reassure people that all social gains shall be continued if they 'ham-string' the defense program." Here was an acknowledgment that the New Deal administration had brought about "social gains." But he failed to understand that the one vital thing necessary to build a real defense program was the keeping of these very social gains he referred to.

Gifford also issued a statement on protecting the profits of corporations having defense contracts. He charged that Congress "does not dare write any suspension of New Deal legislation because the people had been told it would not be necessary."

While the campaign was going on, U.S. Steel actually refused to expand its naval armament plant unless Congress was by law permitted to amortize the cost of such expansion within five years. We have forgotten a good many things since 1940. How many of us remember that the senator from Oklahoma said on the floor that a soldier, taking the position of U.S. Steel, would be court-martialed and shot?

Naturally, in this campaign the Republicans tried to make political hay out of the third term issue, and they did it by holding Thomas Jefferson up as a principal disciple of the anti-third term policy, being careful, however, to suppress a very important letter on this subject that he had written to John Taylor in 1805, a copy of which is in the Congressional Library. In this letter, Jefferson told Taylor that while he had formerly decided to declare his intention not to run for the third term, that nevertheless, "I have consented to be silent, on the opinion of friends who think it best not to put a continuance out of my power in defiance of all circumstance."

This was exactly the position that Roosevelt found himself in.

The "circumstance" of course was the brutal attack let loose in Europe by the Nazis and the Fascists. We had to become "the arsenal of democracy," and without the help we were supplying, the Nazis would have trampled all of Europe, and we would have had to face them for our own survival. Roosevelt also believed there was an acute danger of our being directly involved in the European holocaust. There is ample proof that it was this belief that caused him to turn his back on the tradition of no third term for President.

While the third term issue ran all through the 1940 campaign, it failed to get much attention from the majority of the potential voters, who appeared to think that there was just as much danger in a second term if the sitting President happened to be undesirable to the majority of them. One Republican quoted Alexander Hamilton, the darling of the Republican party, as wanting only one term for President. But when Hamilton's statement was examined, it was found that while this was true, that he wanted this term to be for life, or during good behavior.

In addition to Jefferson's statement on the third term to his friend Taylor, someone dug out another letter on this issue. It happened to be a letter from George Washington to a friend regarding the eligibility of a President after having served a term. He said, "I can see no propriety in precluding from the service of any man, who, on some great emergency, shall be deemed universally most capable in serving the public."

As the battle waged over this third term issue, I was struck with the fact that our forefathers dealt with it to very little extent. What they did discuss, however, was any eligibility, and finally decided to make a President eligible for re-election after giving him a first term of four years.

The big financial interests were much in evidence in the 1940 campaign. One of the great mining kings of the country, Guggenheim, hailed Willkie as a political twin of Ben Franklin, possessing "the sagacity and patriotism" of that philosopher. To accentuate his opinion, he sent Willkie a bust of wise old Ben. A little time

before that, he had written a letter which he gave to the public, addressed to Roosevelt, asking him to resign from the Presidency. But Roosevelt had the temerity to decline the request.

One of the domestic issues in this campaign has since become a storm center in politics. It is the issue of what the reactionaries of the country, carrying the labels of both parties, call "socialized medicine." This name, of course, is given to it in an attempt to discredit the idea that the cost of medical care, both preventive and curative, should be decreased radically to the majority of our people who are not in a position financially to get the care to which they are entitled.

To put it a little differently, what the opponents call "socialized medicine" in reality is a movement to put at the service of millions of people skilled medical help for their ills, without causing them to be mired almost hopelessly in debt, or compel them to do without any such skill entirely, because of its cost under present conditions.

Socialized medicine is not, and has never been, advanced as a measure to develop medical knowledge or skillful surgery. As a matter of fact, all of our great medical institutions have come into being as a result of the social body pooling its resources to create these great schools of medicine. Two generations ago, education of all kinds was socialized in all civilized countries, and in spite of all the efforts to prevent it, this socialization has broadened to a point where it can now be said to be almost universal. One would think that such an issue would be taken out of politics entirely, but it is very much in it today just as it was in 1940.

I watched the campaign in 1940 very carefully, and took some small part in it, though I was not a member of either the Republican or Democratic party. I did, however, make a selection, based on deeds, not on words or promises, of the two candidates, and voted for Roosevelt. I did not think, of course, that his re-election would in any sense finish the struggle to establish a real democracy. I did believe that in his election the people secured

a vantage point from which the struggle could be waged. They would have the means of making this country a really fit place to live in for the vast majority on the farm, in the factories, in the mines, on the railroads and in the stores from which are distributed the commodities the workers fashion.

In watching the campaign and taking part in it, I felt that we had one thing to be grateful for above all others, and that was that we still had in our hands the peaceful, efficient weapon of the ballot; that we could use this weapon against ourselves or for ourselves; that we could vote to stop skinning ourselves, if we chose to do so, because after all, the productive mass, being the majority of our people, do the electing of every public official.

Continually traveling through the industrial states of the union, I could have no doubt that a great majority of the workers were against Willkie, based on the belief, and therefore the fear, of a return to Republican Hooverism. I have kept a considerable memorandum covering the last month of the election campaign. This memorandum deals with talks with various members of our working population—cooks, conductors and brakemen on trains, waiters in restaurants and hotels, porters, chambermaids, taxi-drivers, bricklayers, carpenters, street car conductors—and rarely did I find one of them who said he was going to vote for Willkie.

On the other hand one found what Alexander Hamilton admiringly described as “the rich and well-born,” and also a large portion of the middle class who hoped to become richer, who were all for Willkie. I also found a number of clerks and secretaries in business institutions for Willkie. In talks with them, I found they reflected the arguments of their bosses with whom they were closely associated in their daily work. In trying to form an opinion of the outcome of the campaign, one had to remember that the majority of the newspapers were printing articles twisted in such a way as to fool the people regarding the issues of the campaign. However, exactly the same conditions existed in the election of '36, and we all remember what happened then—only

eight votes in the electoral college for Landon.

Ten days before the 1940 election, I filed a guess with a friend of mine as to the number of votes for Roosevelt which would be won in the electoral college. I put it at a minimum of 400, but stated my belief that it would run over this minimum. And so it did. Roosevelt received 449 electoral votes.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

WHILE the election of 1940 was taking place, Roosevelt was straining every nerve to help the countries of Europe, who, literally with their backs to the wall, were struggling to escape from the Nazis. Germany was throwing her enormous war machinery at France, Great Britain, Holland, Belgium, Denmark and Norway. The President announced that we must go to the support of these European nations by giving them ammunition of every kind that we were able to produce in huge quantities; that we should also do everything possible to give them airplanes. As he put it for popular consumption, we must become "the arsenal of democracy."

On account of this policy, and the Lend-Lease Act, which authorized the administration to re-arm Europe, the President brought down on himself the bitter hatred of the isolationists such as Taft. In order to cripple the functioning of what the President had called the New Deal, a month after the election was over, the Walter-Logan Bill, which took away from the executive tribunal the administration of considerable New Deal legislation and gave it to the courts, was passed. The bill was promptly vetoed by the President, who told Congress that "great interests which desire to escape regulation, rightly see that if they can strike at the heart of moderate reforms by sterilizing the administrative tribunal which administers them, they will have effectively destroyed the reform itself. The bill that is now before me is one of the repeated efforts by a combination of lawyers who desire to have

all the processes of government conducted through lawsuits, and of interests which desire to escape regulation."

The President pulled no punches regarding the legal fraternity who were back of this proposed legislation, saying that some of them "juggle leading cases rather than get down to the merits of the efforts in which their clients are engaged." He charged that for years these lawyers had led a consistent fight against the administrative tribunal. Luckily, the exponents of the bill were not able to rally the two-thirds vote to pass it over the veto.

The year 1941 was spent by me between Washington and the industrial eastern states. Sidney Hillman, the general president of the Amalgamated, had been appointed in 1940 to the Production Board, together with Knudsen of General Motors. Naturally, the Manufacturers' Association group and the United States Chamber of Commerce didn't relish the presence of a labor executive on the board having to do with production. To them it meant, of course, mostly profit, and they wanted profits in war just as they did in peace, in fact, a little more in war than in peace, as the records will show. World War I was reputed to have created some 2,000 millionaires. In the days of World War II, however, nearly a quarter of a century later, in most cases it was multi-millionaires that were created, and not just plain millionaires.

It was feared by the reactionary industrialists that Hillman might interfere with the piling up of new loot which war has always brought with it. On the other hand, the Communist party in this country, through their organ, hated Hillman so heartily because of his constructive policies, that between the breaking out of the war around the first of September, 1939, and the invasion of Russia by the Nazis in 1941, Hillman was most viciously attacked by them in the columns of the organ, *The Daily Worker*. The man who had done more than any other single person in this country to help abolish the sweatshop, was called a "sweatshopper" because he refused to be terrorized by these loud-mouthed, mis-named "revolutionaries."

Shortly after the year opened, Roosevelt addressed Congress in

person on the State of the Union. In this address, he dealt with the Four Freedoms, which became so famous. As a spectator when that speech was delivered, it was interesting to watch how the members received his words. When he named "freedom of worship," there was unanimous applause. But when he mentioned "freedom from want," the applause was very much lessened. One did not have to seek far for the "why" of this difference in attitude.

Everything that has to do with the sweet by-and-by is a safe political doctrine, but when it comes to the sweet here and now for everybody, that is a different sort of doctrine; it has dangerous implications in the minds of the privileged groups. The President at that time didn't leave his statement on his third point to mere implication. He said, "The third is freedom from want—which translated into world terms means economic understanding, which will secure to every nation a healthy peacetime life for its inhabitants, everywhere in the world."

It was about this period that Walter Reuther emerged into real national fame with his plan to use the great auto industry to increase plane production at once. The idea was so logical that it was very hard for the big financial interests to attack Reuther. Not being able to do it by direct methods, these interests spread the report throughout Washington that the Reuther plan was "impracticable." I was in Washington at the time, and when some of us tried to trace this statement, all we could find out was that "experts" had said so, but when we tried to find out who the "experts" were, we didn't succeed.

Of course, the real reason for the attack on Reuther's plan, which, by the way, was largely adopted a little time later, was that it might interfere with the huge profits that the manufacturers were making. But the statement of Reuther's that the auto manufacturers found it impossible to wriggle out of, was the one dealing with the great amount of time lost each year by allowing the machines to lie idle.

Walter Reuther, of course, since then has come to quite a lot of fame as having one of the most constructive minds in produc-

tive industry. The logic of events has brought the things he stood for to fruition and made his would-be detractors look very foolish. I remember one purse-proud pusillanimous auto manufacturer saying indignantly,

"Who the hell is this snooty young man who has the gall to tell us how we should manage the business?" Well, he did tell them, and now the laugh is on them. It is looked upon now as more or less of a production crime to allow any machine to remain idle. The golden rule of efficiency is to make the machine work all the time, and the worker less of the time, with the result of increased production.

It was about this time that Lend-Lease legislation was before Congress. There were two vociferous groups opposing the plan of helping to arm those defending themselves against the armed might in Europe. One was the isolationist group, many of whom were in places of much influence on public opinion or in political office. That the people themselves were in favor of Lend-Lease, is shown by a Gallup poll. Seventy-nine per cent of the voters disagreed entirely with the group who were going up and down the country addressing meetings trying to arouse agitation against the passage of Lend-Lease.

There were a few senators in this group, as well as prominent persons, such as the noted flier, Lindbergh, and others in what are known as "the higher walks of life." No one who watched what was going on could have questioned the honesty and integrity of this particular group. They believed we should not become involved in world affairs and that the Lend-Lease legislation would surely involve us. In coming to this opinion, they seem to have forgotten that victory for the Nazis was absolutely assured unless we helped arm the people who were opposing them, and that if we did fail these allied countries we would have to face the Nazis ourselves. The great majority of our people showed themselves much wiser than some of our prominent citizens.

The Communists in this country, however, who comprised the other group agitating against Lend-Lease, were doing it for quite

a different reason than the Lindbergh group. Russia had signed an agreement with the Nazis to keep hands off while they went about their murderous raids against most of the European nations. In doing this, the Nazis assured themselves against attacks from their rear while they swept into Poland and other European states.

The Communist party in this country did not hesitate to engage in outrageous methods aimed at trying to prevent our government from helping the Allies. All of us who were backing Lend-Lease either from a platform or in our writings, were abused to the limit of language. I kept a careful watch on the contents of the *Daily Worker* from the day Russia signed up with the Nazis to the day when the Nazis blotted out their own signature of agreement with Russia by attacking that country. This covered a period of some twenty-two months—that is, from September, 1939, to June, 1941. My files show that in that period some seventy-six attacks of various kinds on Sidney Hillman were made, and over one hundred on Roosevelt.

In June, 1941, within about five days after the Nazis attacked Russia, the Communists turned a complete somersault and, with hypocritical driveline, defended the government here in the United States, which they had been libeling at various periods over the past twenty years.

Writing of Lindbergh, I met him at about this time, and under very strange circumstances. I was reading a book by the famous cartoonist, the late Art Young, in the reception room at Jo Davidson's in the Beaux Arts. I had just come to the page on which there was a sketch of Lindbergh's father sitting at his desk in Washington, where he was a Congressman and a noted opponent of this country's entry into World War I. Jo was in the studio, putting the finishing touches on a bust.

The door bell of the apartment rang. I went to the door and there, to my astonishment, was Colonel Lindbergh, holding a small grip in his hand. It developed that he had some pictures of Dwight Morrow, his father-in-law lately deceased, and that Jo was to make a bust of him for Mrs. Morrow. As it could not be

made from life but only from photographs, Mrs. Morrow and the family had selected various likenesses to be used by Jo in making the bust. Lindbergh sat down on the sofa with me while waiting for Jo to appear, and I picked up the book with the sketch of his father in it, and told him I had just been reading it.

I told Lindbergh of Art's admiration for the position that his father had taken in World War I, which he called "a bankers' war." His theory was that thousands of young men were sentenced either to lose their lives or spend the balance of them as maimed victims of the owning few, who piled up more loot from the profits all wars yield to the munitions makers, whose companies manufacture the weapons of mass murder. At this point the face of Lindbergh became quite grim, and he said, "Yes, that story is all true, and if my father had been alive today, he would have taken the same position in the attempts to involve us in this new World War." Before he could say any more, Jo came out of the studio and ushered Lindbergh into it, to go over the photographs his grip contained.

The Office of Production Management of course was an attempt on Roosevelt's part to ally management with the workers and thus secure the maximum of production. Naturally, the forces of monopoly privilege did not like the appointment of Hillman who, on the record had been one of the most constructive minds in the organized labor movement. However, they suffered a shock from an unexpected direction, which most of us have forgotten, though my files tell the real story. That is that Knudsen, the chief executive of the great auto industry, went before a committee of the Congress and told its members that management should decide to accept the labor laws on the statute book. Coming from Knudsen, this riled the reactionary members of the judiciary committee very much.

Here was one of the highest paid executives of the United States giving no aid or comfort to the reactionary members of Congress in their attempts to cripple labor legislation. When these reactionary members began to talk about "sabotage,"

Knudsen said that "sabotage" in his opinion was "not much of a problem," and further stated his belief that the Department of Justice had all the laws and staff necessary to handle all subversive activity. Knudsen told Hobbs, who was from the low-wage, poll tax state of Alabama, that he didn't agree at all with Hobbs's statement that "ten per cent of disloyalists" among the union were responsible for strikes; and further that he did not agree with Hobbs that the strikers should be drafted and forced back to work. He said most specifically and with much forcefulness, "You can't make a man a criminal because he is striking."

Naturally, the reactionaries on the committee tried to belittle Knudsen after this statement. Michener of Michigan, a master reactionary, charged that Knudsen "went hand in hand with the union in Flint in 1936" to get the plant back. I remember how this statement of Michener's was ignored by Knudsen, who refused to allow this tory to get a rise out of him. Most of us have forgotten how this industrial manager, Knudsen, summed up his testimony, saying, "Production is moving up steadily," and that if we could "once get across to labor and industry both how vital this problem is to our country, and also how vital to our form of life, I don't think that petty disputes would stop this program."

Not only have most of us forgotten this stand of Knudsen's, but we have also forgotten what happened when the co-director of production management, Sidney Hillman, appeared before the committee. They were afraid on account of Knudsen's position in the economic system to go the limit in trying to arouse public opinion against the organized attempt at increased production. Hillman cut the ground from under their feet, however. When Sumner, of Texas, started questioning him, Hillman said, "I work with co-operation, and I don't want any other tool, because co-operation is the best one. You can put laws on the books restricting labor unions from their normal rights, and they can go to court and drag the case along, just as management sometimes does." Hillman made it plain that the only function of the O.P.M. was to continue increasing and increasing and increasing

production, and that that was what they were doing, in co-operation with management.

Incidentally, the appointment of two such men as Knudsen and Hillman in the O.P.M. was the first clear-cut recognition by any administration in our history that there were two sides to our industrial structure. Watching the working out of the production management office, however, I was not foolish enough to believe that the dollar-a-year men representing business had abandoned their profit-making pursuits. Many of them, who talked loudest about "patriotism," were patriots for profit, first, last and always. The enormous increase of production through the policies followed by the O.P.M. under the co-directorship of Knudsen and Hillman was, of course, the answer to all of the criticism leveled at it by the reactionaries in the Congress in the muddy game of politics, which never adjourns.

Shortly following the hearing on production management, I remember the examination of Lowell Mellett, one of the President's secretaries who had under his supervision the Office of Government Reports. In this connection, that office also acted as a bureau of press intelligence. The House Committee on Expenditures in the Executive Department examined Mellett for quite a period as to the operations of that body. One would have thought from some of the questions asked Mellett that he was engaged in some nefarious project to interfere with a "free press." Of course there wasn't a scintilla of evidence to prove that such a project was in the mind of anyone connected with the bureau that Mellett represented.

The attempt to smear Mellett, in view of his experience and character, was particularly vicious; he was known throughout the country as a journalist in the real meaning of that word. He had been an ace reporter in this country, had served in England and on the continent in World War I, had been sent to Paris to report on the conferences leading to the Treaty of Versailles. He had been editor of *Collier's*, had been a most able newspaper executive, and had resigned as editor-in-chief of the Washington

service of a great newspaper chain. In this position he had received a large salary but had resigned to join the administration of Roosevelt to serve at a remuneration much smaller than he had been receiving.

It was difficult for the average politician to understand how anyone would deliberately cut his salary in half in order to serve the government. This, however, was just what Mellett did. His action was certainly no surprise to this writer, as I had known Mellett intimately for many years and had watched him in action in many issues affecting our people.

Writing of smearing, another soldier for the common good, Leon Henderson, whom I have mentioned before, was having the smear laid on thick by one Martin Dies. Not being able to get at Henderson directly, this politician from Texas did it by addressing a letter to the President and giving it to the press. He charged that several of Henderson's aides had expressed "communistic" views. Of course Dies decided for himself what communistic views were. One of these aides, he claimed, was Robert A. Brady. Dies didn't even know that Brady wasn't an aide at all. If he had been, of course, it would have been no occasion for shame, either for Henderson or Brady. As a matter of fact, Brady was an employee of the consumers' division of the administration, and responsible to the head of that body.

Leaving Washington in the fall of 1941 several times, on matters affecting textile and clothing workers' organizations, I happened to be in Boston on the December 7, when the fiendish attack was made on a Sunday at Pearl Harbor, an attack which threw us into World War II as a combatant and not just a helper to the countries in Europe who were struggling for their very lives against the Nazis.

The isolationists, led by Senators Nye and Wheeler, and believed to be financed by the millions of General Wood, who was head of Sears, Roebuck, were in full cry against the Roosevelt administration for helping the European countries through the Lend-Lease program. It happened that both the textile unions

and the Amalgamated had become very active in politics and had joined in a by-election political campaign in the Lawrence district of Massachusetts where Lane, a Democrat supporting the policies of our government in the European field, was running for Congress. The result was a Democratic victory, but so important did the reactionary isolationists consider the defeat of this Congressman running on a Lend-Lease ticket that Senator Nye was sent into the district to make several speeches against him.

The isolationist movement in the early forties has never been dealt with thoroughly to my knowledge. It will be remembered that Roosevelt had said he would not send our boys to Europe to fight Europeans or "in any foreign wars." He said it in one of his last campaign addresses in Boston on October 13, 1940, two weeks before election. His exact words were:

"While I am talking to you mothers and fathers, I give you one more assurance. I have said this before, but I shall say it again and again and again:

"Your boys are not going to be sent into any foreign wars. They are going into training to form a force so strong that, by its very existence, it will keep the threat of war far away from our shores. The purpose of our defense is defense."

The isolationists claimed of course that the whole Lend-Lease program was aimed at putting us into the war, which was absurd, as in reality it was aimed to keep us out of war, with the idea that by supplying the countries in Europe with weapons to hold back the thugs, we were reducing the necessity of our taking part in the struggle. It was the murderous attack on Pearl Harbor, without any declaration of war on the part of Japan, that put us into the war both in the west and the east. Any person with only limited intelligence who could read what was going on, knew that we had no choice in taking sides in this great holocaust. So glaring was the falsity of the attacks on the administration by the isolationists that some of them who are still in the public eye have been very anxious to gloss over their activities in '39, '40 and '41.

The event in Pearl Harbor which put us into the war also ended the career of *The American Guardian*. Oscar Ameringer, its editor and publisher, decided there was no place for it during a war epoch.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

PERSONALLY, the most satisfying years of my long life were those in which, while engaging in other activities, I acted as eastern editor of the *American Guardian*, founded by one of the most remarkable persons I have met in my long career. This was Oscar Ameringer, with whom I first came in contact in 1910 with Victor Berger as an associate in building up the Socialist party in Milwaukee. In doing this magnificent job, Oscar, who had been editor of several labor papers, wrote a column to act as the voice of Socialism for the daily newspaper, *The Milwaukee Leader*, which Berger had founded about the time he became the first Socialist candidate to be elected to the House of Representatives in Washington.

With some other newspapermen, I helped Berger when he came to attend the extra session of Congress, held in March of 1911. Berger was not only a master organizer, as was proved by his achievement in building up the Milwaukee Socialist movement, but he was also a real scholar. I think his library contained some 4,000 volumes, built up over the years. He was one of the most frank persons in public life whom I have yet encountered. He virtually carried his heart on his coat sleeve, and his frankness not only brought him the enmity of the tories in the United States but also caused him to take part in many intraparty disagreements. He had a habit of pooh-poohing the utterances of the ultra-revolutionary group in the Socialist party and always defended sturdily his belief that the first thing for the Socialists to do to

secure an effective following, was to make immediate demands for improvement in their own day and generation. Victor believed that if this was done, the ultimate demand of the party, which was to gain social control of our industry through the peaceful means of the ballot, would be eventually accomplished.

He put into practice what he preached by being the greatest factor in the election of a mayor on the Socialist ticket in Milwaukee, believing that a successful administration of a city as large as Milwaukee would prove to the country that the Socialists were not mere dreamers. He then boosted himself into a candidacy for Congress and succeeded in having himself elected. Victor, in his personal talks with his associates, claimed that it was vitally important that their philosophy should be presented to the public by a successful administration in a community and a constant insistence, even if only by one man, on what could be accomplished on the national scene if the Socialists had a chance to put their philosophy into action there as well as in the community field.

What happened in the community field, strange to say, is almost unknown to the people of this generation. I say this because I have talked to younger people about the Socialist administration in Milwaukee. The first mayor was Emil Seidel, who succeeded a corrupt machine in the city. His administration not only cleaned the rascals out of the government in that town, but gave the people services which they had lacked entirely. In spite of this he was not re-elected, and the city returned to the political vomit from which it had suffered for so many years.

However, the political gang was hungry for the spoils of office, and went the limit in corrupt practices. The contrast was so great with the social administration that, when the time for the election came at the end of two years, a Socialist mayor was again elected in the person of Dan Hoan; and for the following twenty-six years Hoan was re-elected as mayor and Milwaukee was marked among all the cities of this country with the highest record of administrative merit concerning the affairs of its people.

The constant re-election of a Socialist mayor did not mean that the majority of the people in Milwaukee were Socialist. In fact, they were not. It was the ability of the Socialists to deliver the goods, to help create a model community, which was the reason for this constant re-election.

The life of the *Guardian* covered the years of the great depression, the emergence from it, and the opening of a new chapter in our national life, which came with the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor. I have already mentioned that we put the *Guardian* out of business the week after this fiendish attack. During a ten-year period, without missing a single week, I supplied the *Guardian* with a chapter on the happenings in Washington as well as frequently dealing with the industrial and financial happenings of the same period. In other words, under the pseudonym of "Stagehand," I supplied over a million words during this time.

These articles were not only written from my own observation in New York, Washington and the industrial centers, but I had the advantage of getting mind-opening material from some of the keenest reporters in America, who were prevented by their publishers' policies from sending certain materials to their own publications. Oscar, in association with one of his sons, Siegfried, had organized a *Guardian* army to secure subscriptions for the paper. The top figure for its circulation was around 60,000, in thirty-four states of the union. I have always believed, however, by certain tests I made, that it did have an influence in the thinking of some thousands of people who were not direct readers of its columns. That is to say that many opinion-formers in their communities used the facts continually stated in the *Guardian* in their talks with their neighbors.

Almost every year Oscar would have a crisis in the financial affairs of the *Guardian* which couldn't wait on the army itself; he had to have a goodly sum to catch up with his debts, and he had a few financial angels who always came to the rescue.

One of the most outstanding of these few was a very successful manufacturer in Valparaiso, Indiana, Jim McGill. Jim was a

radical in the real sense of the word, though not belonging to any particular party. He was always getting at the root of things, which of course is the basis of all radicalism. Because of this attitude of mind, he rode through the depression untouched, while many of his financial and industrial neighbors became the victims of it. I never knew anyone who understood the present economic system and its workings more clearly than Jim McGill. He foresaw in the late twenties the depression which began with the stock market panic, and rode into it with the hatches all battened down and the sails furled. His financial and industrial ship weathered the gale that wrecked so many other ships.

However, Jim was much more than just a successful businessman. He had social vision, which impelled him to join many movements looking to the common good, and the labels bothered him not a bit. What is more, he always presented his case with a smile, and often with a hearty laugh. He was so sure of his position that he was not going to waste any anger on those who opposed it. Oscar Ameringer to Jim McGill was a great soul, and he acted as if it were a privilege to do all he could to further Oscar's projects in trying to bring on a civilization out of which would come what he, Jim, considered a true democracy.

There was never any belief in miracles on Jim's part in looking at the social picture. Nothing in his philosophy could ever convince him that things just happen; he believed that they were the results of men's direct actions, that if men could create a system which spelled misery for millions, they could create a system that would spell as much happiness for all as merely finite beings could seek and find.

He was a very intimate friend of George Norris', and would go to Washington from time to time just to see this man whom he considered one of America's greatest. If it was known to just a few that Jim happened to be in Washington, his hotel room was a busy place; some of the brightest minds in the capital were to be found in his parlor at the Carlton.

One of these whom I met through Jim McGill was David

Lilienthal. Jim said to me in Washington, the day after Lilienthal was appointed to the Tennessee Valley Authority in 1933: "Well, F.D.R. has named someone who will carry out successfully this great project which George Norris has dreamed of for so many years."

Since Jim was a close friend of Senator Norris', he knew how near to his heart was the T.V.A. project, and he felt that Dave was going to be a most important factor in making Norris' dream come true. Jim then told me how he had come into contact with Dave when Lilienthal was in high school in Valparaiso, how he had had talks with him and lent him books, how he had watched his career after he came out of college, how nothing that he had accomplished had surprised him much, as he discerned in the youth a passion for both usefulness and knowledge.

He had been particularly interested in what Lilienthal had done on the Wisconsin Public Service Commission where that experience had prepared him for his new position. The eight years passed in the practice of the law had also given him a broad point of view on social questions.

My own contacts with Lilienthal included successive visits to Knoxville and Norris, Tennessee, the little settlement which had been built to house the workers for the building of the famous Norris dam.* I saw the dam in the process of being built, its completion and then, again, after it had been in operation for some time.

I once had a talk with one of the leading engineers of the country on a trip back to Washington from Knoxville. He had been over to Norris and when I asked him what he thought of the operation, he told me that he would talk about it only if I promised not to quote him; that his position was such with a private corporation that he just couldn't afford to discuss the operation publicly. He spoke with great frankness: "I would be

* Editor's note: Mr. Lilienthal, commenting on Mr. Ervin's visit to Norris, said, "I remember we laughed a great deal because the houses at Norris were very small, and Charlie practically filled our 9 by 12 living room." (Mr. Ervin was well over six feet tall, weighed about 250 pounds.)

very proud to have been the engineer on the Norris Dam. Proud not only because of the work itself but of the actual cost of the dam which could not have been improved upon by any private corporation. Besides, no private corporation would have allowed its technicians to have done for the labor on the job what the T.V.A. has done. It's not only a great engineering job but a great human one."

As I had spent a little time at Norris with Dave, I knew just what he meant when he referred to the "human job." I had seen the workers' quarters and their recreation center. I had seen the medical care which was of vital importance to save them from the dreaded silicosis, the danger of which has to be faced on all projects such as the construction of the Norris Dam.

I had also, through experience, been able to contrast the treatment of the workers on the T.V.A. project with construction jobs let to private corporations. The T.V.A. project from beginning to end was a human project such as, perhaps, had never been done, not only in the south but also in the north.

When I described to Senator Norris my experience in the little town of Norris, as well as what I saw when watching the building of the dam, he was very much moved. Other reporters who came back from the T.V.A. also told him the same story and all this added up to a tremendous feeling of satisfaction in the way he had been repaid for his ten years of efforts before this project was successfully launched.

In the thirteen years from the time Lilienthal became a director of the T.V.A. to his appointment in 1946 as chairman of the Commission on International Control of Atomic Energy, I was in Tennessee several times and saw Lilienthal at various periods in Washington on his many visits there.*

The battle against the confirmation of his appointment to the Atomic Energy Commission as well as the blackguard attempts

* Editor's note: Mr. Ervin and Mr. Lilienthal frequently met at breakfast at the table of Mr. and Mrs. Morris L. Cooke in the Hay-Adams House, Washington. Mr. Cooke, supervisory engineer of water resources and a member of the National Resources Board, was a close friend of Mr. Ervin's.

to smear him in the months that followed are too well known for me to dwell on this subject. What I would like to deal with for a little, however, is David Lilienthal's constant defense of democracy in the real meaning of that much abused word.

Every moment of his public career records a hatred of dictatorship or totalitarianism or of any attempt to destroy the dignity of the individual which he believes can flourish only under a real democracy. Luckily, Lilienthal is most articulate and one does not have to wonder about his beliefs.

In his book, *This I do Believe*, he sets forth a real creed of democracy for this and succeeding generations. Though he has performed a really great task in trying to apply science to improving the conditions of every man, woman and child in our own and other countries, this is only a part of his service to humanity.

It was most ably stated in an editorial in the *New York Times* at the time of Lilienthal's resignation from the Atomic Energy Commission that the "truths of basic physics must somehow be related to the truths of the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution and the Gettysburg Address. Here is a task in which David Lilienthal played a magnificent part and which we hope the man who follows him will carry on."

Lilienthal has served the people with both heart and mind. Throughout his book, though he touches continually on the economic factors, the spiritual note of true democracy as it supports the dignity of every man and woman is struck more often. The political pygmies who sought to smear him will be forgotten, while Lilienthal will be remembered as one of the great public servants of this generation.

Jim McGill's happiest days were, perhaps, those of the New Deal. It wasn't only F.D.R. whose actions encouraged him to believe a really better day was close at hand, but it was the so-called "brain trust" the President had gathered around him that gave Jim a real thrill. He knew many of them, and some of them had absorbed part of Jim's own wisdom.

Oscar passed on before Jim. Oscar and Carl Sandburg began

their writing careers on the same field, that of the state of Wisconsin, and wandered far afield afterward. And Carl, in his foreword to Oscar's book, published in 1940, called him "a man of laughter, wit and satire." He said "No other orator or platform man in American labor history has had this gift and used it so richly and refreshingly as Ameringer." He tells us that Ameringer was both a painter and a musician, and that he "narrowly escaped a respectable career, approved by all polite citizens." Sandburg pointed out that, while Ameringer was an artist, he became a "crusader." That "however, he is limited by the fact of being a philosopher and endowed with a sense of humor." Sandburg saw the many-faceted Ameringer in action; hence, his keen analysis of the man and the mission he carried.

Of course, there were many thousands of people in this country that never knew Oscar's name at all. He wrote under the pseudonym of Adam Coaldigger. He had taken over this name when he was the editor of *The Illinois Miner*, which for the time he was there, became more widely quoted than any labor paper in the country.

Arthur Brisbane, who was always watching for new stars to hang in the Hearst firmament, ran across Oscar's stuff several times where it had been quoted from *The Illinois Miner*, and found out who Adam Coaldigger really was. He asked him to come to New York for a talk with him; and offered him \$15,000 a year, and a promise of more money later on, to write comments five days a week for the Hearst service. Oscar spent some hours with Brisbane, going out to lunch with him, and spent several days with me after his visit with Brisbane.

He declined Brisbane's offers, and told me why. "I watched what was going on at Brisbane's desk between our talks," he said, "and I made up my mind by nightfall that the Hearst organization was no place for me." Of course Oscar was right; he was what he was because he always had an absolutely free pen. The Hearst attitude was, and is, largely that of the famous English conservative who said that opinions could only be tolerated when they

arrived at no possible consequences.

Oscar wasn't, however, only for a free pen for himself. He stood up valiantly for the right of people he didn't agree with to have a free pen. The two of us disagreed very strenuously about the conduct of the Russians in their war against Finland, and also in the general conduct of the ruling group in Russia. Oscar thought that they were doing things in Russia which they were compelled to do because of the enmity of the rest of the world, and that they would change their dictatorial policy when they felt it was safe to do so.

I took just the opposite position. Ten years before the *Guardian* was founded, on the front page on *The Call*, I had attacked the whole theory of dictatorship, or any attempt in the least to limit absolute freedom of speech in any country. I had also said that those who, under any excuse, curtailed or destroyed freedom in any country could never be depended upon to resurrect it.

When I took over the eastern editorship of the *Guardian* in 1931, I carried out the same point of view in my writing, and in 1937, at the time of the filthy and murderous purges under Stalin, I reiterated in the columns of the *Guardian* what I had said in *The Call* regarding these Russian rulers, calling them reincarnations of Ivan the Terrible. Though Oscar took the opposite position, he insisted that my views should go into the paper just as they were, in direct variance with his own as chief editor. "Anything that Charles Ervin writes for this paper will be printed, whether we agree with it or not," he told the man in charge. He was just incapable of taking any other position.

Oscar could hold an audience with both his wit and wisdom as few speakers in his generation. I remember his return from a trip to Europe in which he had investigated most thoroughly the co-operative movement both in Great Britain and on the continent. He had absorbed a tremendous amount of information during his visit, and as usual, he translated these data not only into the lives of the people with whom he had been, but into the lives of those who were listening to him. I recollect this

because I was presiding as chairman on this particular occasion. I noticed a large bell on a table right in back of Oscar. I wondered what it was for and I asked him. He said, "Just wait and see. I want to drive home what I'm going to tell them."

Well, he started off with the story of what the co-op movement had accomplished in Sweden. And when he said his last word in that section of his talk, the bell boomed out in loud tones, and he followed its peal with the so-called "practical" cry of the opponents of the co-operative movement, "It can't be done!" Then he took up little Denmark, with its wonderful co-operative movement; following this, Great Britain, and some other countries where the co-operative movement had made quite a dent. And always, after each section, was the bell, and his own cry, "It can't be done!"

It was certainly the most convincing address on the co-operative movement that I have ever listened to.

I had another joyous time, which is keen in my memory, of listening to Oscar. This was when he was being examined by a House committee on labor, with some side excursions into the co-operative movement. I don't think I have ever had an hour of such fun in my life. Oscar, possessing as he did great erudition on the general history of human affairs, made several of the Congressmen who were questioning him look absolutely silly. The committee certainly didn't like it, but the press thoroughly enjoyed it, and gathered around Oscar to question him after it was all over.

Oscar had run such a lively gamut of experiences in a comparatively short life that it was always a delight to have him relate some of them. When we were traveling together one day, I happened to mention President McKinley's name, and Oscar said, "I didn't vote for him." I said, "Why not?" Oscar replied, "Because I heard every speech he made." Forgetting for the moment that McKinley hadn't made a nation-wide tour, I said to him, "What're you lying about? You weren't on his train." Oscar coolly replied, "There wasn't any train; and there wasn't

any tour. Where's your memory?"

And then I remembered that McKinley stayed in Canton, Ohio, and made a "front porch" campaign, and that committees from all over the country were sent by the Republican organization to be addressed by him, Mark Hanna having raised some millions of dollars to pay for the campaign. "All right, Oscar," I admitted, "you're right; but how'd you happen to be in Canton?"

Said Oscar, the horn-blower: "I happened to be the cornet player in the band from Columbus, Ohio, that got the contract from the Republicans to play all during the six weeks' campaign at the receptions given by McKinley to the various committees. We worked morning and afternoon. Our business was to go down to the railroad station and be there ready to play as the committees came in; and we were supplied music fitting the various sections from which the committees came.

"To show you how this was done, I remember one morning we went to the station to receive the committee from West Virginia. In this committee there happened to be men who had fought both in the northern and southern armies, but who were supporting the Republican ticket. After the committee formed into a procession, up the street we went, playing first *The Star-Spangled Banner*, and then *Dixie*. And we wheeled into the acre lot on which the McKinley mansion stood.

"There were tents on the lot; in one, you could get beer and pretzels and cheese sandwiches, and in the other you could get soft drinks and sandwiches. After the committee had fed its stomachs, and formed in front of the porch, the door was opened, and with a dignified stride, out would come McKinley, who was a very handsome man, looking the way we were taught to believe a Roman senator would look.

"McKinley, of course, knew the character of his audience, and on this day he began: 'Thirty-two years ago, we met on the battle-field of the south, you of the gray, we of the blue, each believing our cause was just. Today we meet shoulder to shoulder, to drive back those forces which are aiming to destroy the great financial

fabric of our people by seeking to impose upon us the iniquitous silver of sixteen to one etc. etc. etc.'

"Then the afternoon came. We went back to the station, this time to receive a delegation from Minnesota, of the Grand Army in uniform. Again the procession was formed, and up the street we went, tooting gloriously two of the favorite hymns of the Union Army, *We Will Rally 'Round the Flag, Boys*, and *Marching Through Georgia*.

"Again the crowd gathered in front of the porch, again the door was opened; and from the mouth of the candidate came: 'Thirty-two years ago today we were facing an enemy on the fields of the southland seeking to destroy this great government our forefathers had built.' Gone was the memory of the gray and the blue as McKinley went on to say: 'Today we are facing an even greater enemy seeking to destroy this government—the iniquitous group who would replace our great and glorious financial structure by what they call the sixteen to one theory, meaning sixteen parts of silver to one of gold, and thus destroy the credit of our country.'

"Day after day," Oscar continued, "I would listen to McKinley say one thing to one committee, and something quite different to another. I never experienced such a continuous bunco game in my life; and while I didn't know a damn thing about the silver or gold theory at that time, I voted for Bryan simply because of what McKinley said about it."

Like all human undertakings, the career of the *Guardian* was not only the story of the actors who happen to take the front of the stage; back of them one must always look for those who were making the show possible. In the case of the *Guardian*, it was not only Leathwood—managing editor—and Siegfried Ameringer, circulation, who helped keep the show going, but back of us all was a woman—Oscar's wife, Frieda. She was fortunately blessed with great business capacity, and ran the printing company so efficiently and profitably that with the proceeds of that business she helped pay the deficiency which we were regularly piling up for her.

Oscar, of course, was such a great character in the labor and social field that he deserves a book all by himself; and thanks to a few of us who kept at him with almost weekly regularity, he left us, a little time before he passed on, his own story, with a typical title, *If You Don't Weaken*. In the many years that I knew Oscar and had the privilege of working with him, he never "weakened." He might be compelled to bend to the unfriendly winds which sought to tear him out by the roots from time to time, but these roots were so deep in the common good that up he came again, smiling, and full of fight.

Of course, the *Guardian* could have gone on indefinitely if it had had an ordinary advertising revenue. Advertisers of a national character, however, don't advertise in papers of this sort. That is the real reason for the almost complete failure of papers with a radical or even a liberal editorial policy to last any length of time.

As I mentioned before, neither the *Nation* nor the *New Republic* could have survived without the financial backing of persons of considerable wealth.

Of course these wealthy persons just happened to have liberal ideas. In one case it was the Villard money; in the other, it was Whitney money. The ventures, however, of another publisher into the newspaper field seeking to prove that a newspaper could exist without any advertising is practically unknown in this country, though both experiments took place in the four years from 1912 to 1916. The publisher was E. W. Scripps, the owner of twenty-six newspapers (all containing advertising on a large scale), the owner of the United Press, and of the great feature service, the Newspaper Enterprise Association. Of all places, Scripps selected the conservative town of Philadelphia to start the first ad-less newspaper, which he named the *News-Post*, which lasted a little over two years, and achieved a deficit of between 100 and 200 thousand dollars when he ordered it closed.

I am one of the few men who could write its full story, as I wrote many of the editorials for it. Having no ads, we had no sacred cows, and did our little staff have a good time! I can say with some certainty that a very good time was had by all, though I had told the old man's agent, when he approached me about writing some of the editorials, that the paper was a sure failure from the start.

Seemingly not discouraged, however, that the failure of the Philadelphia paper had proved his judgment to be wrong, Scripps put into operation another project along the line of the ad-less newspaper for which he was solely responsible. He determined to publish a paper in Chicago, which he called the *Day Book*. It was a little less than half the size of what we now know as a tabloid, the size that one could put in the pocket of his coat. Hence the name. Special machinery had to be created to print it.

Scripps selected as his editor one of the most brilliant members of his large staff, the late Negley D. Cochran. The publication office, together with the machinery, was in the basement of a factory building in Chicago. Neg was a friend of mine, and when I dropped in to see him in Chicago, he was surrounded by his reportorial staff. It consisted of one of his sons, who had been thoroughly trained in Toledo, where Neg had been editor of a thoroughly militant newspaper, *The Toledo News-Bee*; and one reporter by the name of Carl Sandburg, who came down from Milwaukee to join this large staff.

Carl was having the time of his life. He was telling the story of the Chicago department stores' treatment of their employees, which no paper in that town dared print a line of, most of them being "kept" newspapers. And what was worst of all, the stress was on the famous Marshall Field's, which was as sacred to the business groups as the Ark of the Covenant.

There was a lieutenant-governor of Illinois at the time who had forced through the Illinois legislature a resolution investigating the conditions of department store employees. You can imagine

what kind of publicity he got in Chicago newspapers. It was meat, however, for the *Day Book*. And Carl was pouring in the verbal ammunition almost in a continuous stream.

The *Day Book* gradually gathered circulation until it was somewhere in the twenty thousands, when the war clouds grew blacker and blacker, and it was soon seen by those who watch public affairs closely, that we were going to get into the struggle which, for nearly four years, we had avoided. We had created multimillionaires supplying materials to warring nations in Europe, but we had not yet created the two thousand millionaires who emerged from the war after we went into it. Boss Scripps decided that in the stormy atmosphere of a world war he had better put an end to his experiment with ad-less newspapers, and the *Day Book* closed its career, after its small staff had the exquisite pleasure for a few years of publishing a newspaper with no "sacred cows."

Incidentally, this ancient remembers one editorial above all others in the *Day Book*, written by Neg Cochran. Wow, what a screed it was! Neg took the old definition of patriotism from Sam Johnson's dictionary: "the last refuge of the scoundrel." And did Neg call the roll of the "scoundrels" of his day and generation who justified Johnson's definition! If the smeary un-American Congressional committee had been in existence then, a real American, in the person of Negley D. Cochran, would have been summoned before that committee, and it would have proved a field day for real American patriotism when Neg got through with them.

The very lifeblood of the newspaper is circulation that can be sold to those who have service and commodities to sell. The price that each reader pays for the sheet would never enable a publisher to print and distribute it. The profit must always come from the advertising revenue, and most of those who buy this space are interested in maintaining the industrial and financial system as it exists. Of course, there is no such thing as a real "free press." There is a political free press, but no free press within the present economic system would be possible. When Senator Butler told

Ernest Gruening that "an uncontrolled newspaper is a utopian myth," he was stating an irrefutable fact.

And so, in spite of Boss Scripps's millions, he found that an ad-less newspaper was just as much of a myth as an uncontrolled one.

CHAPTER NINETEEN

WHEN this country was thrust into the war by the vicious and cruel attack by the Japanese at Pearl Harbor, the prophecy of Roosevelt given to us in 1937 in Chicago was sadly fulfilled. Just after the news of this massacre at Pearl Harbor came, I went to my files and picked out a copy of the Chicago speech in which Roosevelt had paraphrased another writer who said, "Perhaps we foresee a time when men, exultant in the technic of homicide, will rage so hotly over the world that every precious thing will be in danger, every book, and picture and harmony, every treasure garnered through two millenniums; the small, the delicate, the defenseless—all would be lost, or wrecked, or utterly destroyed." Then came the warning for which Roosevelt was denounced as a warmonger: "If those things come to pass in other parts of the world, let no one imagine that America will escape, that America may expect mercy, that this western hemisphere will not be attacked and that it will continue tranquilly and peacefully to carry on the ethics and the arts of civilization."

Roosevelt followed this statement with an appeal to peaceloving nations to join to put an end to these horrors. He said, "The peace-loving nations must make a concerted effort in opposition to those violations of treaties and of those ignorings of humane instincts which today are creating a state of international anarchy and instability, from which there is no escape through mere isolation or neutrality.

"When an epidemic of a physical disease starts to spread, the community approves and joins in the quarantine of the patients in order to protect the health of the community against the spread of the disease."

If the President had been listened to at that time as intelligently as he should have been, instead of being abused, and his efforts to stop the world slaughter crippled by men in high places in this country, the happenings of the last fifteen years might have been of quite a different character. Always hoping to keep this country out of war, always struggling to bring about peace throughout the world, President Roosevelt on the record always declined to gamble on future events. The weal or woe of our people was involved, and when the President signed the Neutrality Act in 1935, not many of us remember that he stated: "History is filled with unforeseeable situations that call for some flexibility of action."

In other words, Roosevelt foresaw that future events might compel an entirely different policy from that set down in the Neutrality Act of 1935. It is also a matter of record that, when events did change the situation entirely in the middle of the year 1939, Roosevelt quickly moved to have the neutrality legislation of 1935 amended. Congress refused to do this, and Roosevelt pointed out at a press conference that this refusal on the part of a majority of Congress was merely a gamble on their part that there would be no war.

It is also a matter of record as to what happened a few weeks afterward, when the war in Europe broke out. Then Congress was compelled to do in November what it refused to do in July. If ever there has been a chief executive of any nation in world history to whom the word "warmonger" could never truthfully apply, it is Franklin Delano Roosevelt. If ever there had been a chief executive who refused to allow the people who had chosen him to serve them, to be lulled into a false sense of security in a world which gangsters and thugs sought, (and are still seeking) to dominate, that man was Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

If ever there was an unimpeachable truth in human history, it is the fact that this country was thrust into war by the letting loose of the armed thugs of Japan at Pearl Harbor.

This ancient, writing in his eighty-eighth year, but still coming in contact with many people, is often amazed at the fact that a majority of those he talks to seem to have forgotten some of the most salient features of World War II. Both generations—that which followed World War I and World War II—seem to have forgotten the army of men pounding the pavements looking for jobs after World War I, or the fact that they also witnessed this same immense army, when, a few years after they had succeeded in getting jobs, they became the victims of the most disastrous depression in our history in the Hoover Republican administration. Now millions of our young men again were going to be drafted into the army. Here something occurred that I know has been forgotten by many of our people. Franklin D. Roosevelt, however, remembered how the men of his generation had been lied to a quarter of a century earlier; he also had just as keen a memory of how the majority had been treated in the early days of the depression when they asked for, and were denied, a bonus promised them for their military service.

Roosevelt determined that the new generation was not going to be lied to again. So he made a fireside address directed at those who were soon to don a uniform. I do not know how many of my readers have studied this address. As for myself, I do know that it moved me more than any address the President had made to our people up to this time. Among other things he said, "When you come home, we do not propose to involve you as last time in a domestic economic mess of our own making. . . . In every war, it is the younger generation which bears the burden of combat and inherits all the ills that war leaves in its wake."

Then Roosevelt made a statement which made every tory who hated him hate him far worse than ever. Said Roosevelt: "We must be sure that when you have won victory, you will not have to tell your children that you have fought in vain—that you had

been betrayed. We must be sure that in your home there will not be want—that in your schools, only the living truth will be taught—that in your churches there may be preached a faith in which men may deeply believe. . . . You . . . will have to take your part in shaping the world—you will earn it by what you do now; but you will not attain it if you leave the job for others to do alone."

As I listened to these words, my mind went back to just about ten years before, when I spent two days on the Anacostia flats, interviewing and writing about the bonus marchers—the swampy Anacostia flats, where the authorities had insisted upon the ex-soldiers staying. They were huddled in flimsy wooden shacks, living in the worst of crowded conditions. A few of them did flow over into the south side of Pennsylvania Avenue, where the houses were being pulled down for the new public office buildings. These few sought refuge in the partly demolished dwellings. Then I suddenly remembered the change that came over the street several days later, when down Pennsylvania Avenue, led by Chief of Staff Douglas MacArthur, resplendent in his shiny black boots and full military attire, came the clatter of horses' hoofs and the clank of military arms. In a few moments, what had been a peaceful scene was changed to a warlike one, and the ex-soldier marchers were beaten out of their temporary refuge by the regular soldiers.

MacArthur had taken direct command, strange as it may seem, of this armed body; and, again strange as it may seem to some of my readers, he had accompanying him as one of the members of his staff a man destined to become President of the United States, Major Dwight D. Eisenhower. Naturally, none of the newspaper-men who were reporting this raid on these unfortunate men had any pre-vision as to the future prominence of either MacArthur or Eisenhower. Their only reaction was indignation at the manner in which these ex-soldiers of World War I were being treated.

However, what happened on the south side of Pennsylvania Avenue for a couple of blocks was nothing compared with their

being driven out onto the roads out of Washington from their camp on the Anacostia flats. I remember one newspaper reporter, shocked at what he was witnessing, saying, "My God, this can't be America. It's just a horrible dream."

Well, there wasn't much of a dream about it, though it was horrible enough. I sometimes wonder what MacArthur or Eisenhower would say about it today. No one says much about it in this day and generation, and the apologists for both Eisenhower and MacArthur fall back on the excuses that they had to obey President Hoover's orders.

Shortly after his address on the postwar welfare of soldiers, Roosevelt followed up with a talk on the dangers of inflation. He went to the Congress and told them that the situation was so drastic that unless they acted by the first of October (he was talking in September) he felt that he would be compelled to act under his emergency war powers. At once the tories in Congress hurled at him the word "dictator" and other opprobrious phrases.

Day after day, as I looked at and listened to what was happening at the nation's capital, from the day in 1933 that Roosevelt took the oath standing outside the Capitol, up until the day I am writing these memoirs, I have been rather amazed that in the plethora of books dealing with this period so much has not been told, or if told, has not been stressed where it directly points to the vital necessity of a change in our economic and political system in consonance with our change in national and international environments.

Of course I know that a majority of even the most gifted of our writers do not want too much of a change in our way of life. Most of them show great fear of pursuing a thought where it might lead to what is known as a class struggle even in a democracy such as ours is thought to be. However, if all of them who have written about this period would first have read carefully Article 10 of the Federalist Papers, written by James Madison, our fourth President, they would not have been so afraid of presenting the picture of the first half of this century "in all its proper proportions."

Madison, an aristocrat himself, as a student was not afraid of facing facts; was not afraid of pointing out that "political doctrines had their birth in the minds of people possessed of different degrees and kinds of property."

Madison then goes on to show that this being true, class and group divisions based on property lie at the basis of modern society; and further, he pointed out that politics and constitutional law were inevitably the reflex of economic antagonism. This statement is a paraphrase of about 4,000 words in his Article 10 paper. I believe that no matter what one's ideas about democracy are—that is, whether pro or con—he can write much more intelligently if he carefully studies Madison's words, which are the result of many years of intensive study on the structure of government.

Naturally, if this paper had been written and published today, a howl would have gone up about "creeping socialism." Of course the joke is all on our reactionaries, for the nearest approach to socialism we ever have achieved has been our public schools. And they were established in spite of the bitterest opposition from what we know as our "property class."

As I finish this book, a new President, Dwight D. Eisenhower, has just taken office. He, however, didn't wait until taking the oath to show that he agrees with Alexander Hamilton's theory of involving the rich and well-born in the government. He announced weeks before his inauguration the appointments of the nine members of his cabinet and some of their assistants. The majority of the nine represent the billions of property firmly held in the grasp of big business. The administration of Eisenhower could justly be called a General Motors-DuPont and Company administration. Hamilton must chortle from the spirit-land as he sees the frankness with which "the rich and well-born" have taken over the country.

In our first administration, we at least for a time got a Jefferson as a counter-irritant to those believing in the Hamiltonian theory of government. Not today, however. The only member of the

cabinet who might get off the political plutocratic track is the Secretary of Labor.*

When the late President Roosevelt took office and summoned to his side both men and women of social vision, the plutocracy, which was just reviving from the economic ruin which they had brought the country, denounced Roosevelt for calling to his side people who believed primarily in the public welfare. The newspaper publishers, most of whom were pliant tools of the plutocracy, had their paid pens abuse Roosevelt in the public prints, and when F.D.R. came up for re-election in 1936, they fashioned what they called the Liberty League to try to defeat him. I have told the story of this league in another part of this book. Now it is 1953, some seventeen years after Roosevelt's second election, and the people have been fooled into turning the government over again to the same group who plunged the majority of our people into a veritable gulf of misery under the Hoover administration. And I am not charging that as a mere partisan of any party in opposition to the Republican. It is just true—on the record.

Every day that I go to my office, I look around me and watch people. I did the same in 1930, '31 and '32. What is more, I talk quite a lot to people living on wages or salary, as I also did in '30, '31 and '32; and oh, what a difference in their attitude toward life. They are better fed, better clothed and better housed. The contrast is almost glaring. Not that they yet have everything they ought to have in this rich country, but much more than they ever had when plutocracy was firmly planted in the saddle, riding them "booted and spurred."

What is happening in 1953 seems almost unbelievable to a man of my years. I sometimes say to myself, is it possible that I was approaching the scriptural threescore and ten when I saw the black plague of unemployment descend on this country only two years after Hoover had been elected on a slogan of abolishing poverty, and then in such a short span of years poverty should have become more abominable than in my whole lifetime? And

* Martin P. Durkin, who resigned eight months after his appointment.

again, is it possible that I have seen millions emerge from this poverty to a higher standard of living than they had ever seen before? And again, is it possible that I have witnessed these same people fooled into putting their affairs again into the hands of the same kind of a group which had plunged them into misery a little over twenty years ago?

I am certainly not commenting on any of this as a Republican or a Democrat or a Social Democrat. My only social and political partisanship would go to any group in our country pledged to put the 112 words of the Declaration of Independence into practice by using all the powers of the government to carry out the pledge in the Constitution, "to promote the general welfare." Yes, I am a partisan—of the welfare state. A most thorough partisan, I think. Nothing else matters to me in politics but promoting the general welfare.

EPILOGUE

SHORTLY after beginning the chapter on "The War Years," Charles Ervin was taken ill and had to stop working on his memoirs. He died a few weeks later, with the story of his life from 1942 on, and his relationship with a great many notables, still unrecorded.

He left behind him, however, a wealth of words in his biweekly columns for a labor newspaper, and a mass of correspondence attesting to his wide-spread activity in the political and labor worlds. Every other week he wrote a column entitled, "What's Doing in Washington" for the *Advance*, official organ of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, and he was a contributor to such magazines as *Labor and Nation*, *The New Republic* and others. He was often an indirect and anonymous contributor to the columns of political commentators like Lowell Mellett, Thomas Stokes or Drew Pearson and Robert Allen. Louis Stark, labor authority of the *New York Times*, whom Charlie counted among his close friends, received his "tidbits" of information or analysis of labor affairs with unfailing regularity.

More than one letter in the huge correspondence file he left testifies to the literary contributions he was apt to make to one colleague or another when a sudden thought struck him, as for example, a note from Max Lerner, thanking him for citing a certain passage in Montaigne. Often a line or two would come from Daniel R. Fitzpatrick, cartoonist of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, acknowledging some suggestion from Charlie. Or there

would be a request from Aubrey Williams, publisher of the *Southern Farmer*, asking for Charlie's help in "uncovering interesting materials," both sides of "controversial" questions like compulsory health insurance; these items are numerous as one sorts through the letters. His acquaintance with the men of his profession covered a wide range.

Although he said that the presidential election campaign of 1944, being a war years' campaign, had too many facets to be dealt with in analysis, Mr. Ervin was nonetheless active in that campaign, and as early as June of 1944 he was writing to Francis Biddle, a close friend of his, then Attorney-General of the United States, that "the political campaign began in reality in January"; and he continued with a discussion of Wallace as a possible vice-presidential candidate. Mr. Ervin did not support Wallace for the Presidency in 1948, but he considered him the best candidate for the vice-presidency in '44.

A few weeks after the letter to Mr. Biddle, Charlie wrote a long memorandum to Sidney Hillman, outlining the strategy he felt should be employed in getting the labor vote. The memo traces the history of the labor vote from 1914 to 1944, and goes back to Lincoln and the Civil War to prove specific points. He says in one place: "Taking the material with which you have to work into consideration, you have tackled the biggest task which has come to you since I have been associated with your various activities. Upon its outcome will depend whether or not the workers will maintain the gains they have made and secure further improvements in their conditions. And it is a task which concerns the very immediate future. From your own utterances, I sense that you feel you have assumed a heavy burden. It is my earnest hope that you will be able to find associates who will not only help to carry the burden but also help to bring your political organizing campaign to a triumphant conclusion."

For this campaign, Charlie unearthed a cut from the *Philadelphia Record* of October 26, 1932, an actual shot of a man selling apples right next to the Hoover Club of eastern Pennsyl-

vania. He immediately got up a dodger, "Lest We Forget," using the picture on the inside spread; a red ring was drawn around the man, with a long pointer extending out to the Hoover Club banner. A red apple at the side of the newphoto was decorated with Hoover on one cheek and Dewey on the other, and underneath were the words, "Prosperity *was* just around the corner," with a wide black arrow pointing to the back cover, which carried F.D.R.'s picture. Under it was the squib: "REMEMBER—the only independent businessmen ever put out of business by the New Deal were the apple sellers. They returned to work and built a stronger, better America."

This pamphlet was distributed by the millions throughout the eastern states of Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey and in several midwestern states in industrial areas. Charlie promoted it in P.A.C. locals all over the country. He saw to it that the widest possible distribution was given to the pamphlet in key areas.

In 1945, when he was eighty, Mr. Ervin wrote and published one of his most important pamphlets, "The Story of the Constitution of the United States," with the subtitles, "Told by Those Who Fashioned It," "Reported by Charles W. Ervin." The little book, which was illustrated with pen and ink sketches by Jo Davidson, and went into four printings, was done in the tradition of pamphleteers from Tom Paine on, to disseminate information among the masses, in this case on the rights of the Constitution among the people it protected. He was well aware that the property-owning class had designed the Constitution, but that a group of liberals, led by Thomas Jefferson, had stood for the amendments, including the Bill of Rights, which made the document so precious for the majority of the people.

In the 1948 campaign, Mr. Ervin played his usual behind-the-scenes role of making suggestions to newsmen, political leaders, union leaders. He often called the Political Action Committee with suggestions for the best possible use of items appearing in the newspapers. Perhaps no other figure held exactly the position he

did in the political field from the early 1900's to the early '50's. From the days of Debs's first Socialist candidacy to Stevenson's Democratic campaign in the last election, Mr. Ervin kept an unseen finger in the political pie, always seeking to add the ingredients of social welfare. In furnishing information to those in high office he was the labor world's counterpart of Colonel House in the Wilson administration.

One day in '48 Charlie saw a story in the *New York Times* regarding a book by Fred Hartley in which Hartley said the Taft-Hartley Act would be strengthened if the Republicans won the election. He got an idea at once and called Henry Zon, Director of Public Relations of the P.A.C. As usual, his opening line was, "Boy, what are we doing about that story in the *Times* this morning? (He would assume that his listener knew which story.) That's our chance. We ought to take advantage of the son-of-a-gun right now. Now, listen Henry, I think we should just paper the country with reproductions of this article. Not enough people can see it in the *Times*, you know that as well as I!" Then he would go into detail. "Get out a pamphlet with a photostat of the story, some good copy against the act, make it good and strong; but get it out, boy!" Then he called Henry Fleischer, editor of the *CIO News*, on the same subject. He would call Philadelphia with the same suggestion, or maybe Washington, to consult Oscar Chapman, Secretary of the Interior. Charlie was always on the long distance phone. He sometimes called Washington five or six times a day.

His ideas for a pamphlet on the Hartley story was sound, practical advice, and the P.A.C. took him up on it. A million copies were printed and distributed around the country, but only a few knew that the idea had come from Mr. Ervin. One of his favorite statements was, "I keep myself anonymous." He considered himself responsible for the vote in his home state of Pennsylvania and used all his powers to bring in the vote for progressive candidates.

In the 1952 campaign, Charlie Ervin's voice was still strong,

his pen still vigorously supplying ideas and material to the active political leaders.

As early as April 10, 1951, he wrote to Francis Biddle:

"This is no attempt to engage in prophecy. But through the inductive and deductive methods I have arrived at a conclusion which the enclosed memorandum sets forth.

"By induction, when the dispatch came that both Utah and Nevada had voted for the 22nd Amendment, thus placing a new law on the statute books, I came to the conclusion that Truman had been given a magnificent out to retire from the presidency with a face-saving excuse, which has seldom been given to one in that high office. A few days afterward—by deduction—when he said in answer to a query, 'I have come to a decision as to what I shall do in regard to a future candidacy, but I shall not state what that decision is,' I made up my mind that the decision was not to run for another term.

"My interest in this is that all groups of independent citizens should be prepared to adopt tactics based on the fact that Truman has removed himself as an issue. I believe that those among us who think that in this present two-party system more can be achieved through the Democratic than the Republican party should quietly proceed, without any beating of the drums, to decide on what candidate might prove most efficient in articulating into law the progressive programs which we have backed since Roosevelt took the oath of office."

By August of 1952, Charlie was writing outlines of a campaign program to key figures in the Democratic organization like Oscar Chapman, Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. and others. Chapman wrote from Washington: "I have read your enclosure and letters with a lot of interest, and I want to say that I agree wholeheartedly with the ideas you advance. I intend to present your proposal to Governor Stevenson, and I hope we can do something concrete about it. The whole program strikes me as very sound."

The program included a memorandum entitled "Meet the

People—Face to Face," in which Mr. Ervin dealt with the potentialities of television as a campaign medium, the tremendous importance he felt it would assume as this and future political campaigns progressed. He suggested debates to be held between the Republican and Democratic candidates for the Presidency on the "two great issues of the campaign, our domestic and foreign policies."—"Each candidate would speak for half an hour in presenting his case, and then take fifteen minutes each in rebuttal. The entire plan would therefore take but an hour and a half. There should be two such debates held in October, the first one to be devoted to domestic policy, and the second one to foreign policy." Mr. Ervin compared such debates to the Lincoln-Douglas debates, which had drawn so many thousands in days when transportation was poor.

All during the campaign, correspondence went back and forth, as well as telephone calls between the Department of the Interior and Mr. Ervin's office—on the subject of the Nixon controversy; of the "mess" in Washington; and of Truman's whistle-stop campaign for Stevenson. One day when he was chasing the presidential train all over the country by long distance trying to locate "Oscar," when it was a matter of getting an important quotation into Truman's speech the following day, Charlie admitted, with his customary twinkle: "I don't know, this may be my last campaign, but I'm getting an awful kick out of it!"

He certainly was. He would come into the office like a young newspaperman, hat on the back of his head, cigar in his mouth, coat wide open, and bellow, "My God, have I got an idea! Get Washington on the phone." He would give the number of the National Press Building: "Anybody that answers!"

His communications to the Executive Mansion in Springfield began early and lasted until late into the campaign.

On September 2, 1952 he received the following from Schlesinger: "Just a note to thank you for your valuable note. We are glad to know that your interest in politics is as vigorous as ever.

I think you will see that the campaign will pay increasing attention to the problems of living standards." From then on the exchange back and forth from Springfield and New York was continuous.

A Lincoln quotation from Nicolay and Hay was sent from Charlie's office to the Executive Mansion in Illinois on September 18. It was a little-known discussion by Lincoln on labor, which concludes: "To secure to each laborer the whole product of his labor, or as nearly as possible, is a worthy object of any good government."

In October, Charlie wrote concerning the miners' support of Adlai Stevenson: "Dear Schlesinger: Re the miners coming out for Stevenson, I want to suggest that you do everything possible to prevent any of our people from minimizing this event, or from engaging in any discussions as to whether or not mine workers might have harmed Stevenson in the place of helping him. In a close election, the miners' vote in Pennsylvania may well carry the state."

Midway in the campaign, Charlie dug up the little dodger titled, "Lest We Forget," from the '44 campaign, and sent it to Illinois as well as to other strategic points along the way. When he heard that Stevenson was to speak in Union Square in New York, he immediately sent suggestions to Springfield as to the best way to make the speech effective.

"I call your attention to the following setup in the Square," he wrote. "Stevenson will speak from a platform from the end of the Square in which the Lincoln statue is located. On September 18, I sent you a copy of notes of Lincoln made in December, 1847, when he was a member of Congress from an Illinois district. With all you have to do, it may be lost, so I send you a duplicate from my files. Stevenson will have almost entirely a labor audience in this, the great garment center of the country. In quoting Mr. Lincoln, he can say, 'Here was really Mr. Republican,' and point to the statue at the edge of the Square. This for what it is worth; I think it can be used with great effect."

A typical campaign letter from Charlie to the office in Springfield reads:

"I have been in touch all day over the long distance phone with the Pennsylvania situation, having contacts with those who worked in association with me in the '36, '40, and '44 campaigns. I am assured by those who are in a position to know what they are talking about, that there is every chance of Philadelphia by around the same majority as in '44—that is, around 130,000. If this happens, and Allegheny county at the other end repeats its performance in '44, there is every good assurance that the Pennsylvania electoral vote will fall into the Stevenson column.

"It is also believed by my informants that the other twenty-three industrial counties will make a very good showing for Stevenson. There are sixty-seven counties in all, but the real battle is being fought in the twenty-five. What all my informants impress upon me is the vital importance of Stevenson in his Philadelphia address making a plea to guard the gains and the living standards of the American people, and also put themselves into position for further gains in such standards.

"In New York, from which this letter is being written, the spokesmen in charge of the political campaign for Stevenson tell me that he should do the same things in his speeches in New York. This is perhaps the last time I will bother you on campaign matters, as I am now going to use the little time left to further, as far as I am able, the campaign in both Pennsylvania and New York."

Pennsylvania did not go into the Stevenson column, but Philadelphia did, including the "River" wards, where the Republican machine nearly always determines the vote. The day after election, Charlie was on the long distance phone, congratulating various labor leaders. "You did a magnificent job, boy!" he greeted more than one worker, so that he made it seem more like victory than defeat. The latter was something he refused to admit.

"We're not defeated," he said. "We just lost a skirmish yesterday, but we didn't lose the battle." These were the words of good

cheer he spoke when the rest of those who had supported Stevenson were surrounded by gloom. He repeated the statement in even stronger terms to Louis Stark.

"Hell," he boomed, "I've been in the battle since 1888! We've lost many a skirmish in that time, but not the battle. We'll never lose the battle!"

It was a characteristic attitude. During his whole lifetime, and his was an unusually long one, Charles Ervin never lost the battle.

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